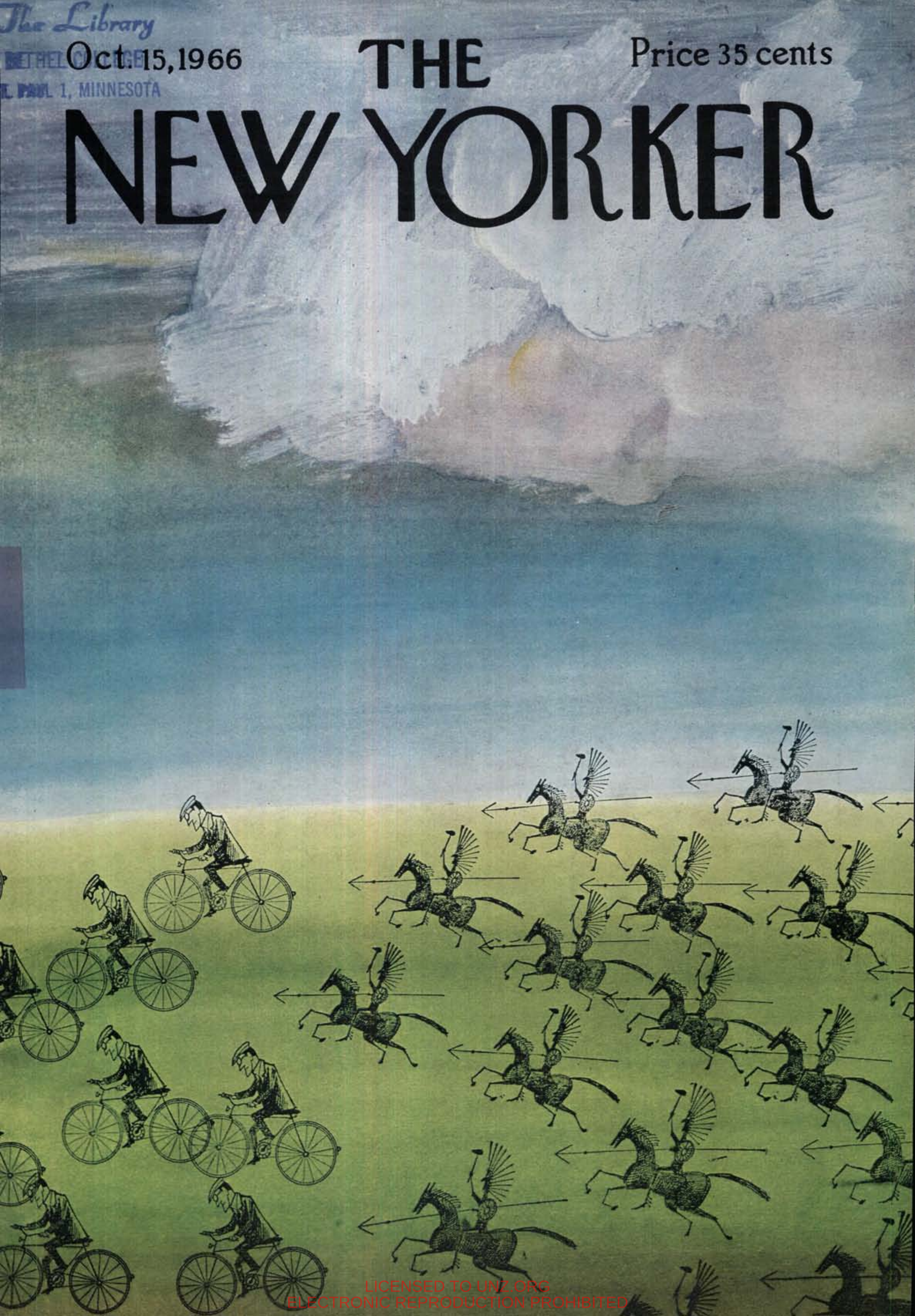
The Library
BETHEL COLLEGE
T. PAUL 1, MINNESOTA

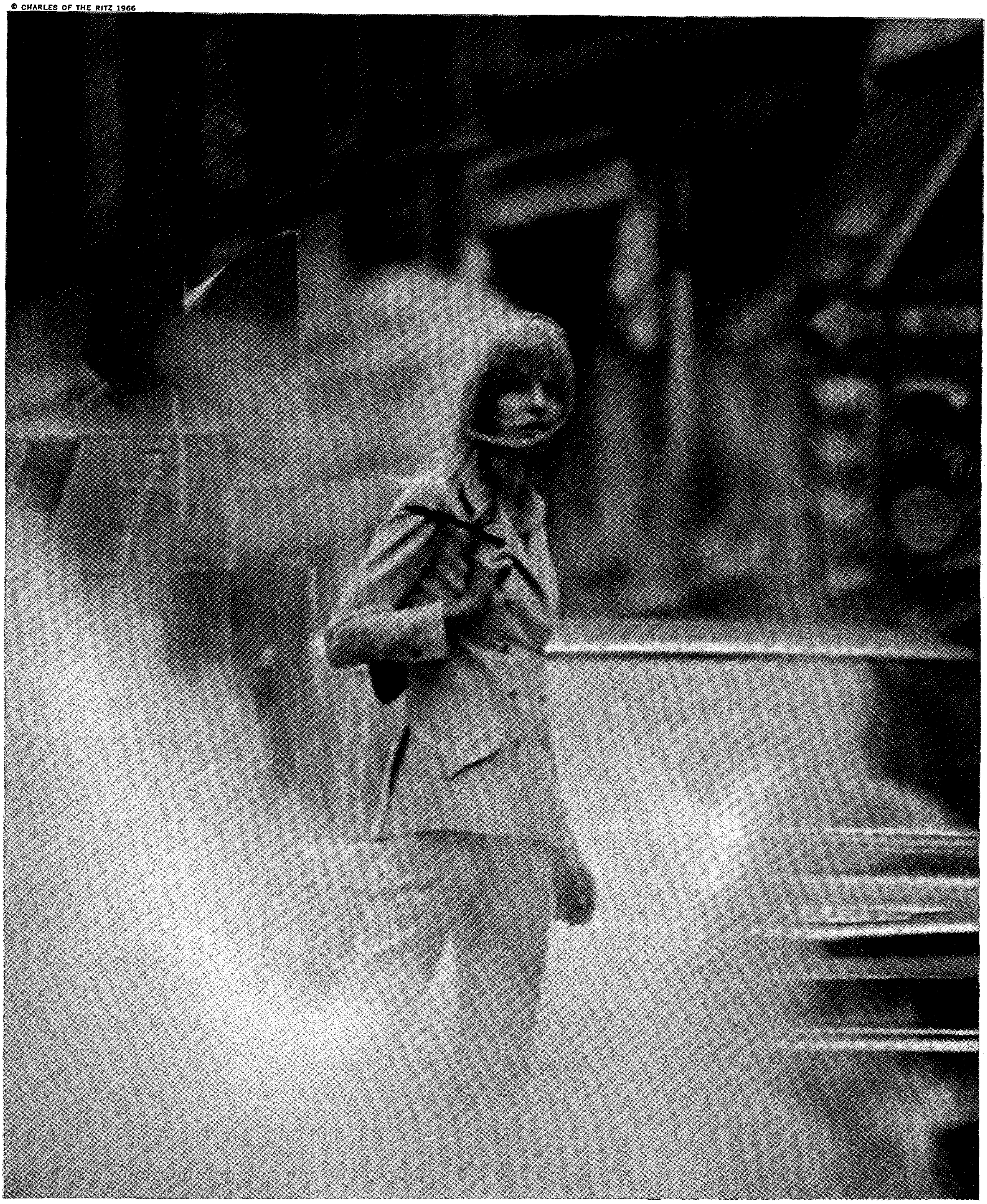
Oct. 15, 1966

Price 35 cents

THE NEW YORKER



© CHARLES OF THE RITZ 1966

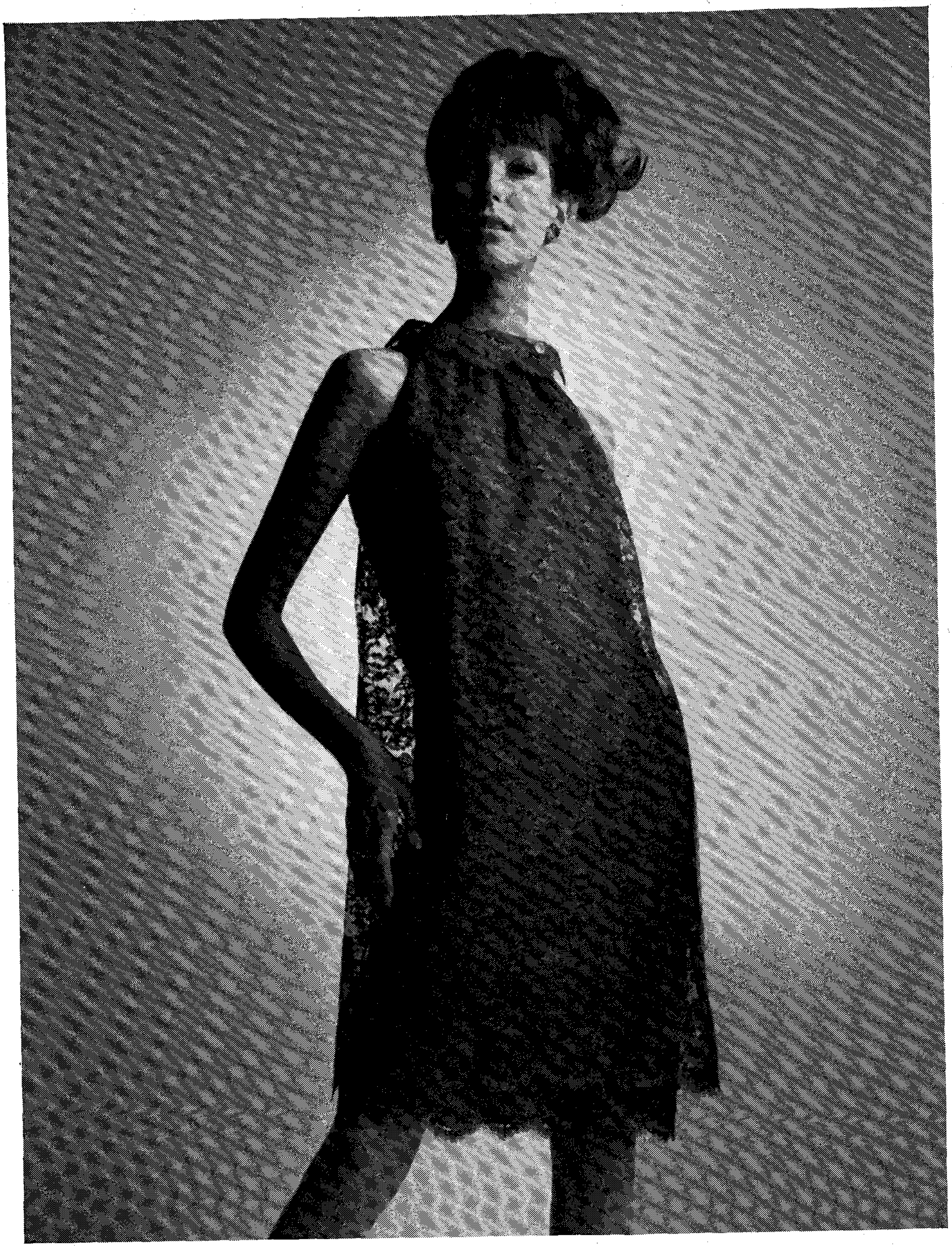


WHAT'S A NICE GIRL
WHO LOVES CLEAN SKIN
DOING IN
A PLACE LIKE THIS?

Not worrying! New translucent Dry Skin Liquid Cleanser and one (1) tissue clear away city grime, dirt, even so-called indelible makeups. She could be in a meadow for all her skin cares. 5.00.

Charles of the Ritz

Neal Barr



Lace shoots into the mainstream. What puts it there? Nicked-in shoulders. Tunic proportioning. And a way of making the body a lightly (very lightly) kept secret. Our Plaza Collection on Floor Four has it in the newest night color, deep coffee brown. Or black. Or beige. From Harold Levine in lace mixed of cotton and nylon. Sizes 8 to 14. $145.

ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Delicate Balance—Edward Albee on the difficulty of being a neighbor's keeper in suburbia. The play does not burn with a gemlike flame. Hume Cronyn, Jessica Tandy, and Rosemary Murphy lead the players. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dinner at Eight—No expense has been spared to make this a gala revival of the Kaufman-Ferber drama about the depressed early thirties, but, alas, the enterprise is pretty creaky. Twenty-four performers figure in the cast, among them Walter Pidgeon, June Havoc, Jeffrey Lynn, Darren McGavin, Phil Leeds, and Blanche Yurka. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Help Stamp Out Marriage!—Dull doings on the adultery front. An English farce that was written by Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall, and directed by George Abbott. The cast is made up of Roddy Maude-Roxby, Ann Bell, Francis Matthews, and Valerie French. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Investigation—Peter Weiss's arrangement of the minutes of the fairly recent Frankfurt trial of some of the operators of the Auschwitz concentration camp. Documentary rather than dramatic, the enterprise is not without its stirring moments. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

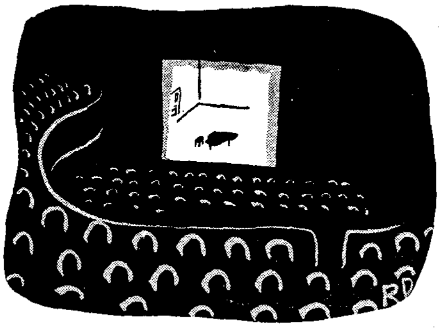
The Killing of Sister George—An English importation that deals witlessly with Lesbianism and B.B.C. soap-opera characters. Beryl Reid plays the lead. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

The Loves of Cass McGuire—A dishevelled play by Brian Friel that tells us of an Irishwoman, aged seventy, who returns to Eire after a fifty-two-year exile and winds up in a rest home where dreaming is the order of the day. Ruth Gordon is miscast as the lady in question, but Dennis King, Liam Redmond, Arthur O'Sullivan, Sylvia O'Brien, and Brenda Forbes seem happy in their Gaelic surroundings. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's beguiling description of a romantic young Irishman about to leave his village for life in the New World. Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford are superb in projecting some facets of the youth, and Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, Mavis Villiers, and the others in the cast are laudable. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—In this drama by Frederick Knott, three badmen make life miserable for a blind girl because there's a doll full of heroin in her Greenwich Village apartment, but the dénouement of the business is a long time coming. Lee Remick is the put-upon young lady. (George Abbott, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**barefoot in the park:** A young couple's troubles in a Manhattan walkup. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **cactus flower:** A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary, who eventually blossoms out and nails him for her own. Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Burt Brinckerhoff, Brenda Vaccaro, and Robert Moore are among those present. Starting Monday, Oct. 17, Betsy Palmer will substitute for Miss Bacall for one week. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the impossible years:** Sam Levene plays a psychiatrist who is baffled by the adolescents he is supposed to know all about. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:40, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **luv:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder as three lively, and rather muddled, neurotics. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **the odd couple:** Neil Simon's comedy about a pair of marital rejects trying to make a go of it in the lonely reaches of a Riverside Drive apartment. Eddie Bracken and Mike Kellin lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

MUSICALS

Annie Get Your Gun—Ethel Merman in a ten-week engagement of Irving Berlin's musical, staged by Jack Sydow. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
THE AIR	200
BOOKS	241
THE CURRENT CINEMA	203
FOOTBALL	231
LETTER FROM BERLIN	149
MUSICAL EVENTS	233
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE: FEMININE FASHIONS	207
THE RACE TRACK	237
THE THEATRE	118

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Mame—A high, wide, and handsome musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew committed to her care. Angela Lansbury is fetching as the lady in question, and her supporting cast is admirable. The book, by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, has its funny moments, and the music and lyrics, by Jerry Herman, are quite spirited. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special matinée for the Actors' Fund Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3.)

Sweet Charity—A simple tale about a dance-hall hostess panting to meet a man who will love her truly. Neil Simon, who wrote the book, hasn't come up with much in the way of solid humor, but Bob Fosse's choreography and direction are expert, and the music and lyrics, by Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields, are commendable. Gwen Verdon is fine as a girl with lots and lots of heart, and her supporting company is first-rate. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa that is fresh and bracing and has a buoyant cast of eight, which sings assorted folk songs from all over the world, dances, and makes merry with all kinds of verve. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**fiddler on the roof:** Herschel Bernardi in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **funny girl:** Mimi Hines portraying Fanny Brice. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **hello, dolly!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Mrs. Hesione Hushabye. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Apple Tree—Barbara Harris, Larry Blyden, and Alan Alda in a musical by Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick, based on stories by Mark Twain, Frank R. Stockton, and Jules Feiffer. Directed by Mike Nichols. Previews through Monday, Oct. 17. Opens officially on Tuesday, Oct. 18. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:20. Matinées the first week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

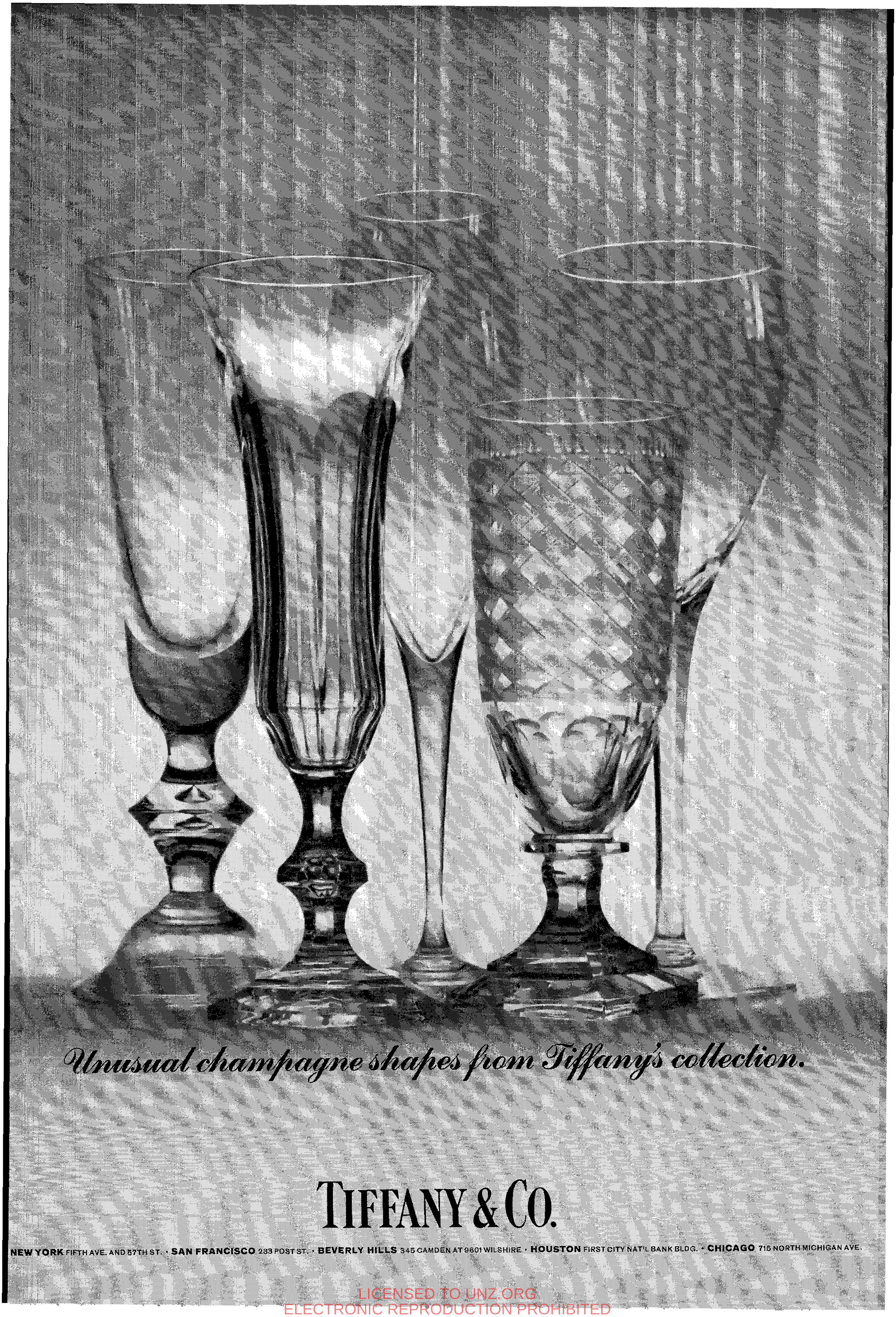
We Have Always Lived in the Castle—A dramatization by Hugh Wheeler of Shirley Jackson's novel, with Shirley Knight, Alan Webb, Phillip Clark, and Heather Menzies. Garson Kanin is the director. Previews Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 17-18, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 19. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

City Center—**city center drama company:** Jennifer Jones, Rip Torn, and Joseph Anthony in a revival of Clifford Odets's **the country girl,** which will play through Sunday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Tennessee Williams' **the rose tattoo,** with Maureen Stapleton and Harry Guardino, will be the second in a series of three plays by American writers. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 18-19. Opens

The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president, Milton Greenstein, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 34, October 15, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.



Unusual champagne shapes from Tiffany's collection.

TIFFANY & CO.

NEW YORK FIFTH AVE. AND 57TH ST. · **SAN FRANCISCO** 233 POST ST. · **BEVERLY HILLS** 345 CAMDEN AT 9601 WILSHIRE · **HOUSTON** FIRST CITY NAT'L BANK BLDG. · **CHICAGO** 715 NORTH MICHIGAN AVE.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

officially on Thursday, Oct. 20, and will run through Sunday, Oct. 30. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Michael O'Sullivan, Robert Symonds, Nancy Marchand, Aline MacMahon, George Voskovec, and Philip Bosco in Ben Jonson's comedy **the alchemist.** The first in this season's series of four plays. Opens Thursday, Oct. 13, and will run through Wednesday, Nov. 30. (Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Amato Opera Company—Presentations of **manon.** (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. CA 8-8200. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:15.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of comical one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward that are rich in authentic American Negro dialect and humor. They are performed enthusiastically by a fine company headed by Mr. Ward himself. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A campaign for Mayor is the pivotal event of this good play by William Alfred about Irish politicians in Brooklyn in 1890. The candidates are the tough old incumbent and a much younger saloonkeeper with a disreputable secret or two in his past. The results are tragic, but there is plenty of comedy along the way. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 3.)

Israeli Mime Theatre—The company, appearing here for the first time, in a show called "Men and Dreams," starring Claude Kipnis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mad Show—Lightweight satire is the main ingredient of this musical revue, which boasts a cast made up of a quintet of highly ingratiating young performers. The piece has music by Mary Rodgers. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Richard Kiley is superb in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music, by Mitch Leigh, is commendable, as is the staging, by Albert Marre, but the play as a whole is spotty, and the choreography, by Jack Cole, runs to burlesque-house routines. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Match-Play and **A Party for Divorce**—A double bill by Lee Kalcheim. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

My Wife and I—A musical by Bill Mahoney, with Helon Blount, Edward Penn, and Robert R. Wait. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 245-9569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

A Whitman Portrait—Paul Shyre's dramatization of selected works by Walt Whitman, including letters, poems ("Leaves of Grass" and others), conversations, and anecdotes. With Alexander Scourby, Carolyn Coates, Wayne Maxwell, and Alan Mixon. Mr. Shyre is also the director. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Who's Got His Own—A play by Ronald Milner, directed by Lloyd Richards. Season subscribers (fifteen dollars) only. (American Place Theatre, 423 W. 46th St. CI 7-0393. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Oct. 29.)

Thornton Wilder Plays—Three early one-acters—"The Long Christmas Dinner," "Queens of France," and "The Happy Journey to Trenton and Camden"—all of them written years before "Our Town" and all of them containing hints of Mr. Wilder's great plays to come. The company does the first and second only fairly well and the last very well indeed. With John Beal, Susan Towers, and Bette Henritze. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. 228-3836. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The World of My America—Recitations by Paulene Myers, including poems of Negro life by Langston Hughes and Paul Laurence Dunbar. Weekends only. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-6800. Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Manuela Vargas—With her company of flamenco dancers, in an engagement that has been extended two weeks. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. CI 6-6270. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Saturdays at 6 and 9:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 22.)

Ukrainian Dance Company—A troupe of a hundred dancers, plus a symphony orchestra, in a brief engagement. (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13-14, and Monday, Oct. 17, all at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

La Contrescarpe—A French cabaret entertainment consisting of songs, comedy, and satire. With Jacqueline Danno, Bernard Haller, Chantal Laurentie, Paul Villaz, and Jacques Marchais. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:40.)

Dick Gregory—With the San Francisco Mime Troupe in a minstrel show. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Tony Martin, an exponent of the Original School of Soul Singing, wears his hearts and flowers on the sleeve of his dinner jacket at mealtimes in the Royal Box, where the Lee Evans orchestra is original in its own worthy fashion. Mr. Martin signs off on Saturday, Oct. 15; on Monday, Oct. 17, the new arrivals will be Hal and Barbara Loman, reviving the nearly lost art form of ballroom prancing, and Jack Carter, a man who doesn't know how to stop talking. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The Little Club rides again, in its candy-striped livery, within the portals of the Barberry, and so does its dance music. Horace Diaz runs the band, which operates Sundays through Fridays from nine to two, and Saturdays from nine to three.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—Cliff Hall's band has all its moments of glee in the mannerly restaurant, where it performs Mondays through Saturdays, from eight to a reasonably late closing.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—The venerable spa is again an American colony rather than a British possession. Two bands—Bill Harrington's and Marco Rizo's—maintain a continuous pitter-patter from eight until three-thirty. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—One part *bon* and one part *vivant* is the formula for Ben Cutler's crew of bandsmen, whose domicile is the snug little Café Pierre. Business as usual is carried on every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—John Gary, who is in the Persian Room at dinner and supper, is triply blessed: He has the air of being on his way to his first Princeton prom with his first girl, he has a true-blue Celtic tenor, and he has a good two octaves at his command. Burt Farber's band and Mark Monte's crew make the rest of the sound. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ A duo (piano and violin) discourses peacefully in the Palm Court from four-thirty to six-thirty; then, at eight every night but Sunday, the Court becomes a town house in the Promised Land, alive with handmaidens bearing mead and viands, alive with the swashbuckling violin of Gunnar Hansen. The coach comes for Cinderella at one. . . . ¶ There is dinner music from seven to nine, in the Edwardian Room, except on Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—A well-remembered crew of hard-driving night riders, Bob Crosby and His Bob Cats, has the floor on what by local standards is the top of the world. They carry on from mid-evening until well after the theatre. Closed Sundays.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—Not the perfect vessel for a good night's rest, because Sammy Kaye's band, from ancient history, is right under everyone's nose on B Deck. Eight until two, except on Sunday, is its schedule.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette has returned to its days (or nights) of glory, and considerable they were. Amid its air of complete well-being stands a new Londoner, Glenda Grainger, who sings at dinner and supper; George Cort's bubbling orchestra and Quintero's Latin band are on constant duty. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ La Boite, a quiet glade next door, has Walter Kay at the piano and Jani Sarkozi on the violin from six until two. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Maurice Chevalier, who has lasted longer in the major leagues than Satchel Paige, is working his slow ball to perfection in the handsomely renewed Empire Room. This cheering miracle comes to pass at dinner every night. Charles Turecamo's orchestra floats the rest of the time on gossamer wings. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, Ray Hartley's piano has special prescriptions for the well-chosen airs it has under treatment. He works out from five to eleven Sundays through Thursdays. A trio plays for dancing on Fridays and Saturdays from nine to two.

Note—**roseland dance city,** 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—Community spirits on the upbeat (not as far up as the Twist, however, for that is *off* the beat here) in a town square ample enough for the whole human race. Seven-thirty until one is the nighttime scheme for the two ceaseless bands, except for Sun-

Next choice:
a beautiful shirtdress
that couldn't be simpler—
or more elegant—
a ravishing gold or silver
matelassé of rayon-nylon-
metallic-and-silk.
From Abe Schrader, 90.00
Contempora collections,
at all Lord & Taylor stores

Robert Randall

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

days, which begin at three-thirty. Closed Mondays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

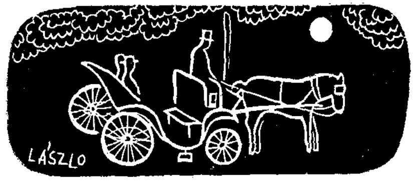
GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Some people of our town not only have their mail sent here but come every night to collect it. The background is piano that begins at cocktail time and ends in the smaller hours. Sam Hamilton, Wayne Sanders, and Goldie Hawkins himself all man the keyboard at one time or another, and the Messrs. Sanders and Hawkins do up-and-at-'em double-keyboard turns after the theatre. Closed Sundays. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Bobby Short, who goes around the world every eighty days, is resting up for his next voyage by sitting at his piano with his inner-world songs and his trusty sidearms, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. They take no holidays. The surroundings are not altogether what you'd want on an around-the-world cruise. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Rumpus-bumpus and yo-ho-ho are the prevailing winds. Laurie Brewis and his piano get rolling in this, the plain-spoken bar of the Hotel Earle, at nine-thirty. No music on Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Island in the sun. A happy islander chants those Basic English ditties of the West Indies from nine to one at the start of the week, from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays, and from seven to eleven Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The age median is permanently stuck in the middle twenties, and the Ah, Youth music is the enormously vibrant work of Cecil Young's new-thought threesome. It is distributed until late at night every evening but Sunday, when another squad makes music between five-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): A good deed in the naughty world of Second Avenue, combining bar and grill in equal proportions. Charles De Forest sings the moment-of-truth songs that are the rightful due of everyone who stays up all night; Marian McPartland's trio shuttles between dream-world and damn-the-torpedoes jazz. They are marked absent on Sundays. . . . **JANSSEN'S,** 430 Lexington Ave., at 44th St. (LE 2-5661): The voice of Aldo Bruschi flourishes like the green bay tree as it wends its way through the Italian book of words and music; his piano, oboe, and concertina help along his brace of fellow-carollers. This takes place between Wednesday and Saturday every week, and so does dance music. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): All the world's a stage when your waiter suddenly decides that he is a reincarnation of Enrico Caruso. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri is amiably intoning wickedest-woman-in-Paris songs—as harmless as all wickedest-woman-in-etc. She chants at dinner during the week, and twice Fridays and Saturdays—all very family style. The dance music begins at eight. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): In this restoration of the Hungarian monarchy, the zimbalon is king. Violin, soprano, band music (this from Béla Babai's men), and tenor (the gallant Tibor Rakossy) are court favorites. Every night but Monday.

NOTE—The discothèque is a fact of life, and if it is to be learned at anybody's knee, let it be one of these: **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): The ballet, by a distinguished cast of young volunteers, is fancy free and every man to himself, every girl to herself. The St. Peter at the gate is not easily outflanked. Music is created by a variety of means, some of them quite human, such as the Wild Ones. Nine until four is the playing time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO.** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): Only Houdini could escape from the knots the participants, mostly j.g., tie themselves into. Tanya Everett, the principal house dancer, is, though, an escapist far more expert than even Mr. H. The sound is a mingling of strange devices and real people (the Uncalled Four), who are there between Tuesday and Thursday each week. The food provided by the management is mostly for thought. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNTOWN,** 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): Discothèque music is the mother of invention, and the work of the house dancers is proof of this pudding. Pudding is not on the menu, nor is very much else. Come as you are, and come young. . . . **YELLOWFINGER'S,** 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980): Beneath its jolly open-air sidewalk café lies the heart of the matter—a small *palais de danse* whose *monde* is rather *haut,* whose music is commendably *bas,* whose recording angel keeps switching tempos to test the ingenuity of the boy and girl Mod-fashion plates who decorate the floor. Nine-thirty to three-thirty every night is the extent of the seemly furor. . . . **L'INTERDIT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): A darkened dell whose mechanized music has a decidedly French accent, whose chairs (and this is setting a precedent) are comfortable, and whose kitchen rustles up a fairly late dinner. Nine is starting time; Sunday is void.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): Cy Walter, the emeritus occupant of the chair of drawing-room piano in this sumptuous greenroom, receives from six to nine-thirty, ten-thirty to one. Sundays, instead, there is piano by other hands. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The King must have been kidding when he put up this grandiose architectural folly, which is laced with the thine-is-my-heart-alone violin of Norbert Faconi every evening but Sunday. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A further exposition of King Henri's ideas about architecture, which were, basically, that all play makes an evening gay. George Cardini, whose fiddle is incurably in love, is the patrolman on this beat. He is absent Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The glory of Rome. The musicians know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Rogelio Reguera's guitar is the best of all possible reasons for believing in the entire canon of Spanish music, from classicism on down to caprice. He is on duty in this ornate refectory at dinner and supper every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Alongside the bar of the Regency Room, there is piano from five-thirty until twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Supper, but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The way New York looked in the best of its town-house days. In the bar, there is piano from six to one, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): Enzio Lembo slings a vigorous guitar in the opulent bar-restaurant, and slings it until well past midnight. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The grand old countinghouse offers the soufflé piano of George Feyer from eight-thirty until around two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Herman Honigsberg, it is nice to know, has again put his violin and his violinists in slow motion around this Roman piazza. Closed Sundays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Conrad Monjoy staffs the soothing corner piano in this particular grazing ground of the Westbury Hotel. No music Mondays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The whippoorwills who sing a couple of times a night in this walled Florentine garden are mostly opera buffs. Leonard Metcalf, new man around town, plays plenty of piano during the evening, and runs a calm trio for dancing each Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. Closed Mondays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (only by appointment with the man from U.N.C.L.E who dwells at UN 1-8398): The piano in the innermost of the sanctuaries in this aerie should be devoted to "Constantinople" and "Dardanella" in tribute to the owlish décor Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The piano in the courtly Casino-on-the-Park gets the V.I.P. treatment from Steven Weltner, who is on base between six-thirty and midnight, except on Sundays.



BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): From England comes the recording angel (we hear her mostly on discs) called Petula Clark, who can do an American song better than lots of us natives. Howard Storm, a humorist transplanted from the Village, is co-pilot. Dancing. . . . ¶ In the apoplectic lounge, jingle-jangle (Helen Ferguson and the Personalities, plus Al Astare's trio) sets in on the podium at ten, and it's not turned off until four or so. . . . **LATIN QUARTER,** Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): No clothes for the little empresses—that is the sad story of the regal young ladies who cavort in the newly arrived extravaganza. They are consoled by Lili St. Cyr, a no-clotheshorse who has been stripped many, many times of everything she has put on her back. Twice a night is the general rule. Dancing. . . . **CHEETAH,** 1686 Broadway, at 53rd St. (582-2970): What hath a pagan god overwrought? Whatever it is, our little ones, aboveground and underground alike, lap it up on the dance floor. Two *in-extremis* bands ring out the old in everyone; curfew never rings out until four. No dining.

CABARETS

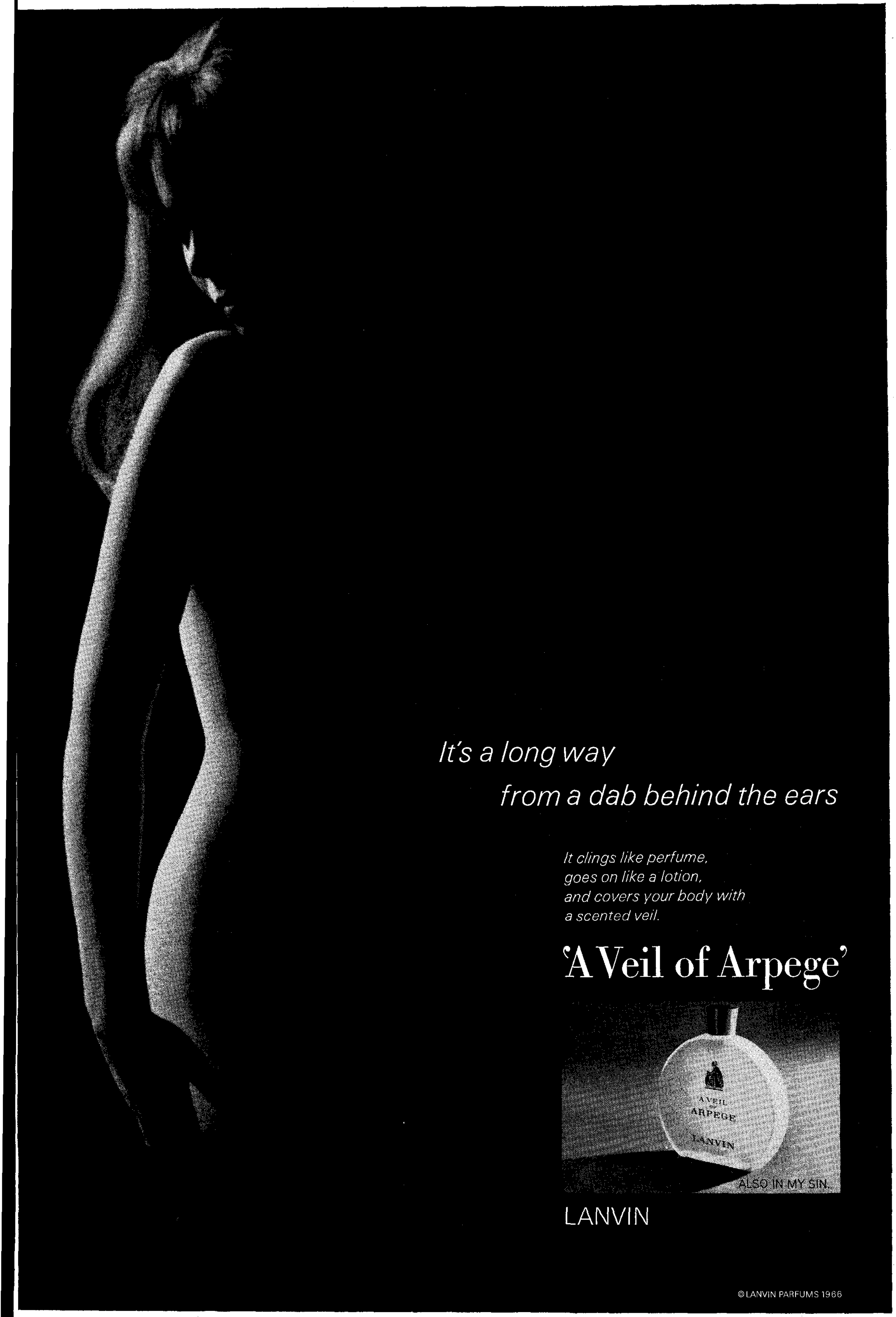
(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9—, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Nancy Dussault graduates at the head of her class (how to be funny and yet feminine as a soprano is the curriculum) in Julius Monk's temple of the fine arts. Nick Ullett and Tony Hendra, who may yet turn the Mayor's Fun City into their own Pun City, speak the Queen's (and Cantabrigian) English with rare clarity, and Mr. Monk plays host and piano. His show people are also flanked by the supernal and double pianos of Robert Colston and Otis Clements. Nine-thirty and onward. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Up Dasher, up Prancer, and all the rest of Los Chavales de España, an army that would rather frolic than fight any day or any night. This just about all-male music festival occurs at dinner and supper; the rest of the time, the customers take the floor the way Grant took Richmond. . . . ¶ In the minute Flamenco Room after ten, the guitar of Emilio Prados and the tenor of Domingo Alvarado perform duets that lose nothing in translation. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Mixed Doubles," a new miniature revue, cuts its eyeteeth at nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Joan Rivers has a great deal on her thyroid mind, so she spills the beans and the pretty kettles of fish twice a night, and even thrice Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION,** 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): The idea is hors d'oeuvre—somebody or other from a Broadway show trying out an afterpiece that has nothing to do with his work in the theatre. This happens late; earlier on, the house staff does casual amusement. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): A point of no return for expatriate Cubans, the most prominent of whom is Olga Guillot, a practically irresistible force when she takes to song, which she does at dinner and supper every night, and sometimes more. Dancing.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Bill Evans, a leading visionary, sets down on the keys of his piano every one of the strange thoughts that come into his busy head. He is assisted by two sidemen. The quartet of Sonny Rollins, another eminent vineyarder, departs on Thursday, Oct. 20, but Horace Silver's hemidemisemi-



A VEIL of ARPEGE
LANVIN

It's a long way from a dab behind the ears

*It clings like perfume,
goes on like a lotion,
and covers your body with
a scented veil.*

'A Veil of Arpege'

ALSO IN MY SIN.

LANVIN

©LANVIN PARFUMS 1966

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22

quaverers arrive next evening. Mondays, as usual, are still allotted to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, and their sixteen sidemen. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A double-decker operation—ground-floor dining pavilion, above a grotto. In the pavilion, which takes Mondays off, there are late-evening sessions by Dave Pike and other sharp-edged musicians, and Sunday afternoons (five to nine) the Jazz Interactions play restless coffee-and-cake music. . . . ¶ The grotto is on a seven-day-a-week program. Mondays, Symphony Sid and some Latin bandsmen go south of the border; the remainder of the week, the place is in the hands of electricians, who may eventually send the New Music to the electric chair. They are the Byrds (voices and X-ray guns) and Lothar & The Hand People (more electronics). The Lotharios are fitfully illuminated by lighting devices called Psychedelic Visuals, which may strike some of us as just so much Psychedelicatessen. On Tuesday, Oct. 18, a new deal begins: Blues by Esther Phillips, music (including organ) by the trio of Richard Groove Holmes. . . . **SHEPHEARD'S**, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Less sound (fewer and fewer records are being given the discothèque needle) and more sight (Dorothy Donegan and her mink stole, playing, or pounding, double piano) is now the rule of the night. She and her sidemen operate five or six times an evening; the chef is an even steadier worker. Closed Sundays. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): Maxine Brown, a soprano whose soul is in her mouth, departs on Monday, Oct. 17; so does Flip Wilson, a speedy man with a gag. Tuesday is assigned to visiting scholars. Another crew arrives next evening. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The pristine and puissant Bobby Hackett, whose horn has never gone off the silvery standard, is unexpectedly in residence with an entourage of four, working alongside Zoot Sims' quartet, which is in its permanent state of good humor. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Toshiko Akiyoshi's going-it-alone piano is the One Spot; the Two Spot is Charles MacPherson's quintet. Mondays, their nights off, belong to Walter Bishop's foursome. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): As it was, and as (let us hope) it always will be—the comforting noise of the past, to be danced to as well as just listened to. Mr. Condon is apt to sit in with the likes of Buck Clayton, Cutty Cutshall, Bob Wilber, Cliff Leeman, and Dave McKenna. Dining. Closed Sundays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor's trio is within the oval bar. Adhering to ground rules, it wafts softly during the late-dinner hour, then works up to a brisk breeze after the theatre. Between sets, Eddie Thompson disports himself on the piano. Silence on Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The perpetual and admirable Zutty Singleton is in full swing, and he gets help from Max Kaminsky, Cliff Jackson, Marshall Brown, and Tony Parenti. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The identification between the banjoists on the stand and the guests with their beer-by-the-pitcher is complete, for the age group—the tireless twenties—is the same. Nine to three or four is the idea. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Where the music (washboard, tuba, and such) knows no bounds. Nine until two or three all week is the curriculum. Sundays, from four-thirty to nine, the Southampton Dixie, Racing, and Clambake Society Jazz Band puts the establishment in an uproar; then the washboarders take over. . . . **SLUGS'**, 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): A last-minute change of plan puts Benny Powell's quadrangle on the stand of a woodshed in the very heart of a new young people's nighttown. Thoroughly melting-pot is the state of affairs here. Another squad will appear on Monday, Oct. 17, and next evening a foursome led by Grant Green and John Patton will take over for a while.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

MANUEL AYASO—Drawings and bronze reliefs by a young Spanish-American artist; through Nov. 5. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARIE BECK—Figure paintings; through Nov. 5. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Watercolors of opera and theatre sets and costumes, plus miniature models of stages; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

THOMAS BLAGDEN—Semi-abstract oils and watercolors; through Oct. 29. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

LEE BONTECOU—Abstract sculptures and drawings; through Nov. 2. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—Landscapes; through Oct. 29. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER—Large abstractions; through Oct. 27. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

HAMILTON FRASER—Seascapes, still-lifes, and scenes through windows; through Nov. 5. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

LUCILLE BROWN GREENE AND MIRIAM NAAMAN—Semi-abstract paintings by the former and Expressionistic sculptures by the latter; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Galerie Internationale, 1095 Madison Ave., at 83rd St.)

BERNHARD HEILIGER—Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOHN HULTBERG—Mostly abstract cityscapes; through Oct. 29. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ LHOTE—A retrospective of paintings, 1907-1958; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD LYTLE—Paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Paintings from the twenties, the forties, and the sixties; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

DAVID MILLSTONE—Figurative paintings and drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Alonzo, 45 Christopher St., east of Seventh Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 1 to 6 and 8 to 10; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

AMEDEO MODIGLIANI (1884-1920)—A benefit loan exhibition of nudes; through Nov. 12. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

GREGORIO PRESTOPINO—Figurative paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHAY RIEGER—Stone and bronze figures and animals; through Saturday, Oct. 15 (White, 42 E. 57th St.)

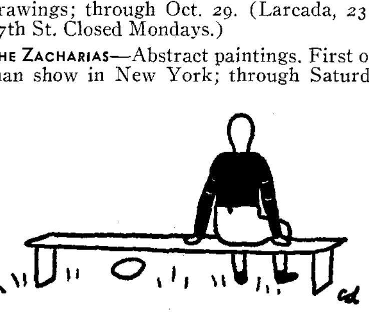
BILL SAWYER—Clean-swept paintings of buildings and people, done in Tennessee; through Oct. 29. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St. Closed Mondays.)

SHIRLEY PLAUT SCHAEFER—Post-Impressionist paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 22. (Pietrantonio, 26 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

MAURICE DE VLAMINCK—Paintings; through Oct. 29. (Beilin, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.). . . ¶ A benefit exhibition of paintings; through Nov. 2. (Wally F. Galleries, 17 E. 57th St.)

J. ALDEN WEIR (1852-1919)—Paintings and drawings; through Oct. 29. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANTHE ZACHARIAS—Abstract paintings. First one-man show in New York; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Great Jones Gallery, 645 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)



JACK ZAJAC—Abstract bronzes; through Saturday, Oct. 15. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

KARL ZERBE—Paintings in acrylic collage through Oct. 29. (Nordness, 134 E. 70th St.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—A selection of oils, watercolors, caseins, and sculptures by members of this organization who are professional artists and number about seven hundred; through Saturday, Oct 15. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday morning.)

AFRICAN ART—Masks, statues, and utensils in wood, bronze, and ivory from European collections; through Nov. 30. (Segy, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St. Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

PRE-COLUMBIAN ART—Sculptures in wood, shell, and bone from Peru; through Saturday, Oct 15. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DOWNTOWN**, 465 Park Ave., at 57th St.: Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century folk art, including portraits, genre paintings, trade signs, decoys, and weathervanes; through Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Saul Steinberg, Fernandez Arman, and Tom Wesselmann are three of the participants in a show called "Erotic Art '66;" through Oct. 29. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: "Contrasts," an exhibition of one early and one late work apiece by such artists as Louis Bouché, Robert Laurent, and Marguerite Zorach; through Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . **LEWISON**, 35 E. 64th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by Albert Bierstadt, George Inness, George Smillie, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by William Thon, Edward Betts, Jason Schoener, Waldo Peirce, and Hans Moller; through Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition, on loan from the Bowdoin College Museum, of Colonial and Federal portraits (mostly of the Bowdoin family itself) by Robert Feke, Gilbert Stuart, and others, plus a group of old-master drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 15.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Eight instances of pattern art in paintings and structures by an equal number of artists; through Oct. 29. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **BIANCHINI**, 50 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings by Pissarro, Toulouse-Lautrec, Sisley, and the like; through Nov. 19. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Dubuffet, Herbin, Magritte, and other twentieth-century painters; through Friday, Oct. 21. (Closed Mondays.). . . **HAHN**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century French artists, among them Courbet, Miró, and Chagall; through Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . **MARTIN**, 43 E. 80th St.: Self-portraits (etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs) by Max Beckmann, Lovis Corinth, and Käthe Kollwitz; through Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . **ODYSSIA**, 41 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of sculptures by Arp, Giacometti, Manzù, and others; through Oct. 29. (Closed Mondays.)

CHINESE; GROUP SHOW—Paintings by contemporary Chinese artists; through Oct. 29. (Gallery of Chinese and American Art, 399 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 7.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A short course (three chapters) in Roman history as seen in recently acquired murals by Giovanni Battista Tiepolo. They are so big they overshadow the tidy scenes of Venice by Guardi and Canaletto and the commentaries on Venetian upper-class life by Longhi, which are part of the same exhibit. . . . ¶ Another showing of new acquisitions—objects of Egyptian art (including tomb and temple sculptures and a variety of stone vessels, bronze mirrors, and ointment jars), ranging from prehistoric times to the merging of Egypt into the Roman Empire. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Lithographs and serigraphs by twenty young painters and sculptors, among them David Hockney, Jim Dine, and James Rosenquist; through Nov. 6. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and

Imperial '67 . . . the newest prestige automobile in a decade.

The 1967 Imperial Sedan

It has been ten years since any line of American luxury cars changed so completely. The 1967 Imperial is dramatically new.

If you have never owned a luxury automobile before . . . consider the new Imperial Sedan.

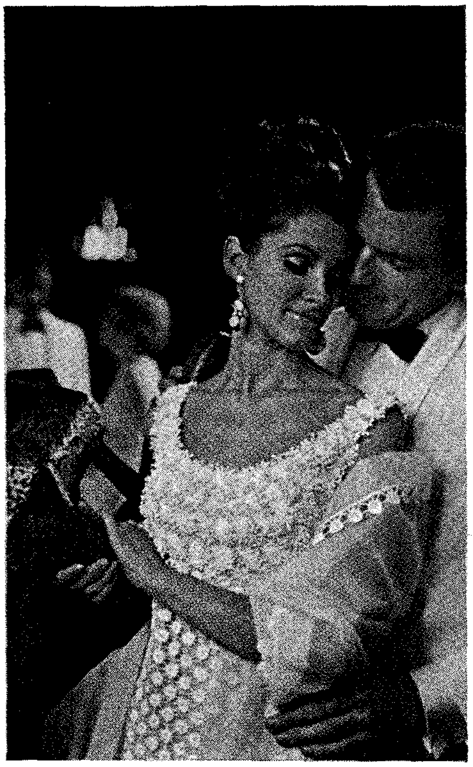
It is a new symbol of stature. Seldom before has any prestige sedan achieved such distinction.

It has a new interior. Seat fabrics are shaft-loomed. Bolsters are embossed with the Imperial eagle. Four glove compartments. All the essential power assists. In the instrument panel —a vanity. And an array of brushed-steel controls concealed behind cabinet doors.

If you have never owned a luxury car before, there are five new ones to choose from.

And all five are Imperials.

IMPERIAL '67



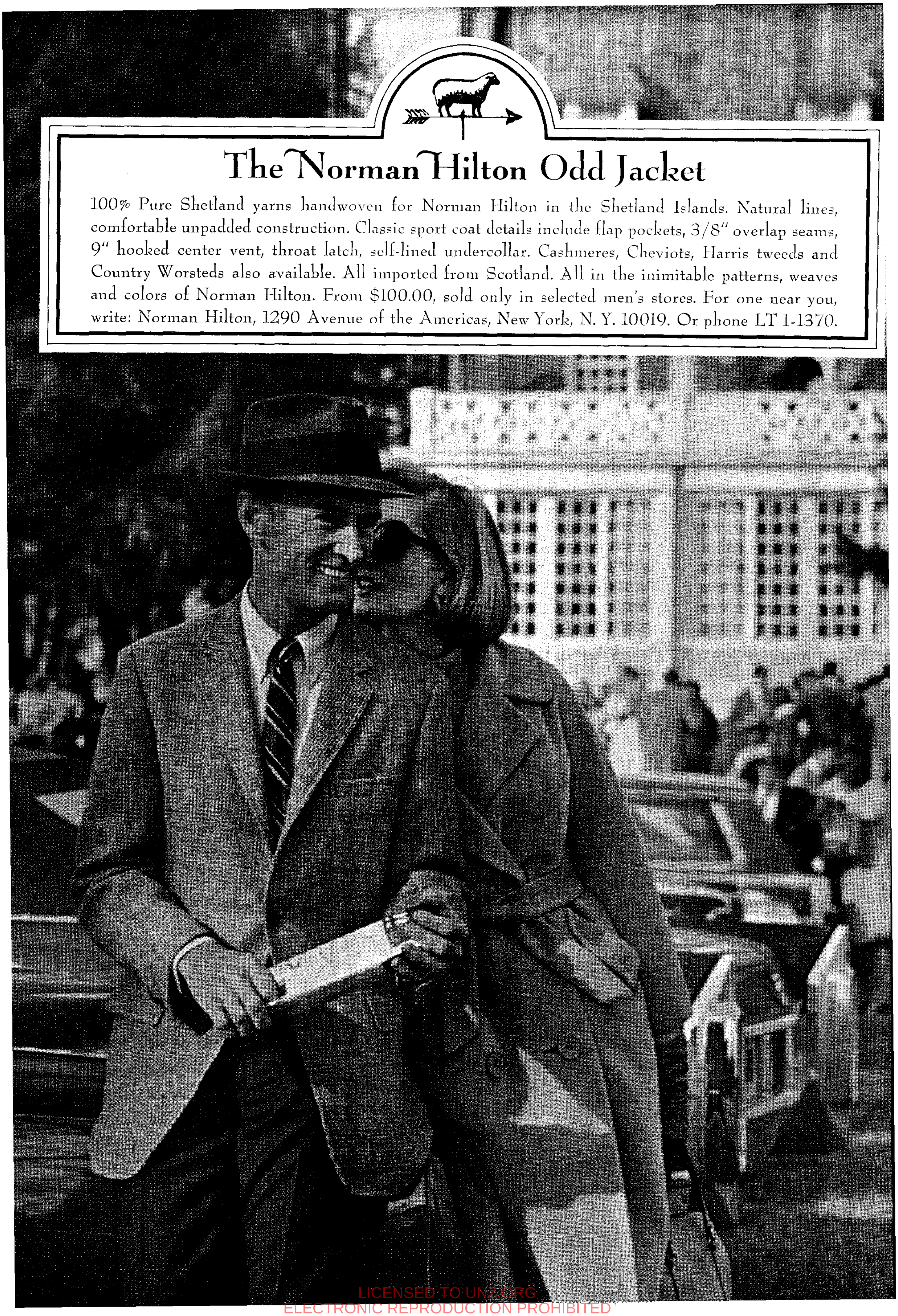
The Imperial Sedan seats are double foam padded.

IMPERIAL DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

Tune in Bob Hope and The Chrysler Theatre in color, Wednesdays NBC-TV.

The Norman Hilton Odd Jacket

100% Pure Shetland yarns handwoven for Norman Hilton in the Shetland Islands. Natural lines, comfortable unpadded construction. Classic sport coat details include flap pockets, 3/8" overlap seams, 9" hooked center vent, throat latch, self-lined undercollar. Cashmeres, Cheviots, Harris tweeds and Country Worsteds also available. All imported from Scotland. All in the inimitable patterns, weaves and colors of Norman Hilton. From $100.00, sold only in selected men's stores. For one near you, write: Norman Hilton, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019. Or phone LT 1-1370.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Systemic paintings—by such systemists as Ellsworth Kelly and Al Held—the most immaculate and exact of them Robert Syman's "Allied," which is one solid white canvas; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Art of the U.S.: 1670-1966," the inaugural show at this new Cyclopean structure, reveals a great stock of paintings and sculptures that fills four floors and the sunken garden; through Nov. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Fourteen watercolors by Cézanne, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pearlman; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings—biting comments of the time—from Hogarth's "Beer Street," of 1751, to Mario Micossi's "Fantasia di Liturgie Romaniche," of 1962; through Jan. 22. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan exhibition of bronzes of India's gods and goddesses, created for three religious sects (Jains, Buddhists, and Hindus); through Dec. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—A series of thirty-one etchings of scenes of Venice done by Antonio Canaletto in the seventeen-forties, on loan from the Smithsonian Institution; through Sunday, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Paintings by the Polish Impressionist Jan Cybis; through Nov. 6. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—Paintings and drawings by Salvador Dali; through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"The Lower East Side: Portal to American Life," a display of photographs, posters, and films, along with a selection of paintings and drawings (by George Bellows, John Sloan, and Joseph Stella, to mention a few), documenting a chapter of American-Jewish artistic and social history from 1870 to 1924; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ Figure paintings and drawings by Howard Kanovitz; through Nov. 13. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, large painted stainless-steel sculptures by Kosso Eloul; through Nov. 13. (Mondays, noon to 9; Tuesdays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Illuminated religious texts in a variety of old scripts, twenty-one watercolors by William Blake for the Book of Job, and a number of other books illuminated by him; through Oct. 29. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Techniques of Primitive Art," examples of weaving, carvings, ceramics, and metal works from Africa, Oceania, and the Americas; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirtieth annual of the American Abstract Artists, containing paintings and sculptures by about eighty members and guests, including Ibram Lassaw, Will Insley, and Richard Anuszkiewicz; through Nov. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8: "Die Frau ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8: "Turandot," with Birgit Nilsson, Mirella Freni, Franco Corelli, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Die Frau ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Christa Ludwig, Irene Dalis, James King, Walter Berry, and William Dooley. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Nedda Casei, Nicolai Gedda, Cornell MacNeil, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, Nicolai Gedda, Theodor Uppman, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Faust," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Gianni Raimondi, Sherrill Milnes, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 8: "La Traviata," with Anna Moffo, Marcia Baldwin, Bruno Prevedi, and Robert Merrill. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 2: "La Gioconda," with Renata Tebaldi, Biserka Cvejic, Mignon Dunn, Franco Corelli, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Fernando Corena, George Shirley, Theodor Uppman, and Justino Díaz. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 255-5600 Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4.)

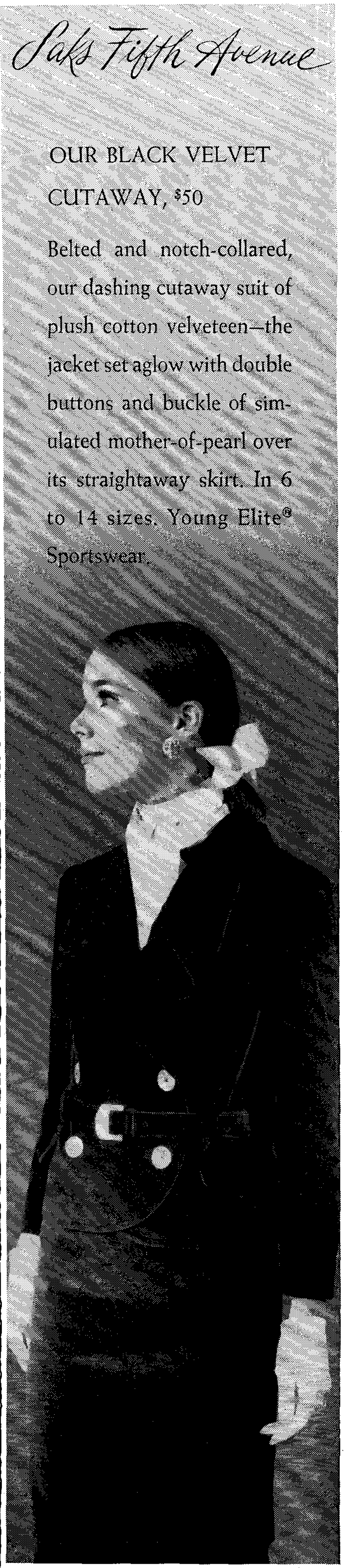
New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 13, at 7:45: The company's première of Mozart's "The Magic Flute," with an English text by Ruth and Thomas Martin. Beverly Sills, Veronica Tyler, Joan Summers, Michele Molese, John Reardon, and Thomas Paul. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:15: "Carmen," with Beverly Wolff, Joan Patenaude, William Dupree, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Anne Elgar, Muriel Greenspon, Gene Bullard, Spiro Malas, Sherrill Milnes, and Noel Jan Tyl. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:15: "The Consul," with Patricia Neway, Muriel Greenspon, Beverly Evans, Julia Migenes, Charlotte Povia, David Clatworthy, William Chapman, and David Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 16, at 1:15: "La Bohème," with Anne Elgar, Eileen Schauler, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, William Beck, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 16, at 7:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Norma Newton, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, John Reardon, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Veronica Tyler, Joan Summers, Michele Molese, John Reardon, and Thomas Paul. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English), with Joy Clements, Frances Bible, Donna Jeffrey, Muriel Greenspon, Spiro Malas, David Clatworthy, and Nico Castel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:15: "Don Giovanni" (in English), with Norma Newton, Joan Summers, Nolan Van Way, Donald Gramm, William Dembaugh, Malcolm Smith, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Michele Molese, Sherrill Milnes, David Smith, Nico Castel, Herbert Beattie, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Anne Elgar, John Alexander, Herbert Beattie, and David Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 13.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—A Schoenberg-Blitzstein program on Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 14, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 17, at 7:30 (all with Vera Zorina and Robert Hooks, narrators; Andrea Velis, tenor; David Watson, baritone; and the Choral Art Society); and a varied program on Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8:30 (with Gary Graffman, piano).

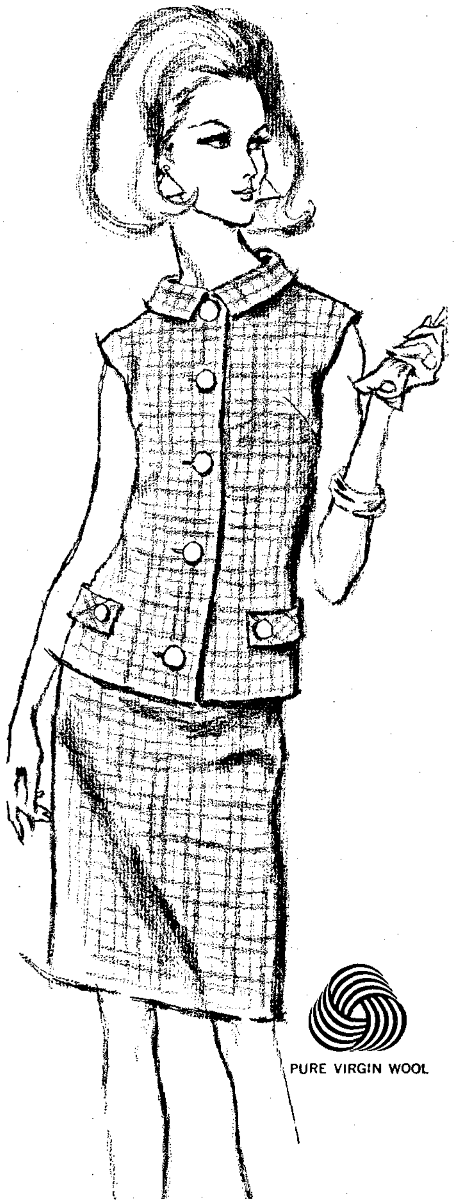
Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting.


Saks Fifth Avenue

OUR BLACK VELVET CUTAWAY, $50

Belted and notch-collared, our dashing cutaway suit of plush cotton velveteen—the jacket set aglow with double buttons and buckle of simulated mother-of-pearl over its straightaway skirt. In 6 to 14 sizes. Young Elite® Sportswear.

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



PURE VIRGIN WOOL

The sporting wool . . .

this brisk two-part plaid by Susan Thomas with a very casual air. Note the overblouse with half-dollar button trim, tab waist—the flattering slim skirt. Done in pure virgin wool, it bears the wool mark, symbol of quality. In navy, red or kelly, sizes 8 to 16, *(N-21)* **40.00** 4th Floor.

Mail and phone orders filled—759-2030
Also at our 20 convenient Branches

(Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30, with Jules Eskin, cello. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:30, with Shmuel Ashkenasi, violin. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30, a performance of Mahler's Third Symphony, with Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, and also the New England Conservatory Chorus and the Boston Boychoir.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Norman Carol, violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weisberg conducting the first in a series of four programs of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—Alexander Schneider conducting his chamber orchestra in an all-Bach program, with Thomas Paul, bass; Richard Goode, piano; John Wummer, flute; Leonard Arner, oboe; and the conductor, violin. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. OR 5-2700. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3 and 9.)

VIENNA JOHANN STRAUSS ORCHESTRA—Eduard Strauss II conducting, with Dagmar Koller, soprano, and Walter Kraeutler, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

RUDOLF SERKIN AND PINA CARMIRELLI—The last in a series of concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle of piano-and-violin sonatas. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

SMETANA QUARTET—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

PAUL A. MCGHEE WASHINGTON SQUARE CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS—Il Sestetto di Bolzano. (Vanderbilt Hall, New York University, 40 Washington Sq. S., at Macdougal St. Friday, Oct. 14, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call SP 7-2000, Ext. 618.)

JASCHA HEIFETZ AND GREGOR PIATIGORSKY—Violin and cello, in the last in a series of concerts, this one with an orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 2:30.)

GUIOMAR NOVAES—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

AUSTIN RELLER—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

CARLOS MONTOYA—Flamenco guitarist. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

MANITAS DE PLATA—Flamenco guitarist, with José Reyes, singer to the guitar. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 15, at midnight.)

CHARLES AZNAVOUR—French pop singer. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 2:45 and 8:30.)

NEW YORK PRO MUSICA—A concert in memory of Noah Greenberg, performed by the New York Pro Musica Concert Ensemble, the New York Pro Musica Wind Band, the Abbey Singers, and the Church of the Transfiguration Boy Choir. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3.)

BOSTON SYMPHONY CHAMBER PLAYERS—The first in a series of six benefit concerts, this one with Claude Frank, piano. (Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. TR 9-8300. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 4.)

ENSEMBLE MUSIC PLAYERS—A Mendelssohn-Schubert program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 5:30.)

RALPH KIRKPATRICK—Harpsichord, in an all-Bach program, with the Esterhazy Orchestra conducted by David Blum. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 8.)

ANDRZEJ WASOWSKI—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Oct. 18, at 8:40.)

SUSAN STARR—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

JAN SMETERLIN—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Philharmonic Hall. Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

BEAUX ARTS TRIO—Piano trios. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 21, at 8:40.)

JUAN SERRANO—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

JAZZ CONCERTS—Herbie Mann, Cal Tjader, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 22, at 8:30 and 11:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden—Tuesday, Oct. 18: Knicks vs. Los Angeles. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 22: Knicks vs. Boston. (Games begin at 8:30.)

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—SATURDAY, OCT. 15: Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Army, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 22: Army vs. Pittsburgh, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. New York University, at Fordham, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Navy vs. William and Mary, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Columbia, at New Brunswick, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Giants vs. Washington Redskins. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 1:30.)

HOCKEY—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Oct. 19, at 7:30.)

HORSE SHOW—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Friday, Oct. 14, through Saturday, Oct. 22.)

HUNT RACING—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 15.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 22.)

POLO—Final games of the season, Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3:30—At BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase. . . . BETHPAGE POLO FIELD, Farmingdale, L.I.

RACING—BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 15; the Interborough Handicap, Monday, Oct. 17; the Grand National Steeplechase Handicap, Tuesday, Oct. 18; the Lawrence Realization, Wednesday, Oct. 19; and the Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 22. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 12. The Gardenia, Saturday, Oct. 22.

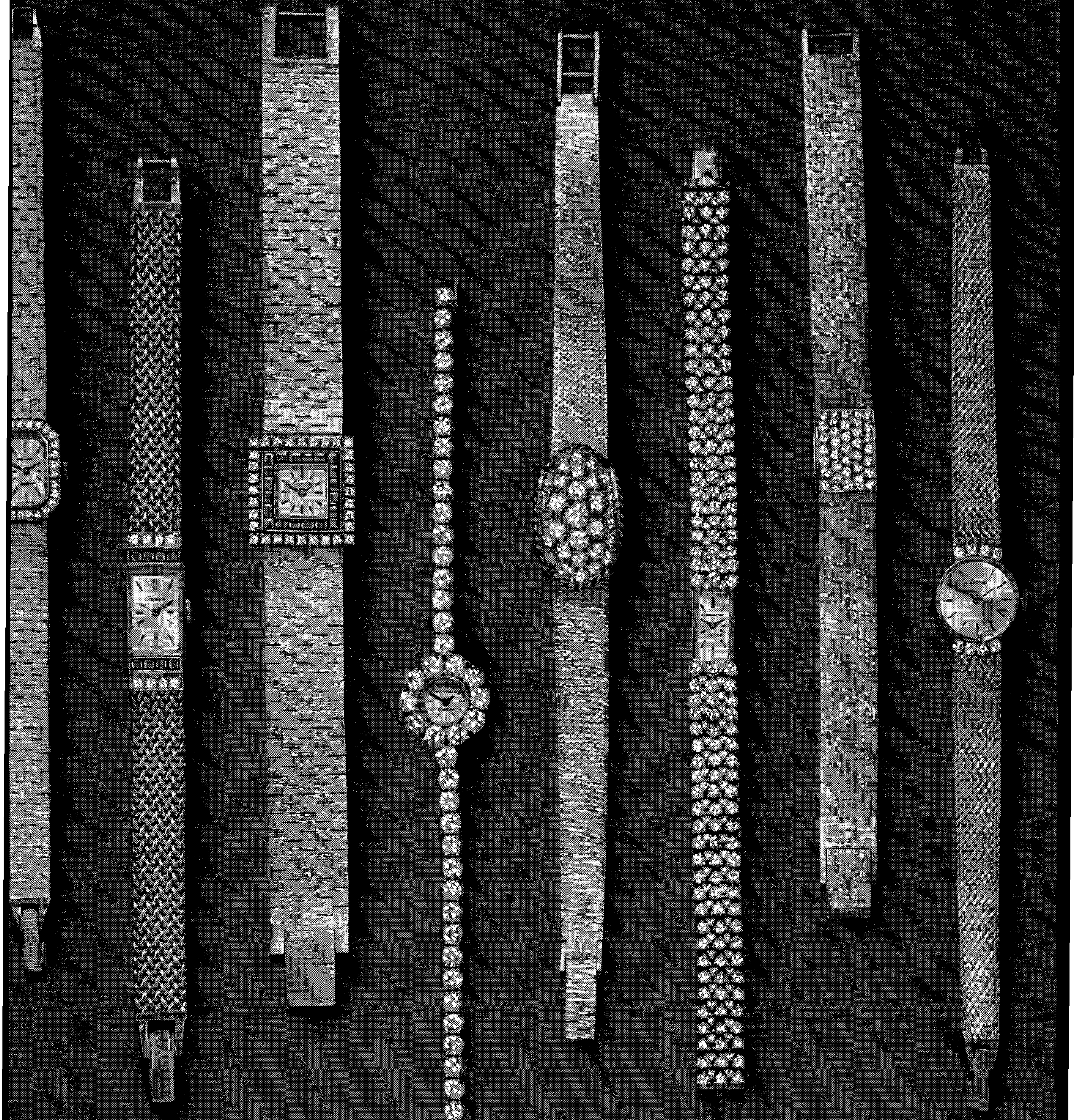
SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, Oct. 15, at 12:30.

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weekdays at 8; through Tuesday, Oct. 18. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15, from Wednesday, Oct. 19, through Thursday, Dec. 15. (Special trains will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

CONCERTS—Leonard Bernstein conducting the New York Philharmonic in the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 22, at noon and 2:30.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the GINGERBREAD PLAYERS & JACK: "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," Saturdays at 2 and 3:30. . . . ¶ "The Gingerbread Boy," Sundays at 2 and 3:30. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177.) . . . ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS: "Little Red Riding Hood." (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647. Saturdays and Sundays at 1.) . . . PAPER BAG PLAYERS: "Guffawhaw." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. Saturdays at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under five not admitted.) . . . STORYLAND THEATRE: "Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 15-16, at 1:30 and



Some of the most magnificent jewels
are worn at the wrist.

Cartier knows that a woman who wears great jewels expects to number her wristwatch among them. Every watch in our magnificent collection lives up to that expectation.

Cartier

From the left: 14kt gold and diamond bracelet watch, $795. 18kt gold bracelet watch with sapphires and diamonds, $590. 14kt gold, diamond and ruby watch, $2,000. Platinum and diamond watch, $7,500. 18kt gold and diamond watch, $2,800. Diamond bracelet watch, $9,900. 14kt gold and diamond watch, $1,530. 18kt gold and diamond bracelet watch, $350.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK, PLAZA 3-0111 / CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH / CARTIER, S.A., PARIS / CARTIER, LTD., LONDON

BROOKS BROTHERS TOPCOATS
our own models . . . our own materials
and made by our own skilled tailors

Brooks Brothers topcoats are as fine as materials, workmanship and our own distinctive patterns can make them. Such outstanding styles as our Dorset, Salisbury, Newbury and Madison are classic, and reflect the individuality and good taste so typically Brooks Brothers. In addition we have interesting new styles for Fall, such as the Kensington townwear topcoat (shown) . . . casual double-breasted overcoats . . . authentic British warms, Raglan topcoats and others. In a wide selection of handsome British woollens. from $150

Prices slightly higher west of the Rockies.

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Men's & Boys' Furnishings, Hats & Shoes
346 MADISON AVE., COR 44TH ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017
111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
BOSTON • PITTSBURGH • CHICAGO • SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3:30.) . . . **TAUBENSLAG PRODUCTIONS:** "Adventures of Pinocchio." (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2283. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.) . . . **LEA WALLACE PUPPETS:** "Peter and the Wolf" and "The Half-Chick." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Saturday, Oct. 15, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.)

JUNIOR MUSEUM, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Artist's Workshop–Tools and Techniques" demonstrates the methods employed in pictorial art and includes examples of different mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-8828)—The current show is called "The Night the Stars Fell." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

MOVIES—"Cinderella," a full-length Russian production, danced by Raisa Struchkova and the Bolshoi Ballet Corps. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Oct. 16, at 3 and 5.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have free and exclusive use of the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

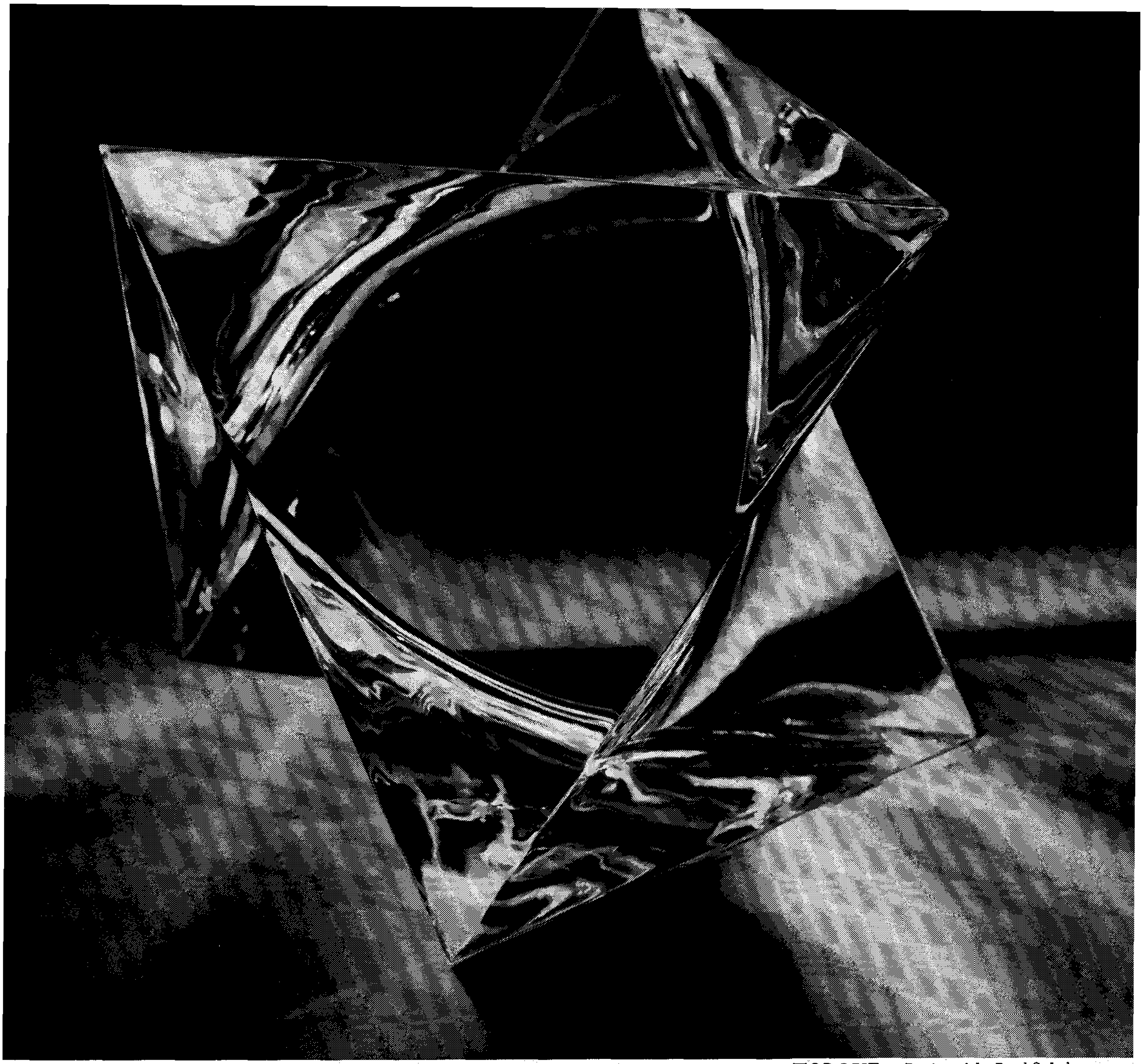
UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

POETRY READINGS—Léonie Adams and Langston Hughes reading from their own works. (Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Thursday, Oct. 13, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

FLOWER SHOW—A showing of fall flowers presented by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Oct. 19, from 12:30 to 4.)

NEW YORK ANTIQUES FAIR—In addition to the usual displays of furniture, china, glass, and jewelry, you will find here a collection of commemorative medals, some paintings of New York scenes, and an assortment of music boxes. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 13-14, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 15, from 1 to 6.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 7, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 13-15, at 1:45: French and English eighteenth-century furniture; Derby, Minton, and other porcelains; two Aubusson tapestries; glass; rugs; and decorative objects. From the estate of Robert Goelet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 11: Part III of a collection of African and Oceanic art, belonging to the estate of Helena Rubinstein. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 15, at 1:45: Pre-Columbian and North-American Indian art, from several collections, among them that of the late Charles Laughton. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 1:45: Georgian silver owned by C. P. Tyner and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 15. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 20, at 8: Thirty paintings by Morris Graves, together with other modern works by such artists as Chagall, Picasso, and Mary Cassatt; from the Charles Laughton-Elsa Lanchester collection and from other sources. Admission by card only; for information, call TR 9-8300. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 14.



TORQUE • *Designed by Paul Schulze*

"Studies in Crystal 1967"

An exhibition of experimental designs, "Studies in Crystal 1967," is on view through Saturday, October 29, in the Steuben gallery.

The designers, George Thompson, Paul Schulze, and Lloyd Atkins, have created advanced forms in this unusual medium.

Some of the new works are geometric. Some are free forms. Some have air bubbles trapped within the crystal. *All* use the nature of crystal to the fullest.

The exhibition is open 9:30-5:30, daily except Sundays.

STEUBEN GLASS

FIFTH AVENUE AT 56th STREET · NEW YORK · N.Y. 10022

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

The Bible—Glimpses of Genesis, painted in poster colors by John Huston. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Le Bonheur—A young Parisian cabinetmaker loves his wife and loves his mistress. He thinks this should make everyone very happy, but he is wrong. A strange and beautiful picture, written and directed by Agnès Varda. In French. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Oct. 18.)

The Crazy Quilt—A charming and modest movie by a young Californian director, John Korty. With Tom Rosqui and Ina Mela as incompatible but lifelong lovers. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Doctor Zhivago—A movie that is mostly settings, with such actors as Alec Guinness, Ralph Richardson, Tom Courtenay, Julie Christie, and Omar Sharif milling about in what amounts to unemployment. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—California surfers take their boards to Africa, Australia, New Zealand, and Tahiti. Out of sight. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Fantastic Voyage—A science-fiction tale about a band of brave souls who journey into the interior of the human brain. With Stephen Boyd and Raquel Welch. (Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; through Oct. 17.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 18.)

A Fine Madness—A mixture of broad comedy and social comment that is interesting in one way or another in spite of its many faults. With Sean Connery as a poet, Patrick O'Neal as his analyst, and Joanne Woodward and Jean Seberg as their respective wives. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Oct. 19.)

The Group—Mary McCarthy's celebrated novel about some members of the Vassar Class of '33 has been conscientiously brought to the screen, but it lacks Miss McCarthy's bite. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Candice Bergen, James Broderick, James Congdon, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 19.)

A Man and a Woman—Splendid visual elaboration of a slight love story, in which the principals are played by Anouk Aimée and Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-2013.)

Morgan!—A troubled young man tears London apart in an attempt to make people love one another as much as he thinks great apes love other great apes. A very strange comedy indeed, marvellously acted by David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave, under the direction of Karel Reisz. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652; through Oct. 18.)

My Fair Lady—A worthy translation of the original, with the original Rex Harrison, and Audrey Hepburn inventing her own enchanting Eliza. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Seconds—A terrifying science-fiction thriller, directed by John Frankenheimer and starring Rock Hudson and Salome Jens. Look the other way when things get too scary. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

Shakespeare Wallah—James Ivory leads a cast of Indian and English actors through a rueful and modest tale of present-day India. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Oct. 18.)

The Shameless Old Lady—A stout-hearted octogenarian widow treats herself to a good time. Ably directed by René Allio. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Oct. 16.... ¶ 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255; starting Oct. 17.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—A fine movie of that hard night's night. Mike Nichols, as director, and the cast, who need not be named here, do Edward Albee proud. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

The Wrong Box—Farce, in color, about murderous competition for money, with Ralph Richardson and John Mills as heads of the competing branches of a family whose other members include Michael Caine, Peter Cook, and Dudley Moore. Peter Sellers as a doctor, Wilfrid Lawson as a butler. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; 72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.... ¶ Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022; through the afternoon of Oct. 16.)

REVIVALS

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 19.)

Casablanca (1942)—Intrigue in North Africa. With Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Oct. 14-17.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through Oct. 16.)

David Copperfield (1935)—The Dickens story, with W. C. Fields as Micawber, Roland Young as Uriah Heep, and Edna May Oliver as Aunt Betsey Trotwood. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 13.)

Diabolique (1955)—A chilling description of how the wife and the mistress of a cad join forces to bring about his elimination. With Vera Clouzot, Simone Signoret, and Paul Meurisse. In French. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; Oct. 13.)

Dr. No (1963)—Ian Fleming's famous hero, James Bond, pits himself against a human fiend in a citadel of evil in the Caribbean. With Sean Connery as Bond. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Oct. 18. ... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 19.)

Funny Face (1957)—An excursion into the world of fashion. Fred Astaire and Audrey Hepburn. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 18-19.)

Goldfinger (1964)—Sean Connery as the elastic and inexhaustible James Bond, who bungles every encounter but the last. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262; through Oct. 18.... ¶ Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 19.)

A Hard Day's Night (1964)—Ringo, George, Paul, and John. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—The doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 18.)

If I Had a Million (1932)—The first and best-known of the all-star episode films, with, among others, Charles Laughton, W. C. Fields, and Gary Cooper. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 14-17.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness and Stanley Holloway making off with the assets of the Bank of England. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 13.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, and Dean Stockwell. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; starting Oct. 19.)

Mafioso (1964)—A glimpse into the workings of the Honored Society, here and in Sicily. With Alberto Sordi. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 18.)

The Man in the White Suit (1952)—Alec Guinness as the inventor of a fabulous fabric. With Cecil Parker and Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 13.)

Million Dollar Legs (1932)—A satire on the Olympics, with W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, and Ben Turpin. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 14-17.)

Morocco (1930)—Marlene Dietrich's first American picture, in which she plays a cabaret singer. Also with Gary Cooper as a Foreign Legionnaire. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Oct. 14-17.)

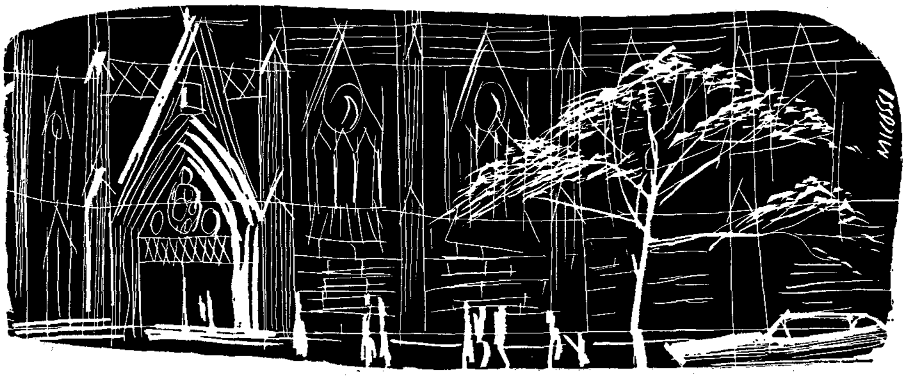
Paths of Glory (1957)—Humphrey Cobb's novel about the madness generated by war. Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou, and George Macready. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; Oct. 18-19.)

Purple Noon (1961)—A thriller, laid in Italy, about a group of well-heeled young American wastrels, one of whom carelessly murders a couple of the others. Alain Delon is the wicked hero. In French. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting Oct. 19.)

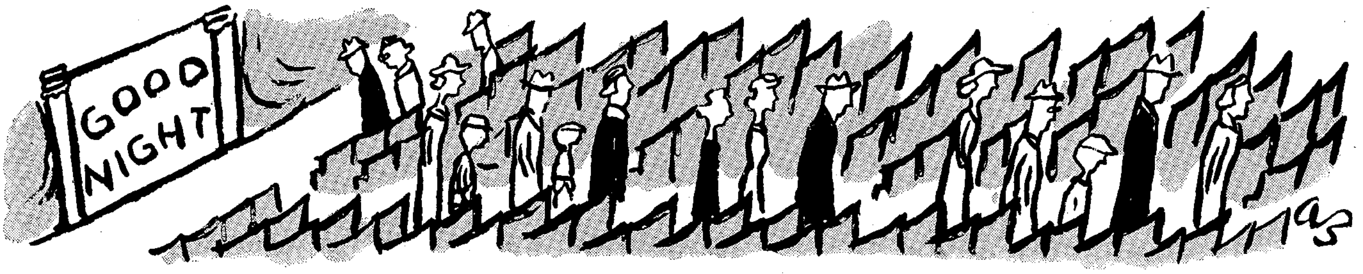
The Servant (1964)—Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles in a tale of corruption above stairs and below. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 18.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—A Hitchcock picture that deals with everything from tennis to schizophrenia. With Farley Granger and Robert Walker. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; Oct. 17-18.)

Film Libraries—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd—The last four programs in a series called "New Cinema: The Netherlands." Oct. 13 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "I'll Come Later to Madra" (1965) and two other films.... Oct. 14 at 2 and 5:30: "A Morning of Six Weeks" (1965) and "Clair Obscur" (1965).... Oct. 15 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Seven Authors in Search of a Reader" (1965) and three other films.... Oct. 16 at 2 and 5:30: "I'll Come Later to Madra" (1965) and two other films. ... ¶ Oct. 17 at 2 and Oct. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "The Great Train Robbery" (1903) and five other films directed by Edwin S. Porter.... ¶ Oct. 19 at 2 and 5:30: "At the Edge of the World" (1927), with Brigitte Helm.... **Gallery of Modern Art**, 2 Columbus Circle—Through Oct. 15: "Dali in New York" (1966).... ¶ Starting Oct. 18: "Do Detectives Think?" (1927), "Bacon Grabbers" (1929), "Dirty Work" (1933), and "Helpmates" (1931), all with Laurel and Hardy. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30.)... **Note:** At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.



THE MOVIE HOUSES



THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through Oct. 18: **DR. NO**, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.
From Oct. 19: "The Fortune Cookie," Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Hawaii," Julie Andrews, Max von Sydow. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
SECONDS.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Any Wednesday," Jane Fonda, Jason Robards.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
THE BIBLE.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round," James Coburn.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Mister Buddwing," James Garner, Jean Simmons.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE WRONG BOX.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
A HARD DAY'S NIGHT, revival; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 18: **FANTASTIC VOYAGE.**
From Oct. 19: **A FINE MADNESS**; and "Stop the World—I Want to Get Off," Tony Tanner.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
Through Oct. 18: **LE BONHEUR** (in French); and **MORGAN!**
From Oct. 19: "The Fortune Cookie," Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
Through Oct. 16: "Loving Couples" (in Swedish), Harriet Andersson, Gunnel Lindblom.
From Oct. 17: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through Oct. 18: **DR. NO**, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.
From Oct. 19: "The Fortune Cookie," Jack Lemmon, Walter Matthau.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
SECONDS.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through Oct. 16: **THE SHAMELESS OLD LADY** (in French).
From Oct. 17: "Georgy Girl," Lynn Redgrave, James Mason.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Oct. 13: **DIABOLIQUE** (in French), revival.
From Oct. 14: "Hotel Paradiso," Alec Guinness, Gina Lollobrigida.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				13	14	15
16	17	18	19			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"The Appaloosa," Marlon Brando.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Alfie," Michael Caine, Shelley Winters.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 16: **THE WRONG BOX.**
From Oct. 16 at 7:30: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. A limited number of seats are available at the box office.)

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 16: "The Pad (and How to Use It)," Brian Bedford, Julie Sommars.
From Oct. 16 at 7:30: "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," Zero Mostel, Phil Silvers. (Opening night will be a benefit performance. A limited number of seats are available at the box office.)

YORK CINEMA, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through Oct. 16: **CAT BALLOU**, revival; and "Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.
Oct. 17-18: **STRANGERS ON A TRAIN**, revival; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
From Oct. 19: **PURPLE NOON** (in French), revival; and "The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Mister Buddwing," James Garner, Jean Simmons.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Bolshoi Ballet 67."

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
THE WRONG BOX.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"I, a Woman" (in Danish), Essy Persson.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 18: "The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks; and "O.S.S. 117—Mission for a Killer," Frederick Stafford.
From Oct. 19: "Chamber of Horrors," Cesare Danova, Wilfrid Hyde-White; and "What Ever Happened to Baby Jane?," revival, Bette Davis, Joan Crawford.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
"Zero in the Universe," Jock Livingston.

GARRICK, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Oct. 13: "Black Orpheus" (in Portuguese), revival, Marpessa Dawn; and "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine.
Oct. 14-17: **CASABLANCA**, revival; and **MOROCCO**, revival.
Oct. 18-19: **PATHS OF GLORY**, revival; and "The Fugitive Kind," revival, Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 18: **SHAKESPEARE WALLAH**; and "Kwaidan" (in Japanese), revival.
From Oct. 19: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT**, revival; and **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 18: **MAFIOSO** (in Italian), revival; and **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** (in French), revival.
From Oct. 19: **THE GROUP**; and "Harper," Paul Newman, Lauren Bacall.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 17: "The Passion of Joan of Arc," revival, a French film with an English narration; and "Poil de Carotte" (in French), revival, Harry Baur.
From Oct. 18: "The Ballet of Romeo and Juliet," revival, a full-length Russian production.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Oct. 17: **FANTASTIC VOYAGE**; and "Take Her, She's Mine," revival, James Stewart, Sandra Dee.
Oct. 18: "Annie Get Your Gun," revival, Betty Hutton; and "The Student Prince," revival, Ann Blyth, Edmund Purdom.
From Oct. 19: **DR. NO**, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 18: "Time of Indifference," Rod Steiger, Shelley Winters; and "Walk in the Shadow," Patrick McGoohan, Janet Munro.
From Oct. 19: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
SECONDS.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Dead Heat on a Merry-Go-Round," James Coburn.

CINEMA RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
THE CRAZY QUILT.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Masculine Feminine" (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Salto" (in Polish).

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Romeo and Juliet," performed by Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Royal Ballet. (Weekdays at 2:30 and 8:30 and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
A MAN AND A WOMAN (in French).

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Oct. 13: **DAVID COPPERFIELD**, revival; and "The Old-Fashioned Way," revival, W. C. Fields.
Oct. 14-17: **MILLION DOLLAR LEGS**, revival; and **IF I HAD A MILLION**, revival.
Oct. 18-19: **FUNNY FACE**, revival; and "To Catch a Thief," revival, Cary Grant, Grace Kelly.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 18: "The Idol," Jennifer Jones, Michael Parks; and "The Oscar," Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer.
From Oct. 19: **DR. NO**, revival; and **GOLDFINGER**, revival.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 13: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**, revival; and **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**, revival.
Oct. 14-17: "The Red Shoes," revival, Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (in French), revival, Ludmila Tcherina.
From Oct. 18: **THE SERVANT**, revival; and "Oscar Wilde," revival, Robert Morley, Ralph Richardson.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE WRONG BOX.

The ornamental egg role.

In full dress. With its miniature best spangles. Hand decorated down to the last bead and flower. An exquisite stage for the intricate Lilliputian world inside. See our whole family of good eggs. Eggs with windows. With doors. Partridges or kings. Eggs for the holidays and any other time. Each one different. Each one delightful. Now in our Christmas Court. Surrounded by other treasures from all over the world to decorate yours. At Field's, Chicago. On three. There's nothing like it back home.

Marshall Field & Company

Europe the 2nd time.

Remember the whirlwind tour? Visit Sabena's Europe now and be slow about it. Pick a "stay-awhile" city like Brussels and linger. Get to know the Grand' Place by heart. Buy flowers for your hotel room as well as presents for home. And see the wooded suburbs from a bike. It's slower that way but it's better. Because it's Europe the second time around.

How do you get to Brussels fast? You can have your travel agent send you packing on Sabena. (On a non-stop jet with non-stop service, comfort, and food.) If you happen to want to get a move on again, Sabena flies to fifty-five European cities, plus Africa and the Middle East, too. Sabena goes everywhere you want to go, the first, the tenth or the "nth" time around.

SABENA

BELGIAN *World* AIRLINES

Sabena.

Europe's most helpful airline.

Every night George Thomson carries home the secret of the world's finest Scotch.

An umbrella and a heated car protect George Thomson and his secret from the damp night air.

If you look at the photograph carefully, you can actually see the secret. The reason for the outstanding quality of Johnnie Walker Black Label is Mr. Thomson's nose.

And a most talented nose it is. Mr. Thomson uses it to sniff out the subtle differences among the finest aged malt whiskies in Scotland. It dictates the ones to choose for character, the ones unique in body or maturity. He selects more than forty in all, adds just the right amount of mature Scotch grain whisky and creates the perfect balance of richness, smoothness and mellowness. A balance that is, so to speak, on the nose.

Black Label is a rich, satisfying Scotch quite unlike any other, because Mr. Thomson's secret is quite unlike any other.

Can everyone share Mr. Thomson's secret?

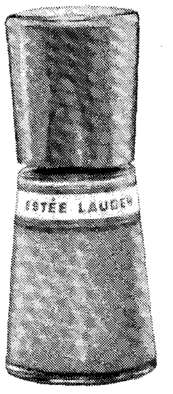
Almost everyone. It is no secret that Black Label is a favored Scotch. So much in demand in fact, it is actually rationed in the United Kingdom. But fortunately, the current U.S. quota is sufficient to maintain a reasonable supply.

We suggest you carry home Black Label tonight. It's now available with a year round gift carton as distinguished as the Scotch inside. The smooth, satisfying flavor of Johnnie Walker Black Label could change your taste for fine Scotch.

Johnnie Walker
Black Label

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF.
IMPORTED BY CANADA DRY CORPORATION, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO "NATURALS?" THEY'RE COMING TRUE-TO-LIFE IN NEW NAIL ENAMEL BY ESTÉE LAUDER



Dip right into a daring new world of nail color—an Estée Lauder world where "naturals" happen as truly, as tenderly as the pink of petals, the pale of pebbles, the shimmer of sea shells. These cool pools of color make their own hush-hush excitement in the midst of 43 thrilling, chilling shades. And—Estée Lauder matches color excitement with a unique formula that allows only good things to happen to your nails. The rich ingredients in creams and frosteds give you greater coverage than ever—a manicure that lasts longer—and each color stays lustrous as a jewel to the very end.

Estée Lauder

Estée Lauder's "naturals" in Nail Enamel: Natural Beige, Natural Coral, Natural Pink and Natural

PHOTO: SKREBNESKI
FUR: MAXIMILIAN

In a man's raincoat?

Gleneagles

Fake mink. But looks like the real thing. It's a cunning blend exclusively *made for* us by Borg Fabrics. Zips in and out quick as a mink. Keeps you snug while our 80% Dacron®, 20% cotton shell keeps you dry. We call it our Gleneagles' Mintage® lining. You'll call it the best conversation piece you've ever worn. Found in our Clent raincoat, about $65.

Gleneagles

Raincoats for men and women. Gleneagles Inc.,
1290 Avenue of the Americas, N. Y., N. Y.

Protected against rain and stain with **ZE PEL**® fabric fluoridizer.

The Renault for people who swore they would never buy another one.

We cannot blame anyone who swore they would never buy another Renault.

When we first sent our cars into this country we ran into a sad situation.

We had, as we say in France, sold the skin of the bear before having put him on the ground.

Our cars were not fully prepared to meet the demands of America, where sustained high speeds are normal, where a heavy foot with the clutch is normal, and where people are not used to fixing their own cars.

More than a fair share of things went wrong with our cars. Less than a fair share of our dealers were equipped to deal with what went wrong.

Well, that is actually water over the dam, so to speak.

After all, Renault has a reputation to protect as one of the finest and oldest (1898) and largest (7th) manufacturers of automobiles in the world.

So with all our hearts and with all our strength we set out to protect that reputation.

We began by selecting our raw materials more carefully. We used a steel of thicker gauge. And the paint and the rustproofing and the undercoating we used more thickly.

We improved also the quality of our quality control, and we added another 25% of fine inspectors.

The next step was to improve our dealers. So before we sign on any new dealer, we require that he use only Renault-trained mechanics.

And we make it certain that not one of our cars is sold in this country unless every part for it is available.

And, of course, we developed a fantastic car, the Renault 8. But before we introduced it here we ran it around Europe first. And then very quietly on a small scale we brought it here a few years ago.

And when we were sure the car was perfect, we improved it, and now this is the car we are talking about.

It is the Renault 10.

It is probably as comfortable as any automobile you will ever sit in, "and you can toss in a Bentley Continental or a Rolls if you care to," said one critic, but we don't know if that is not too much for us to say.

It has a five-main-bearing engine that you can drive all day at top speed (84 mph) and not do it injury, so finely is it machined.

It will average an honest 35 mpg.

It has a liquid cooling system that is infinitely quieter than air-cooling, yet it will not boil or freeze.

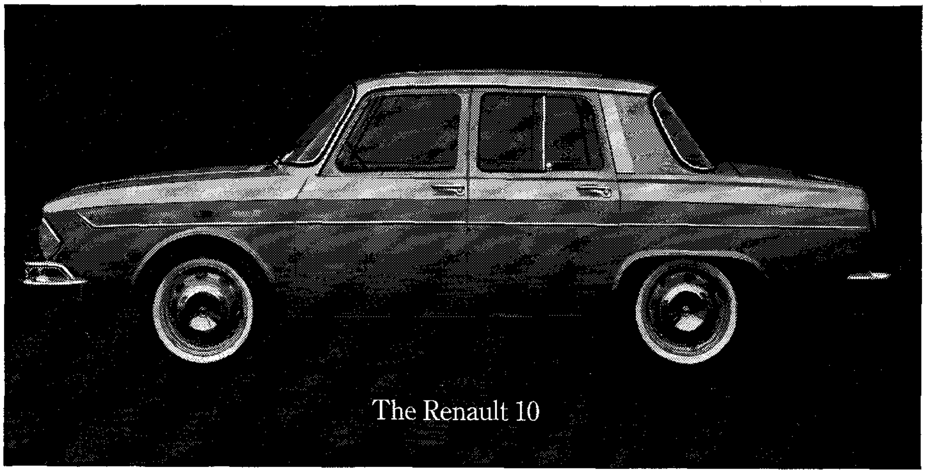
The Renault 10 is equipped with four doors, four wheel independent suspension, and disc brakes on all four wheels.

Yet it costs only $1647.*

Now the bear is on the ground.

If you do not at least test drive the Renault 10, you shall have only yourself at whom to swear.

RENAULT



The Renault 10

*East and Gulf Coast, P.O.E. Slightly higher on West Coast. *Whitewalls optional. Automatic Transmission $165 additional.
For the address of Renault dealer or information on money saving overseas delivery, write Renault, Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price. Actual price may vary with dealer. Slightly higher South and West.

El console stereo comes from Illinois.

Living room got el chairo, el glasso, el lampo feeling?

Well, here's a console that looks like it's from Old España. The Cortez by G.E.

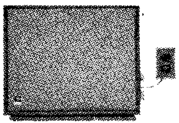
A Spanish chest Mrs. Cortez might have given Hernando to hold his treasures.

But this chest holds a treasure even Hernando couldn't find. Stereo components selected to give the finest 20th century sound reproduction.

If Spanish isn't your speed, there are 36 other models to choose from. Starting at under $150.*

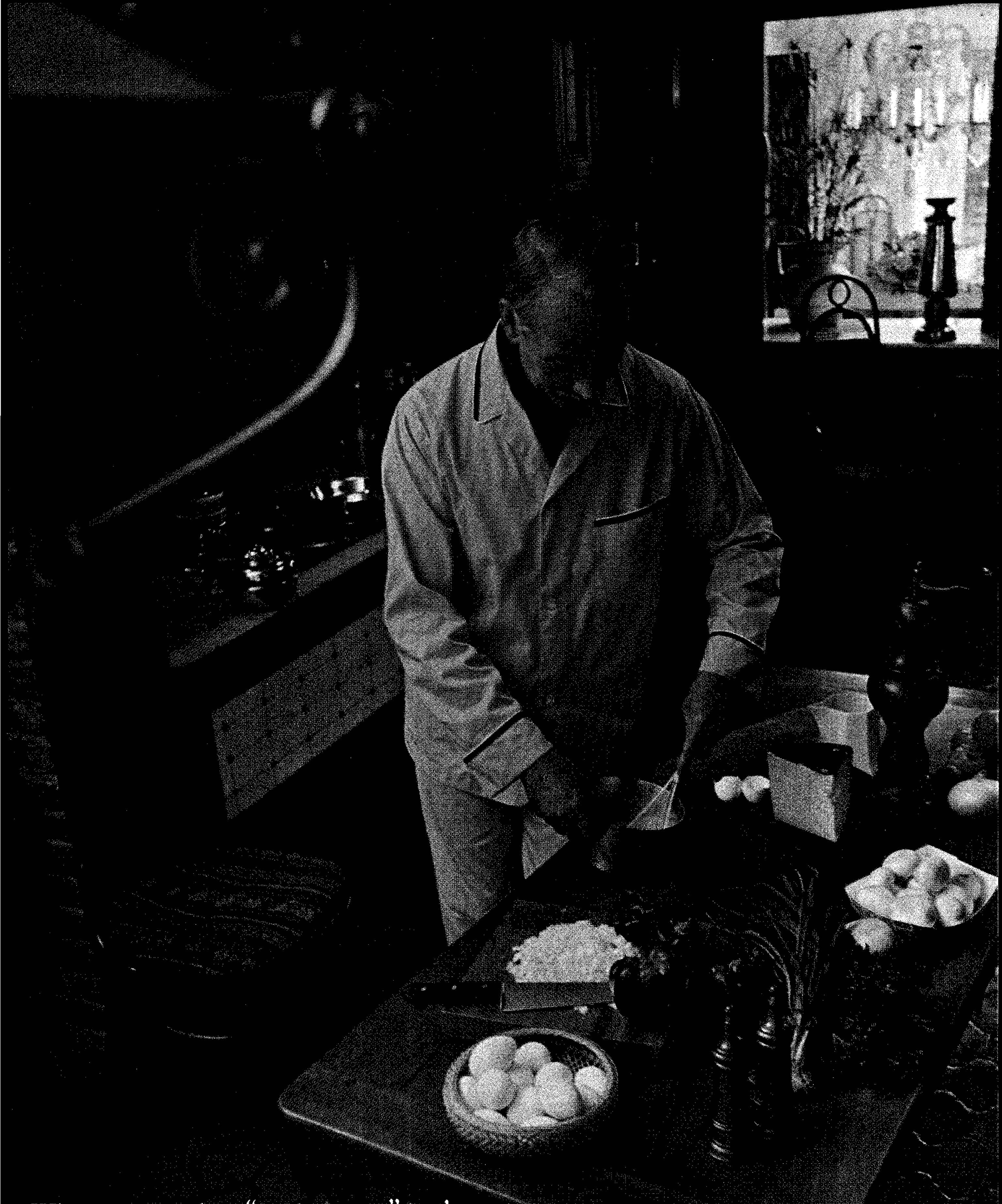
They're worth giving up your gold for.

The Cortez is equipped for Porta-Fi. The optional speaker system that plugs into any outlet in the house.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

Audio Products Department, Decatur, Illinois



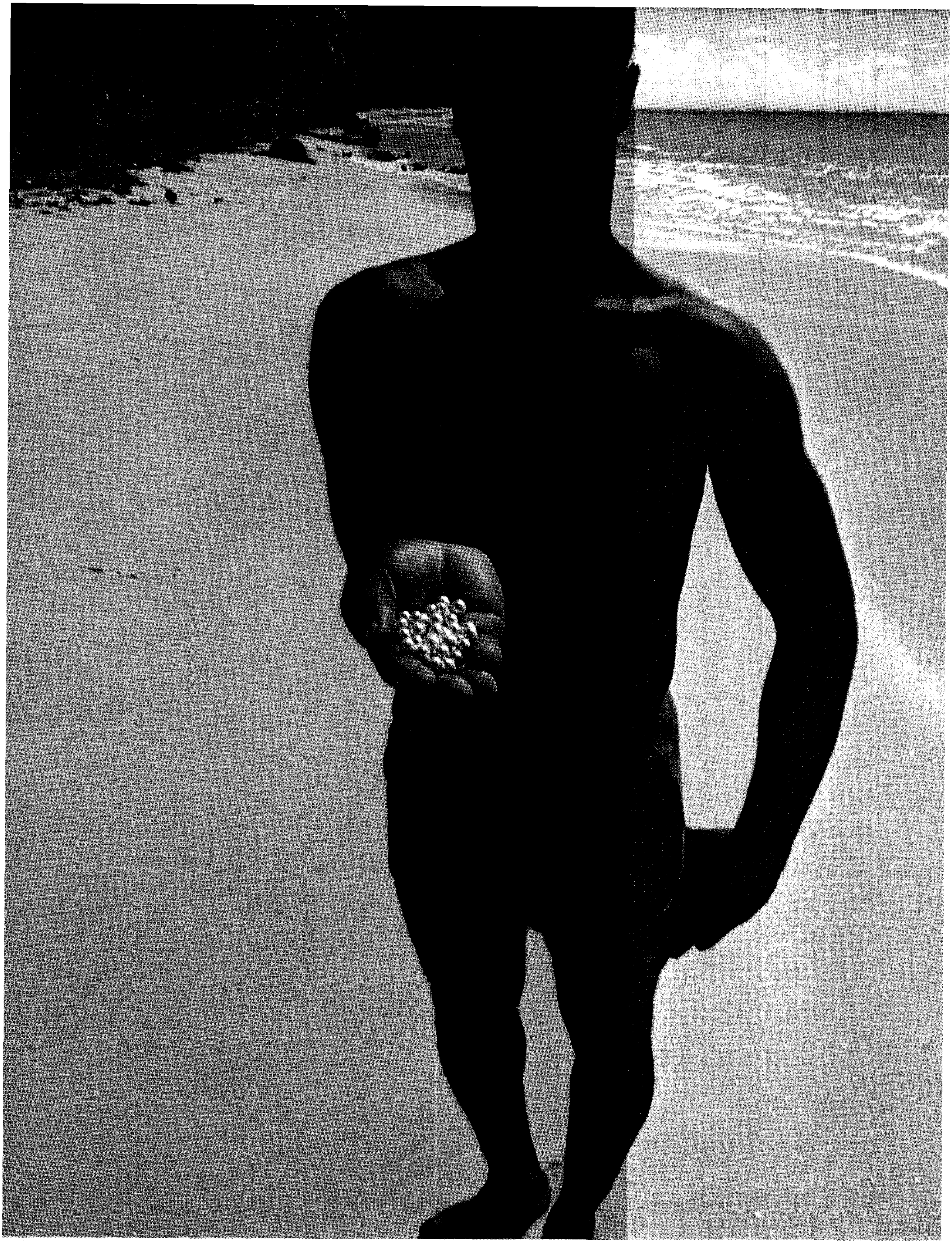
When some people say "good morning" they're not kidding

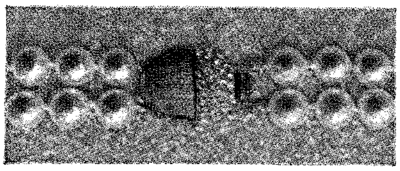
Mr. Monk*, for instance. Julius touches his head to the pillow and whoosh, he's gone. Easy conscience? Yes. But more than that. He sleeps in the right pajamas. EMBASSY pajamas, smoothly tailored in a SuPima fabric from Springs Mills. Every SuPima fabric is woven of pedigreed pima cotton grown exclusively in our great Southwest. Aristocrat of cottons, it's softer, silkier, lighter, smoother. Never squirms in the arms of Morpheus. So when Mr. Monk awakes, it's a good morning, indeed. Omelet, anybody? At Wallachs, New York; Baskin, Chicago; Hastings, San Francisco; Silverwood, Los Angeles; Jas. K. Wilson Co., Dallas; Zachry's, Atlanta, and other fine stores.

SuPima Association of America, Empire State Building, New York, N.Y.

supima
WORLD'S FINEST COTTONS

*Mornings, Mr. Monk whips up omelets at home. Nights, he dishes out satire at Plaza 9-.
SuPima is the registered certification mark for products made of Southwestern extra-long staple cotton.





A pearl diver can tell. But your catty friends can't and your best friends won't. Marvella simulated pearls deceive everyone but the pros. marvella®

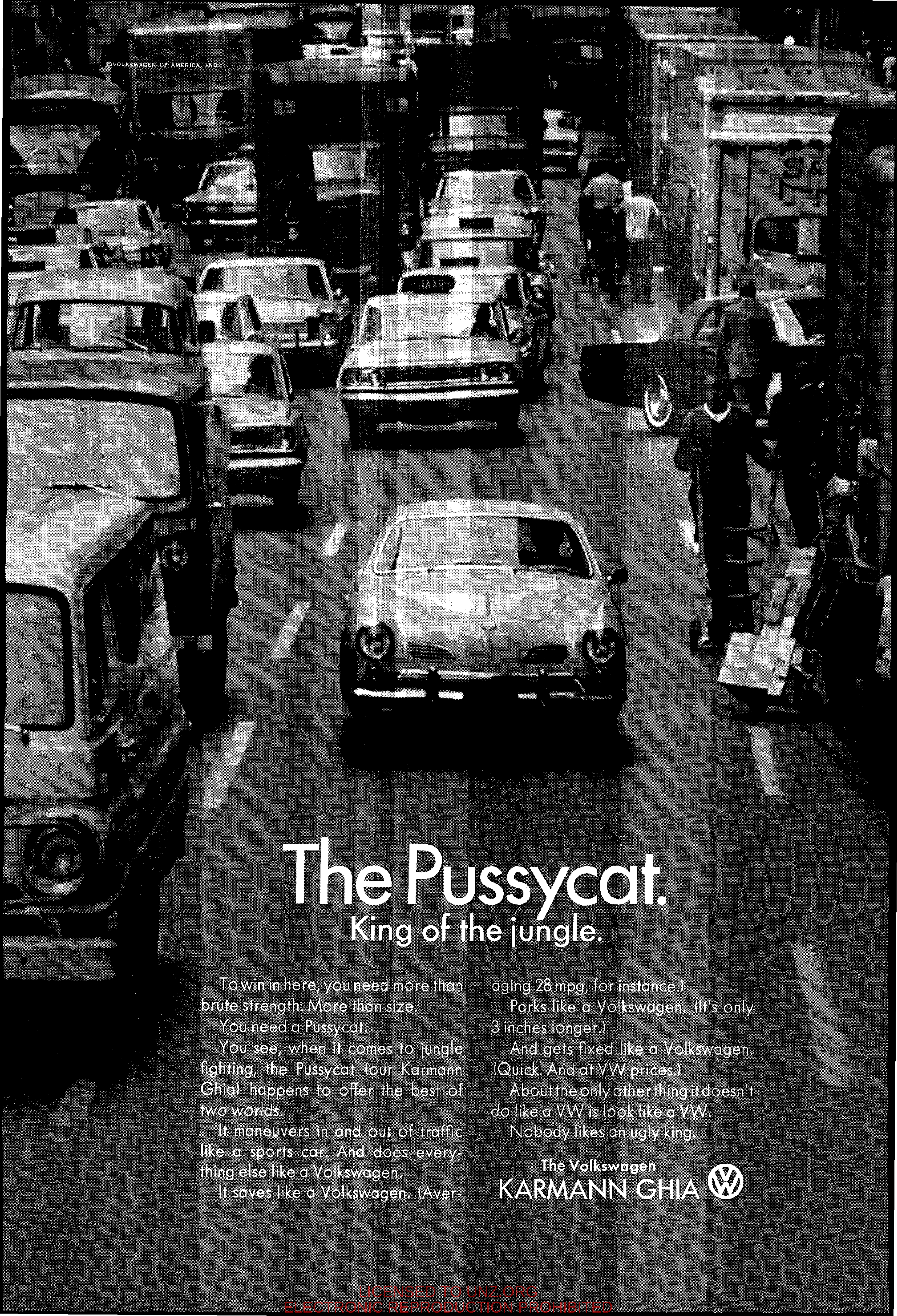
TWO STRAND 8MM. NECKLACE WITH "GOLDEN ACORN" CLASP. CHOKER $7.50; 24" LENGTH $10.00; MATCHING BRACELET $5.00; MATCHING EARRING $5.00. MARVELLA INC., 385 FIFTH AVE., N.Y. 10016

Fur by Georges Kaplan

"Aren't you wearing Tweed (

)?"

LENTHÉRIC LONDON • PARIS • NEW YORK



©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

The Pussycat.

King of the jungle.

To win in here, you need more than brute strength. More than size.

You need a Pussycat.

You see, when it comes to jungle fighting, the Pussycat (our Karmann Ghia) happens to offer the best of two worlds.

It maneuvers in and out of traffic like a sports car. And does everything else like a Volkswagen.

It saves like a Volkswagen. (Averaging 28 mpg, for instance.)

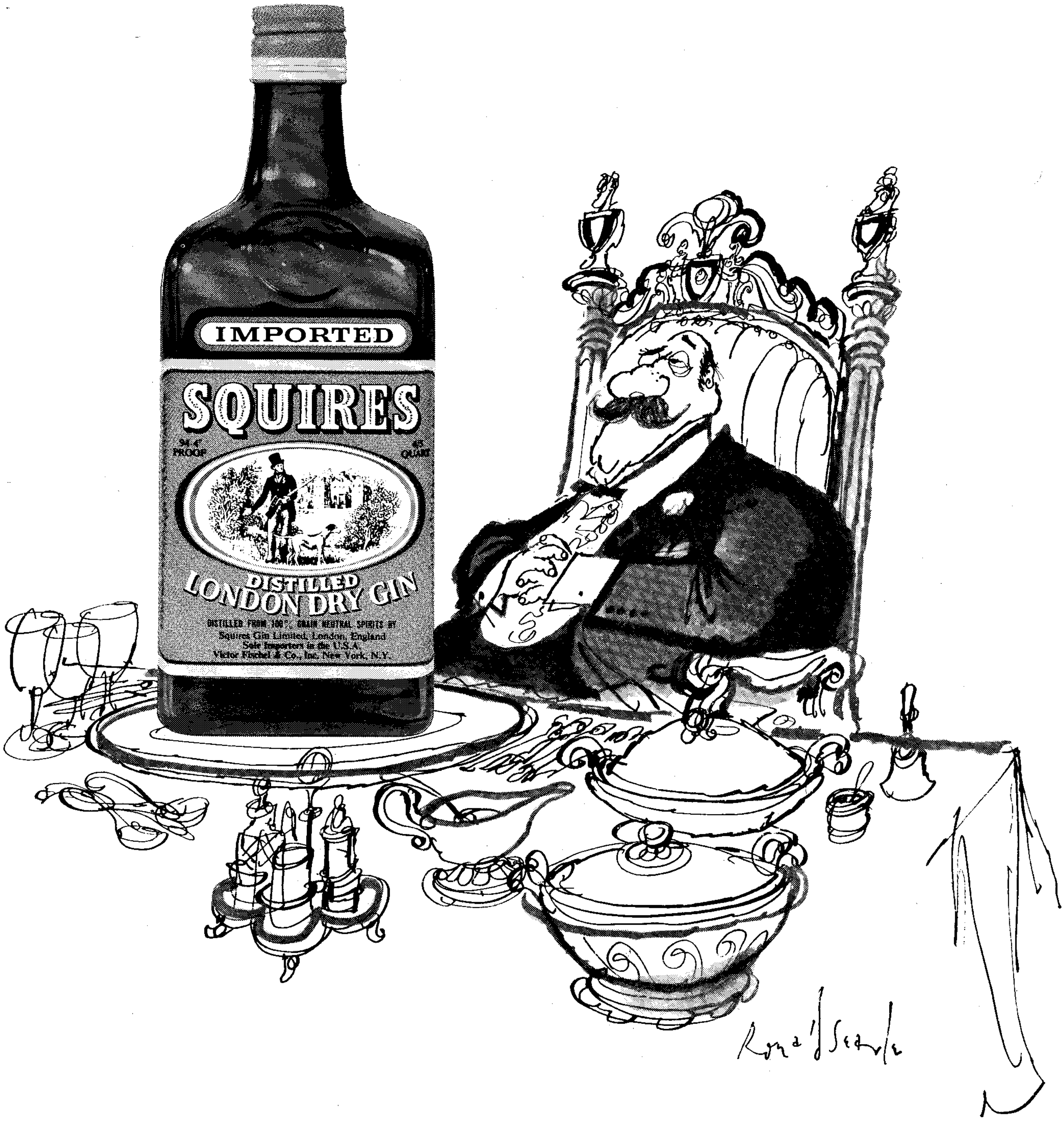
Parks like a Volkswagen. (It's only 3 inches longer.)

And gets fixed like a Volkswagen. (Quick. And at VW prices.)

About the only other thing it doesn't do like a VW is look like a VW.

Nobody likes an ugly king.

The Volkswagen
KARMANN GHIA


IMPORTED
SQUIRES
94.4° PROOF
4/5 QUART
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS BY
Squires Gin Limited, London, England
Sole Importers in the U.S.A.
Victor Fischel & Co., Inc. New York, N.Y.

Acquire Squires

Quite possibly the finest gin in the world.
Imported intact from London.

94.4 PROOF. DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SOLE U. S. A. IMPORTER, VICTOR FISCHEL & CO., INC., N.Y., N.Y.

Quick, think of a fur!

You're right.

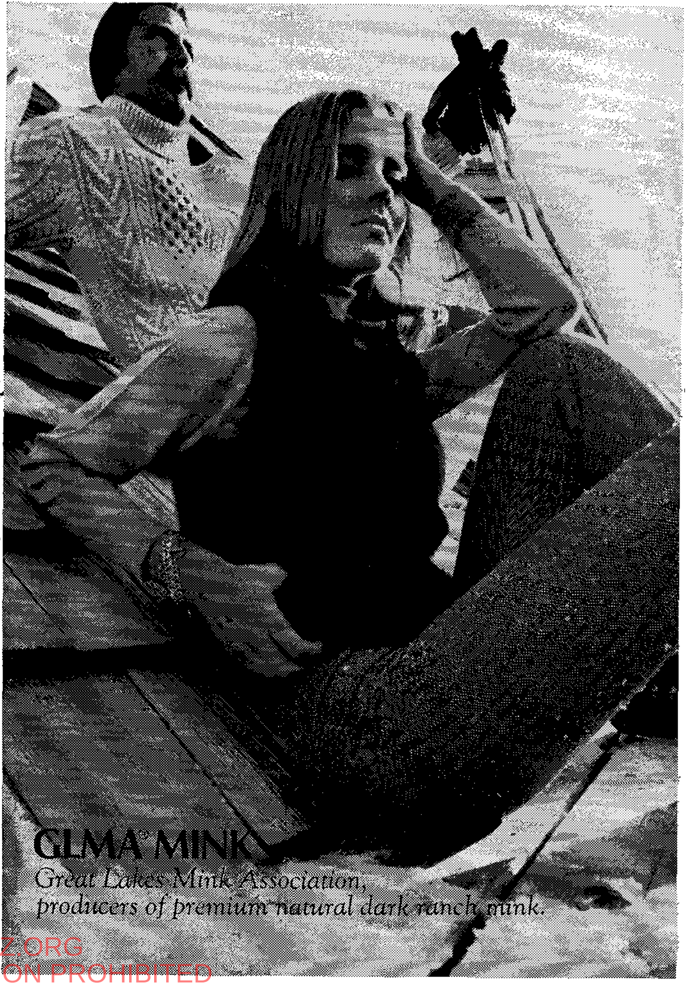
Mink is always the first fur on every girl's mind. But it didn't get there on looks alone. There happen to be a lot of practical reasons why mink is the most popular fur in the world:

It's one of the warmest,
lightest,
and longest wearing furs in the world.
And, unlike Australian Wallaby
or Ethiopian Monkey,
mink stays in style.

Some minks, however, are a lot more practical than others. GLMA natural dark ranch mink, for instance. Like any "basic black," a dark mink goes practically everywhere. With practically anything. And because GLMA mink gets its near-black color naturally, it will keep its glorious lustre year after year.

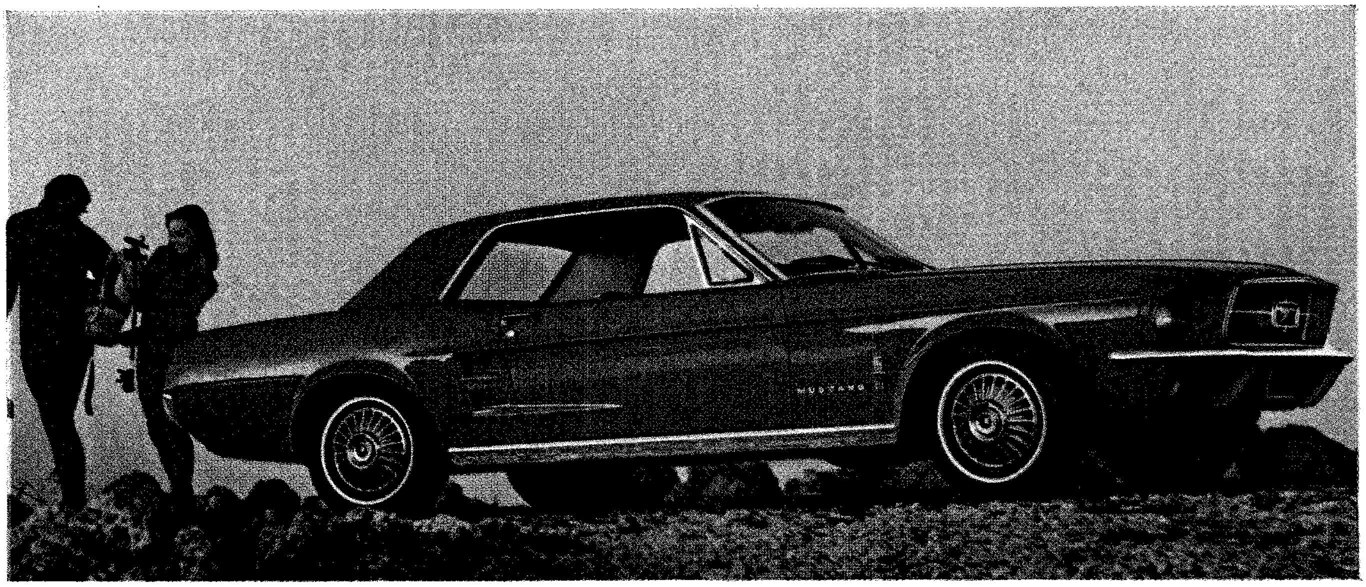
And you don't have to wait year after year before you get your first mink. There are plenty of nice small GLMA minks at nice small prices.

But we really don't have to talk any girl into a mink. Just try one on . . . then try to talk yourself out of it.



GLMA® MINK

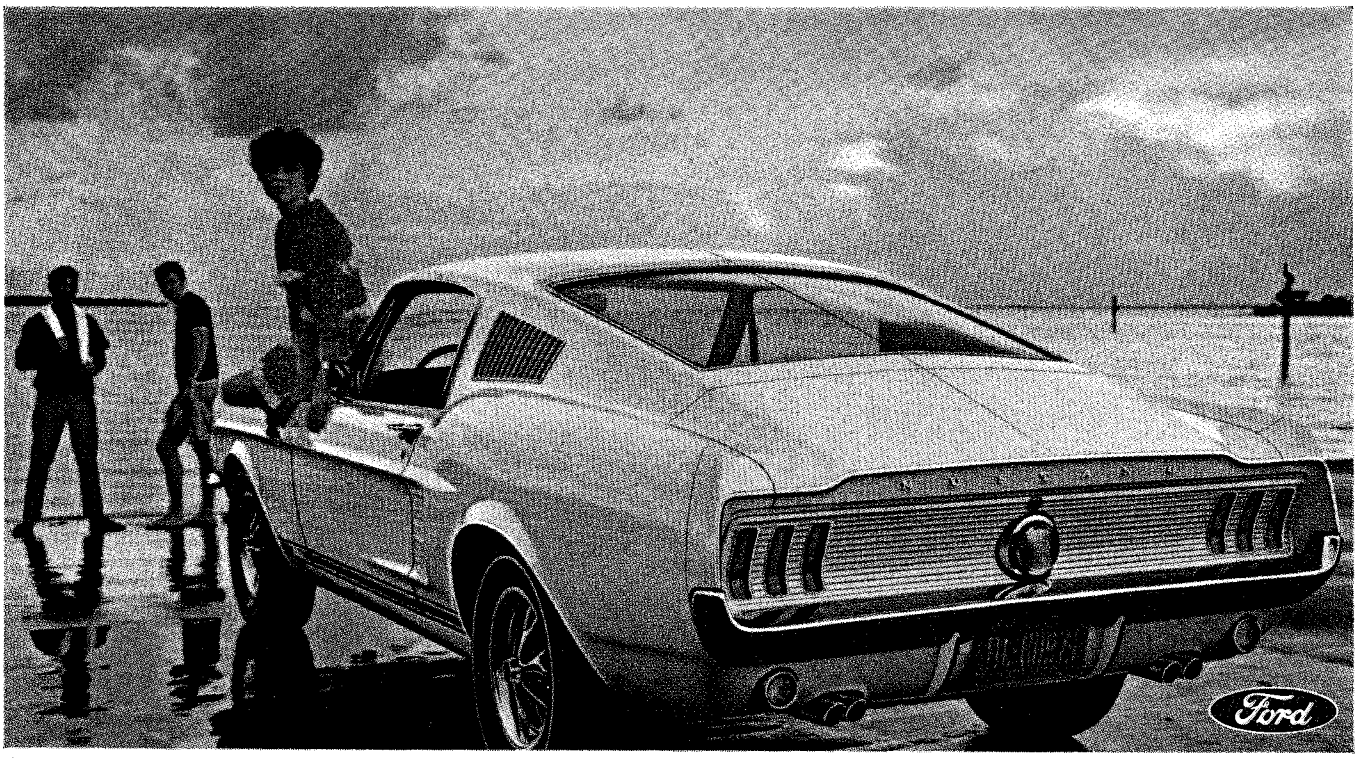
Great Lakes Mink Association,
producers of premium natural dark ranch mink.



You'd love to answer the call of Mustang? Good! There are three new ways: hardtop, fastback and convertible! Standard for '67? Bucket seats, carpeting, floor shift, Ford Motor Company Lifeguard-Design safety features, more. Now what? Options that say you! Stereo Tape, handling package, SelectShift automatic transmission that also works manually, V-8's up to 390-cu.-in., power front disc brakes, bench seat, tilt-away steering wheel, AM-FM radio, air conditioning. Smitten? Great! May we pronounce you "Man and Mustang?"

'67 MUSTANG

Bred first...to be first

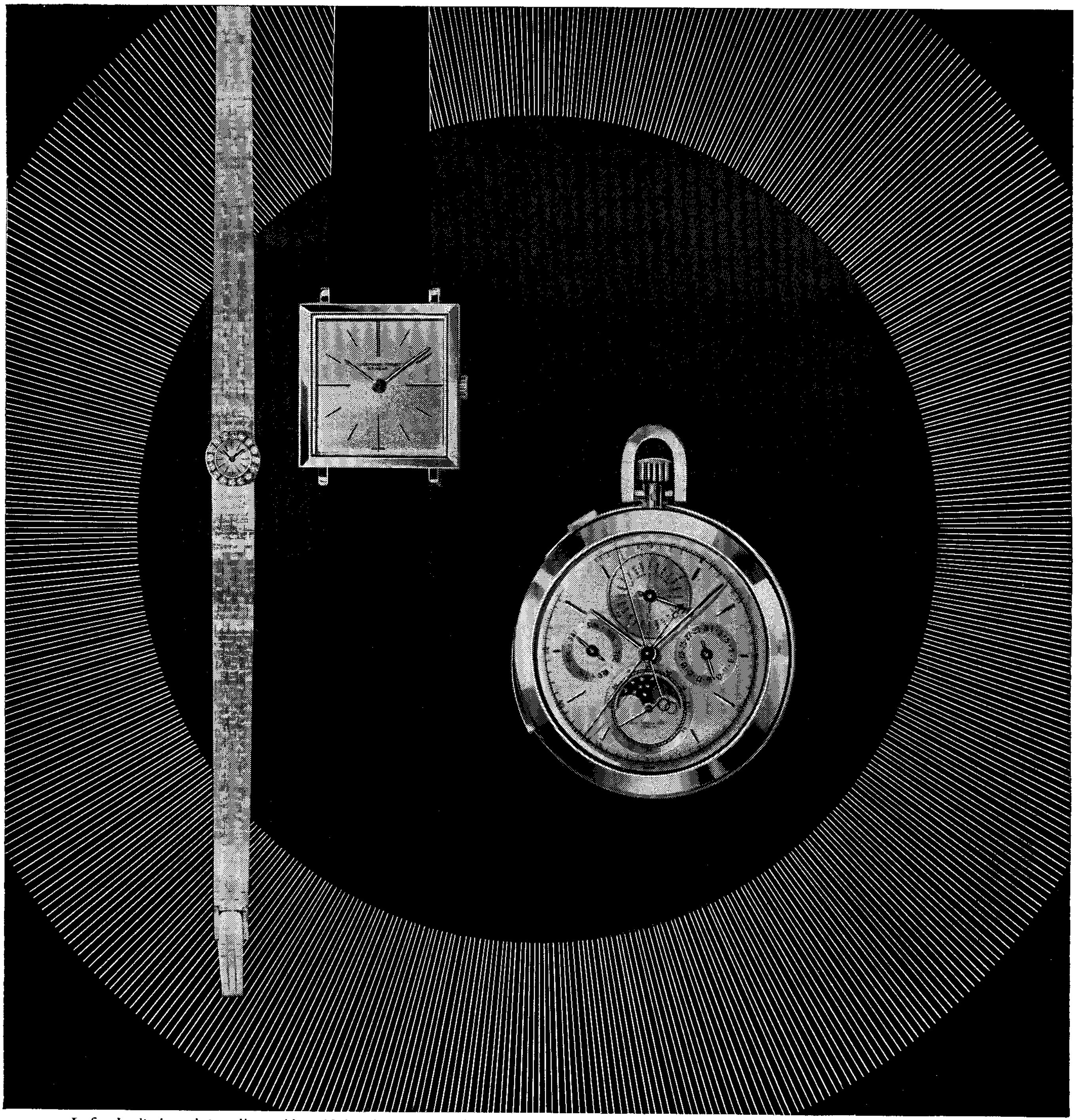


Dacron®... a man's way to look great, stay neat

Majer Slacks in bold-scale plaids . . . a man's way to set off his blazer.
Got a blazer? Get yourself some slacks with pattern excitement! Like this eye-opening plaid of 55% Dacron* polyester, 45% worsted wool. Creases last, wrinkles don't—even when you're caught in a downpour. Fine stores have them in handsome checks, too—and, for a change-off, great solid colors. About $27.50 at B. Altman & Co., New York; Filene's, Boston; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis. Just ask for Majer Slacks with "Dacron".

Roblee shoes of Corfam* poromeric.
*Du Pont's registered trademarks.
Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or clothes.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Better Things for Better Living
. . . *through Chemistry*



Left: *Ladies' watch in yellow gold studded with diamonds.* Centre: *The world's thinnest men's watch, in 18 kt. gold.* Right: *Perpetual Calendar: names the day and the month; remembers whether the month has 31, 30 or 28 days and in Leap Year also remembers that February has 29. Shows the moon phases. Chimes sweetly at hours, quarters and minutes on request. And acts as a stop watch as well.*

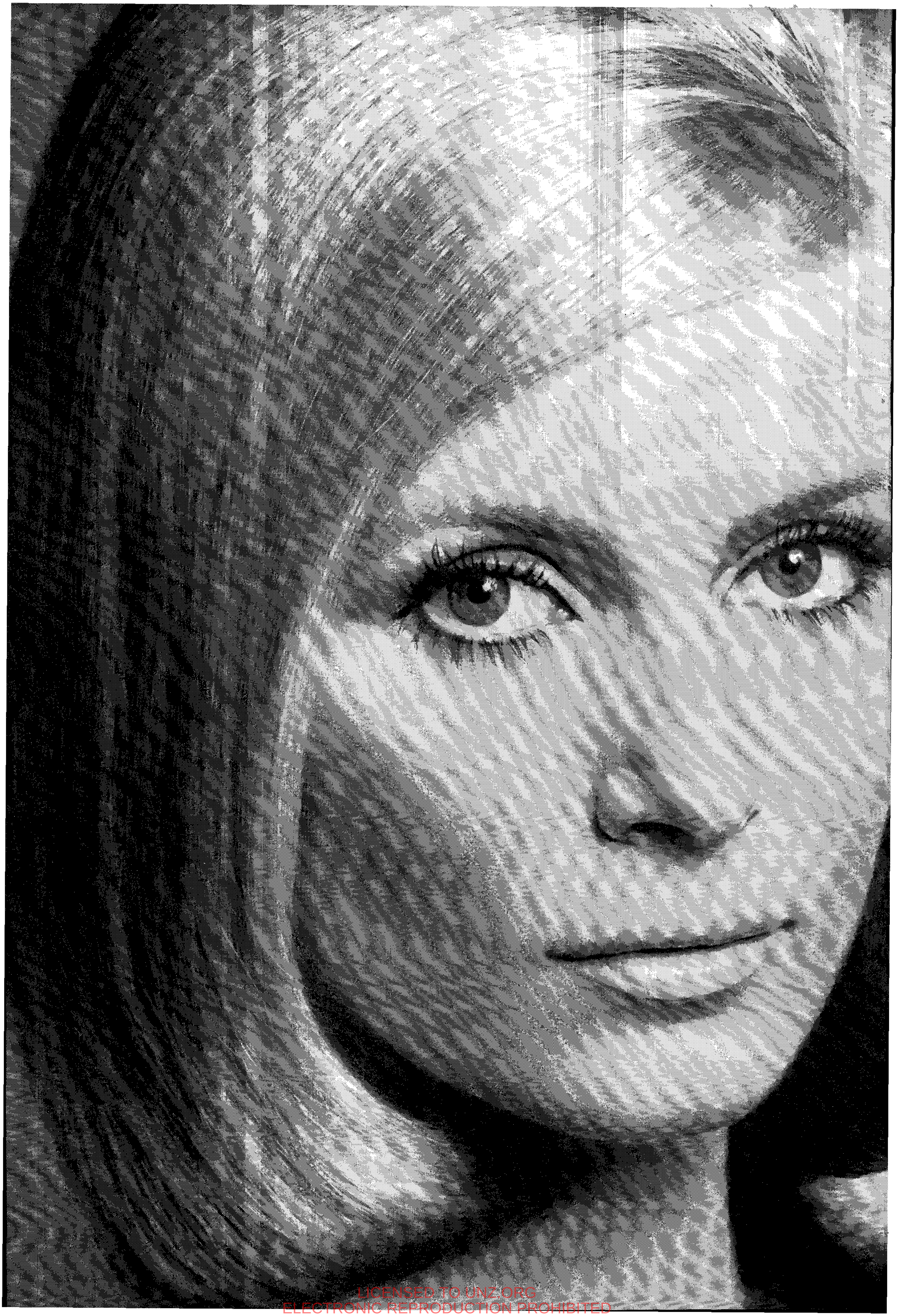
For those with the taste as well as the means — timepieces from Audemars Piguet

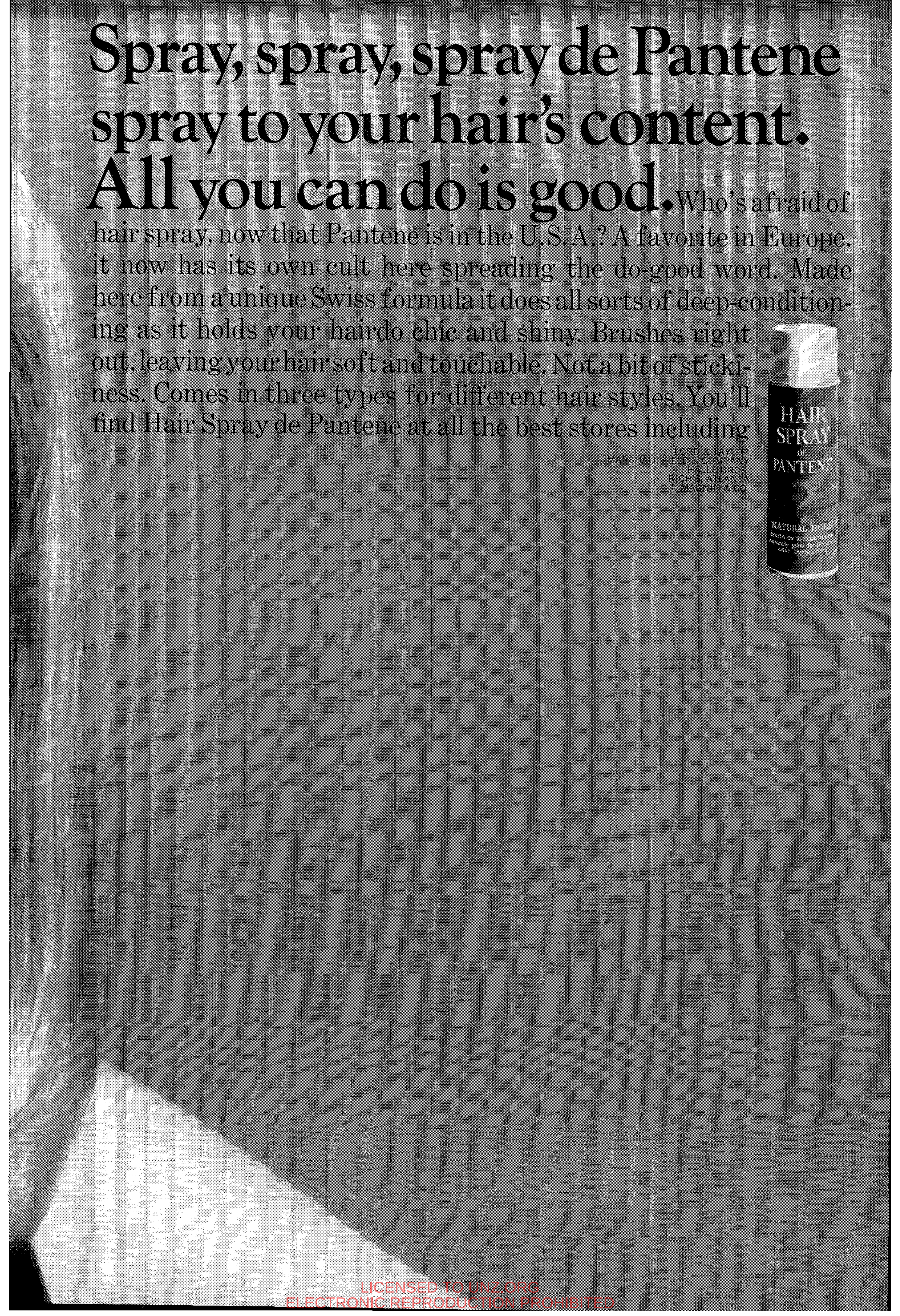
For generations Audemars Piguet craftsmen have been able to make masterpieces as complex as the perpetual calendar shown above. Today their traditional skill teams up with the latest techniques. The result: the most precious watches in the world.

AUDEMARS PIGUET

Le Brassus & Geneva

Audemars Piguet & Co. Inc., 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022





Spray, spray, spray de Pantene spray to your hair's content. All you can do is good. Who's afraid of hair spray, now that Pantene is in the U.S.A.? A favorite in Europe, it now has its own cult here spreading the do-good word. Made here from a unique Swiss formula it does all sorts of deep-conditioning as it holds your hairdo chic and shiny. Brushes right out, leaving your hair soft and touchable. Not a bit of stickiness. Comes in three types for different hair styles. You'll find Hair Spray de Pantene at all the best stores including

LORD & TAYLOR
MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY
HALLE BROS.
RICH'S, ATLANTA
I. MAGNIN & CO.

PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE COLONY RESTAURANT

"I wish George had appointed
The Bank of New York co-fiduciary
in his will."

George had been skeptical that any bank, acting as executor and trustee, would be able to provide truly understanding attention to his family's needs. So he chose a family friend to serve under his will. But, unfortunately, he died shortly after George's death, and needless complications arose in handling the estate.

If The Bank of New York had been appointed, George's widow and other heirs would have had the personal care of its trust officers. The Bank of New York's trust officers, being human, are sympathetic to human problems. Their experience in guiding the survivor of a family partnership through varying and usually difficult circumstances is not often found in an individual selected because of friendship.

Perpetuity and immediate availability under all circumstances are two compelling reasons why anyone should consider selection of a corporate fiduciary, such as this Bank, as trustee. And, of course, that fiduciary can serve the estate as co-trustee, along with an individual—a family friend or attorney. In addition to general administrative skills, accounting and tax services, The Bank of New York offers people of property a high degree of investment capability. Its skills in this area have brought it billions of dollars for supervision.

Perhaps you and your attorney should consider the appointment of The Bank of New York as trustee, or co-trustee, of your estate. Fees are no greater than they would be for an individual trustee.

A review of all our fiduciary services is contained in *Personal Financial Planning*.

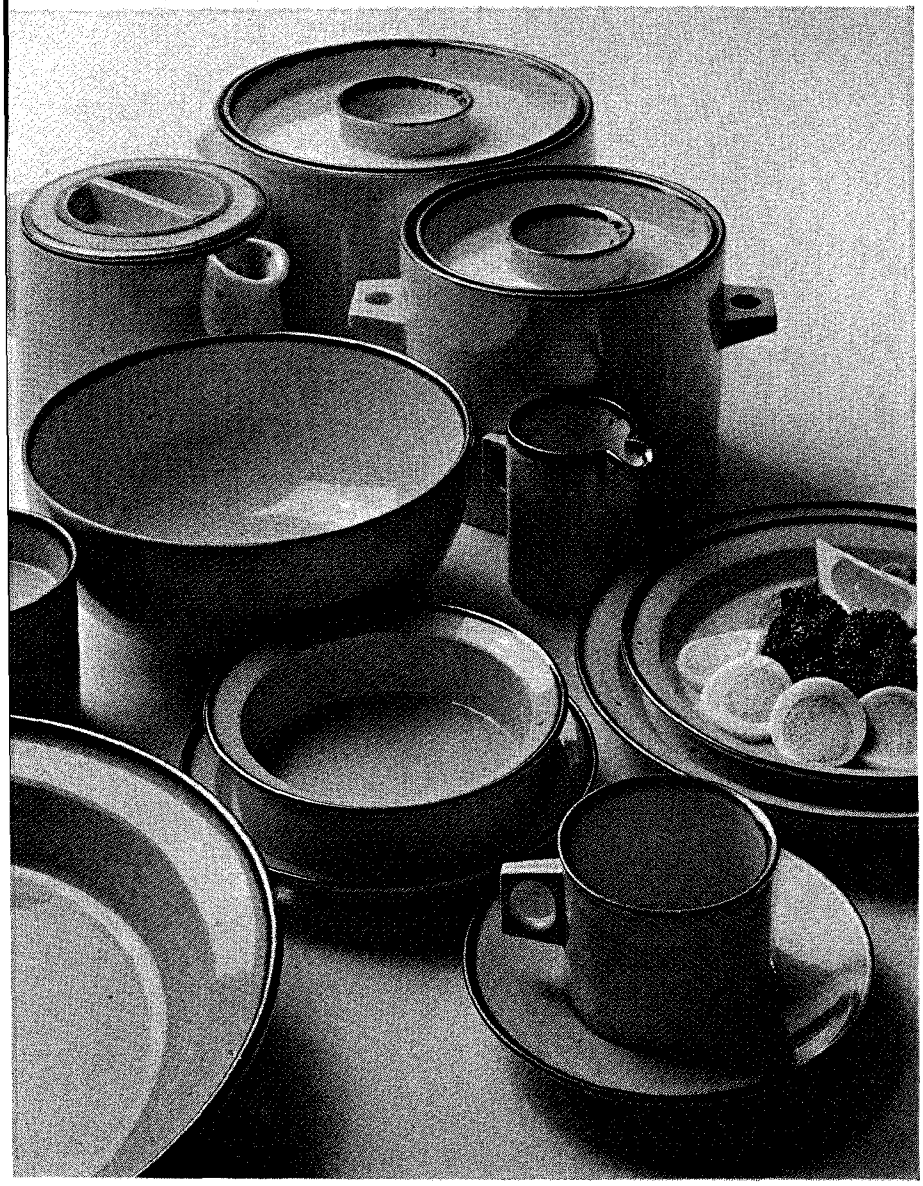
A copy of this informative booklet is yours on request. Just address Mr. George W. Scott, Trust Officer, 48 Wall Street, New York, New York 10015.

The Bank of New York

New York's First Bank • Founded 1784 by Alexander Hamilton • Main Office: 48 Wall Street

MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

DANSK® STARTS A REVOLUTION IN CHINA



About time.

For the last few thousand years, China has been thought of as necessarily pale, frail and fragile. Delicate eggshell stuff that you could see a candle's light through. Refined. Overly refined.

So much for the past.

Today we appreciate objects for the natural quality of their materials. We see beauty in the grain of oiled teak, the unbroken curve of a steel or silver spoon, the accidental texture of handwoven linen.

Now, to match this mood, Dansk commissioned famed designer Niels Refsgaard to create *unaffected* China.

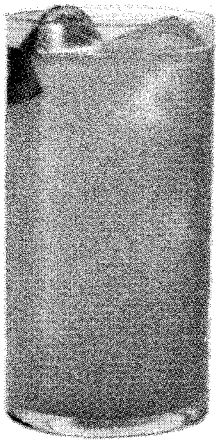
The material itself makes its own surprises. Those specks, for instance, are left by minerals that kiln-firing burned from the clay. The irregular surface that catches the play of light is the mark of hand-throwing, hand-glazing. No two pieces can ever be identical.

This is the China that goes with the life you lead, from Saturday night to Sunday morning. And on through the week. China that can glamorize a knockwurst or understate caviar.

We call it Generation, because we think it might start something. Most Dansk Designs do. It costs $18.95 for a five-piece place setting. Also comes in four patterns, slightly higher in cost. We make all the serving pieces you could want. (When you see them you'll want them all.)

To start your own tabletop revolution, send 25¢ for our 96-page catalog of 493 ideas. Write to Dansk Designs Ltd, Department AR, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. ® REG. TM DANSK DESIGNS LTD

Pernod is a drink of a different color.



Tiger Tail
Jigger of Pernod over ice.
Three ounces of orange juice.
Lime wedge. Mix.

PERNOD
ANIS
Qualité
SUPERIEUR
PERNOD
PERNOD FILS
PRODUCT OF FRANCE
Imported from France
WILE

Pernod Highball
Jigger of Pernod over ice.
Fill with water.

Pernod.
The popular French spirit
with the delightful anis-licorice
taste. Pernod. With water or with
orange juice, Pernod takes on
a distinctive opalescent hue that sets
it apart from other drinks. Pernod.
Synonymous with the gay, Parisian life
since 1797. Pernod. Imported from France.

Vive la difference!
Vive le Pernod!

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK LET THIS SEAL BE YOUR GUIDE TO QUALITY. 90 PROOF

How to buy a perfume

by Christian Dior

It's easy, of course. You just tell the salesgirl what you want and charge it, please.

But if you're not sure what you want—or if you're ready to try something new—here are a few suggestions.

Be sure that you test the new perfume by spraying it. Ask the salesperson to spray a little in the air near you to see if you like it. If it appeals to you, then spray your forearm. Don't rub it. That changes the fragrance.

but never!

Incidentally, never test a perfume by sniffing the top of the tester bottle. That perfume is almost certainly rancid.

And don't try out a perfume by dabbing it on your arm. You'll get a heavy concentration in one spot—not at all like the true fragrance.

give it time

If you like the spray effect, go ahead and buy the perfume. If you're uncertain about it, give it 15 or 20 minutes to develop. Go buy some new stockings. But save some money because you may find that the perfume you're testing is just what you want when it has reached full bloom.

Now it's a question of what size to buy.

Don't buy too large a bottle.

like fine wine

Not just because you want to be sure your husband approves of your choice but because you should always buy perfume in small quantities. Perfume, like wine, changes once the bottle is open. So buy a smallish bottle and use it up quickly. If you happen to have several bottles, store the reserve in a dark place and away from heat.

don't dab

A great deal has been said about how to wear perfume. Most of what has been said is nonsense. Perfume should not be dabbed behind the ears or rubbed on the pulse spots. It should be sprayed with an atomizer. The gentle mist of a spray is more effective than a dab on the wrist, more economical and more appreciated by your admirers.

Today it's no longer necessary to transfer perfume to a special atomizer before spraying. Some of the world's finest perfumes are available in atomizers and you can spray from the original bottle.

always "on-stage"

Furthermore the new spray atomizers are completely air-tight and leak-proof down to the last drop. Sprays are small enough to carry in your handbag, too, so you can renew your perfume conveniently every 3 or 4 hours. Naturally, atomizers are ideal for traveling.

How much perfume should you put on?

"subtle" is the word

Just enough to prove that you're both a woman and a lady. Perfume should attract; too much can repel. It should be a subtle suggestion; not an open invitation.

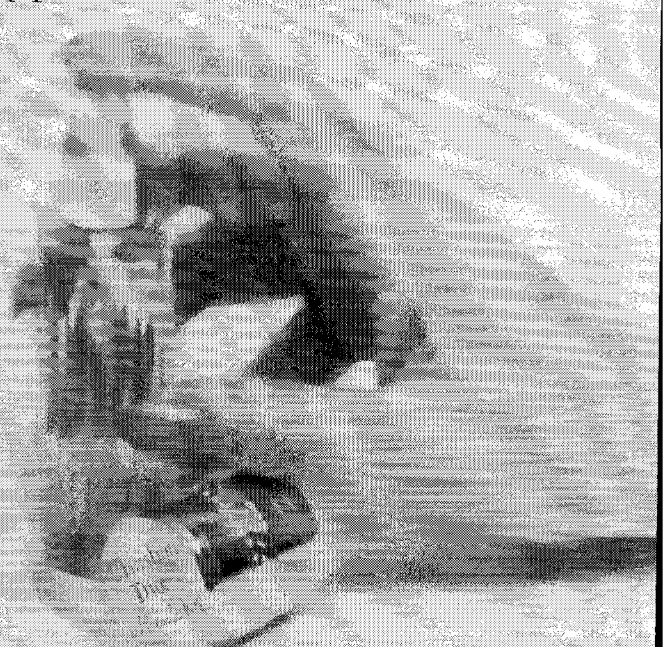
And wear perfume regularly as you do lipstick—as an essential part of good grooming.

There are many fine perfumes available. Most of the best are made in France, of course. At least a few of these will be right for you. Just take the time to select carefully.

And there's one name in the perfume field you can always count on—Christian Dior. You can almost surely find a Dior perfume to suit any mood—

Miss Dior . Diorama . Diorissimo . Diorling

all different, all modern and all now available in spray perfume atomizers.



Galloping Green, last of the Minnesota Giants

The Jolly Green Giant first became known as a triple threat when planting, picking and packing became a big-time sport in the Valley.

Each season, he takes to the field. Tender young sweet peas all around him. It's the fleeting moment of perfect flavor. Time is running out.

Suddenly, "Galloping Green" is off like a pea from a shooter. Up and down the field. Picking. Then packing. So fast that all the natural sweetness and fresh flavor stays in the peas.

Victory never tasted sweeter. Green Giant Brand sweet peas have earned quite a name for the hard-running, quick-picking Minnesota Giant. Pea fans still thrill to his picking speed.

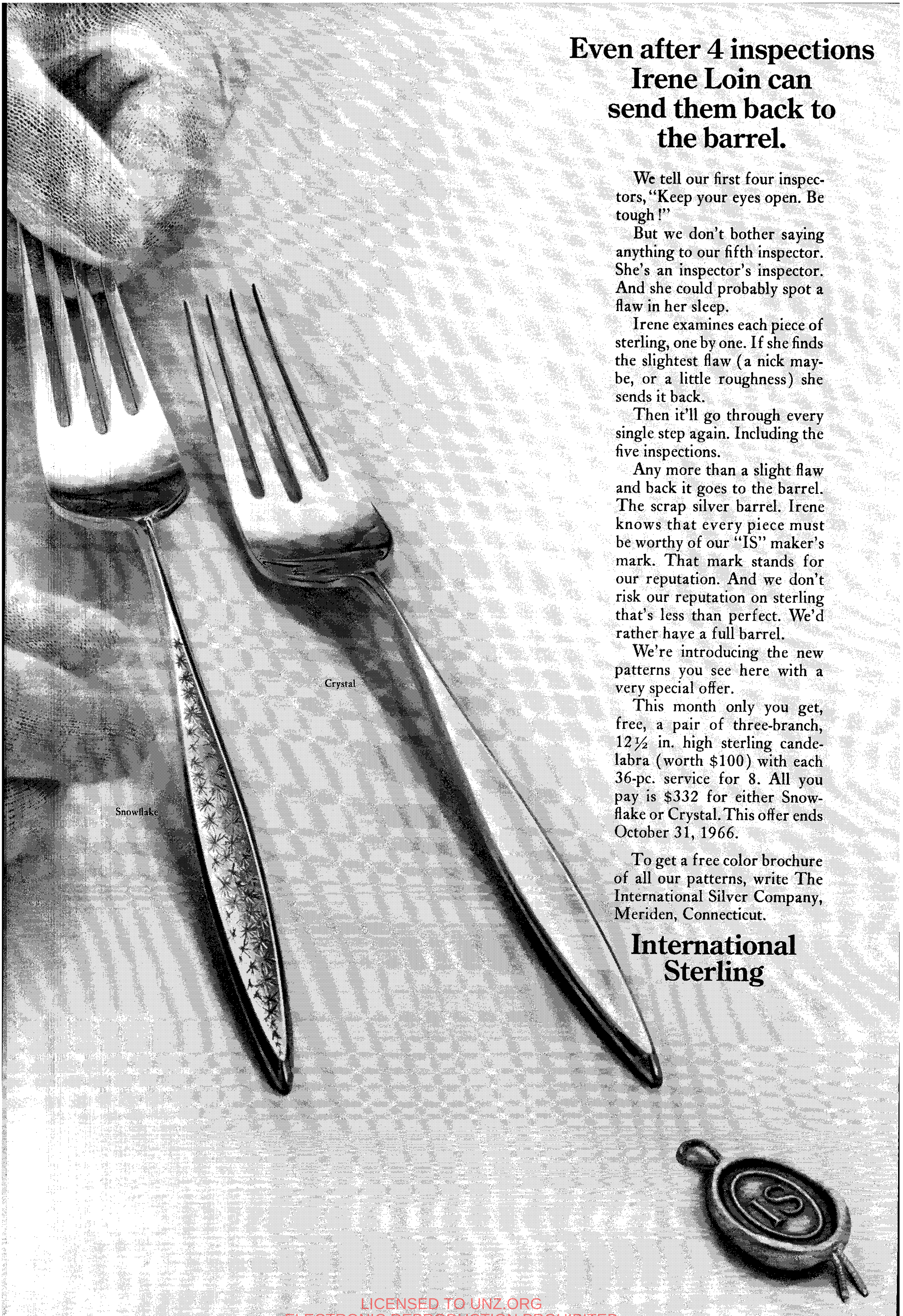
And football fans remember him best as the originator of the Pea-Formation.

Green Giant

Good things from the garden

©Green Giant Company

Even after 4 inspections Irene Loin can send them back to the barrel.



We tell our first four inspectors, "Keep your eyes open. Be tough!"

But we don't bother saying anything to our fifth inspector. She's an inspector's inspector. And she could probably spot a flaw in her sleep.

Irene examines each piece of sterling, one by one. If she finds the slightest flaw (a nick maybe, or a little roughness) she sends it back.

Then it'll go through every single step again. Including the five inspections.

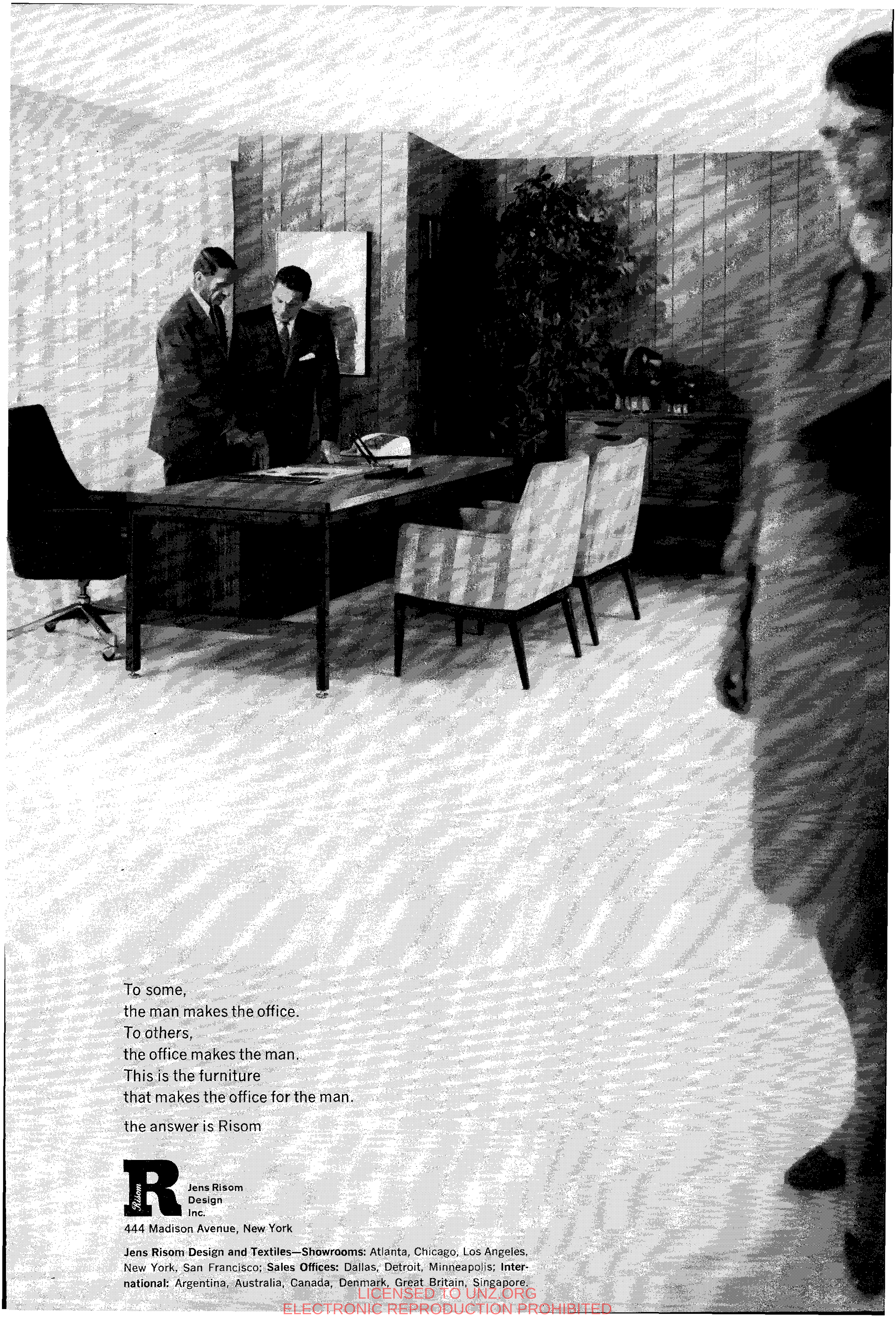
Any more than a slight flaw and back it goes to the barrel. The scrap silver barrel. Irene knows that every piece must be worthy of our "IS" maker's mark. That mark stands for our reputation. And we don't risk our reputation on sterling that's less than perfect. We'd rather have a full barrel.

We're introducing the new patterns you see here with a very special offer.

This month only you get, free, a pair of three-branch, 12½ in. high sterling candelabra (worth $100) with each 36-pc. service for 8. All you pay is $332 for either Snowflake or Crystal. This offer ends October 31, 1966.

To get a free color brochure of all our patterns, write The International Silver Company, Meriden, Connecticut.

International Sterling



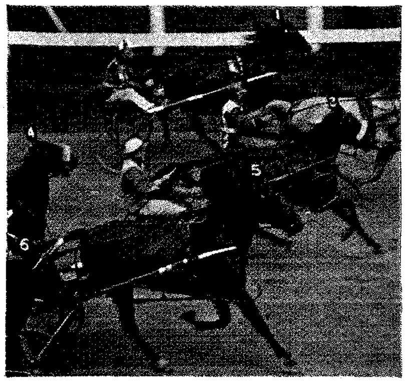
To some,
the man makes the office.
To others,
the office makes the man.
This is the furniture
that makes the office for the man.

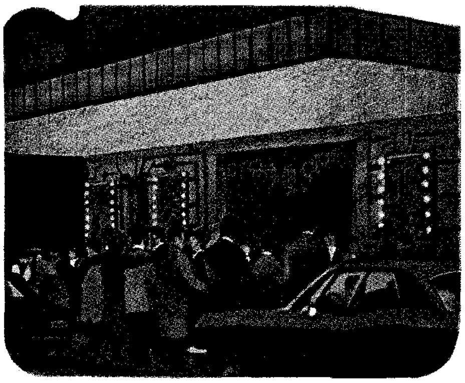
the answer is Risom

Jens Risom
Design
Inc.
444 Madison Avenue, New York

Jens Risom Design and Textiles—Showrooms: Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco; **Sales Offices:** Dallas, Detroit, Minneapolis; **International:** Argentina, Australia, Canada, Denmark, Great Britain, Singapore.

Friendly, Familiar, Foreign & Near

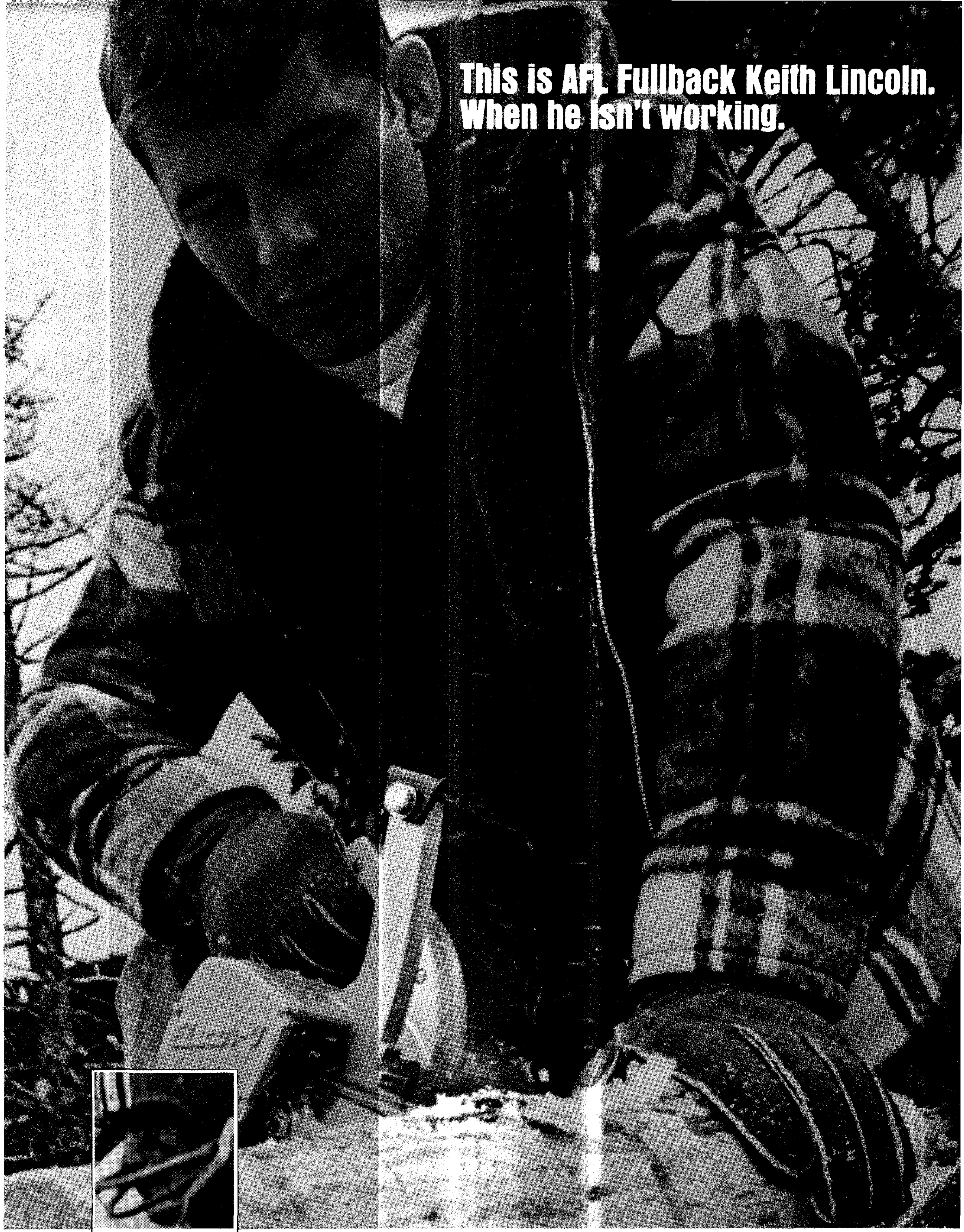




Ontario in the Fall is rich in what makes for a memorable Adventure Vacation. Peaceful things. Harvest festivals, rural Fairs, a quarter million lakes. Inspiring things. Theatre premieres, historic places. Exciting things. Moose and deer hunting, professional football, horse racing. And everywhere, the seasonal kaleidoscope of crimson and gold. Bring your camera with you, this Fall, to the colourful variety of Ontario . . . land of Great Adventure Vacations.

Write for our free 52-page colour booklet: Department of Tourism & Information, Room 37, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

ONTARIO Canada


This is AFL Fullback Keith Lincoln.
When he isn't working.

AFL PRO-RATED

ACRILAN®
acrylic fiber by
CHEMSTRAND

Coat by Windbreaker,® pile lining by Glenoit. For guys like Keith Lincoln—who relax as hard as they work. In blue, gold or burgundy wool plaid that reverses to plush 100% Acrilan® acrylic pile. It comes in sizes 36 to 46, for about $35. And it comes with the AFL Pro-Rated™ tag. So if you want to relax with a chain saw, you know the coat can take it. All you have to worry about is whether *you* can. Chemstrand, New York, N.Y. 10001, a Division of **Monsanto.**

There are at least half a dozen reasons why we added automatic transmission.

She's the most important one.

As a matter of fact, forget the other five. The point is, we love the ladies. We give them door-to-door carpeting, reclining seats, sliding sunroof, vanity mirror, power brakes and precise rack-and-pinion steering. And on the 1967 Peugeots, we're giving them beautiful new vinyl upholstery, improved suspension, extra horsepower, a bigger trunk, redesigned dashboard and advanced mechanical features. ☐ As if that weren't enough, the 1967 Peugeots have automatic transmission. After all, why shouldn't everyone be able to drive one of the seven best made cars in the world? Now everyone can. Whether you prefer Peugeot's famous 4-speed synchromesh transmission or the optional 3-speed torque converter automatic transmission, you're getting a car that American Rodding Magazine has acclaimed "The World's Toughest." Test drive a Peugeot 404 today. You'll discover a hundred reasons why it's the ideal his-and-hers car.

For brochure or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Dept. NY-26, 97-45 Queens Blvd., Rego Park, New York, or see your local dealer.

PEUGEOT
Over 75 Years of Quality

B Altman & Co

The Altman
Dimension of Elegance

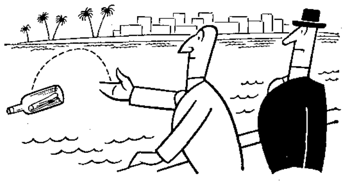
We invite you to come and see nine magnificent new room settings in our seventh floor furniture galleries. See the daring use of unexpected colors and the imaginative orchestration of unrelated furniture styles to create interiors of great drama and excitement…
each with a typical Altman flair.
You will find the key to a new freedom in decoration in the Altman "dimension of elegance."

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

The peculiar announcement that President Johnson's Manila conference would be postponed for a week so that a new satellite could be launched to provide faster news coverage of the meeting can be explained only as a friendly gesture toward the Home Team—the Far East, where Time, of course, Has No Meaning. The logic of the move is elusive by Western standards. If the conference were held when it was originally scheduled, news of it—even news put in bottles and tossed into Manila Bay—would appear sooner than it will now. Furthermore, if the conference leaders arrive at a peace arrangement for Vietnam, the word will travel around the world in a flash, and if they do not, none of us will much care what they say anyway, or when we hear about it.



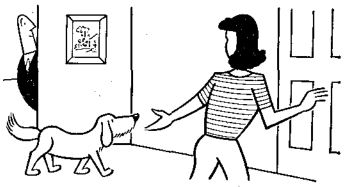
Mayor's Mansion

Gracie Mansion, which was the country estate of an eighteenth-century merchant prince, Archibald Gracie, and is the official residence of the twentieth-century mayors of New York, has been redecorated from top to bottom by its newest tenants, Mayor and Mrs. John V. Lindsay. Working with Catherine Pemberton, a decorator who has done a number of eighteenth-century and early-nineteenth-century restorations, Mrs. Lindsay has assembled antique furnishings of the kind that Archibald Gracie might have put in the house, and she has used them to create a comfortable home for a large and active family. (The Lindsays have four children, ranging in age from six to fifteen, and they intend to keep Gracie Mansion strictly private; they will use the new annex, at the back of the house, for official entertaining.) We were invited to inspect this delicate balance of art and comfort recently, and arrived on a blustery fall morning in the middle of a family crisis. Taffy, the Lindsays' ten-year-old cocker spaniel, had disappeared, and everyone at the Mansion—except a nervous policeman guarding the gate—was out looking for her. We joined in the search, and caught up with Mrs. Lindsay, handsomely dressed in pink wool slacks and a plum-and-pink striped top, as she was striding through the north end of Carl Schurz Park. "A couple of weeks ago, Taffy disappeared for an entire day," said Mrs. Lindsay, peering anxiously at the damp bushes along the river. "We didn't discover she was gone until early afternoon. I called the police, and we looked all over the place, but nobody could find a trace of her. The children were in tears, and I was frantic, because John and I were due at the Metropolitan Opera that evening. Finally, at about five o'clock, I checked with the A.S.P.C.A., and they told me that a woman at East End Avenue and Eighty-ninth Street had picked up a dog answering to Taffy's description. I called immediately, and, of course, it *was* Taffy. She must have crawled under the front gate, because we've put up a wooden fence inside the iron one to keep her in."

A moment later, Mrs. Lindsay's secretary, Joan Gregory, ran up with the news that Taffy had been found. "She was stuck between the Mansion and the annex," Miss Gregory reported, with a big smile.

"Thank heavens!" said Mrs. Lindsay, and headed for the house, where she bounded up the front steps and into the entrance hall—a spacious room papered in gray and white and containing a raspberry rug, a raspberry-and-white striped sofa, two round mirrors in carved gold frames, and a curving staircase. At the foot of the staircase stood Taffy, a fat blond spaniel, placidly licking the fingers of John, Jr., the youngest Lindsay.

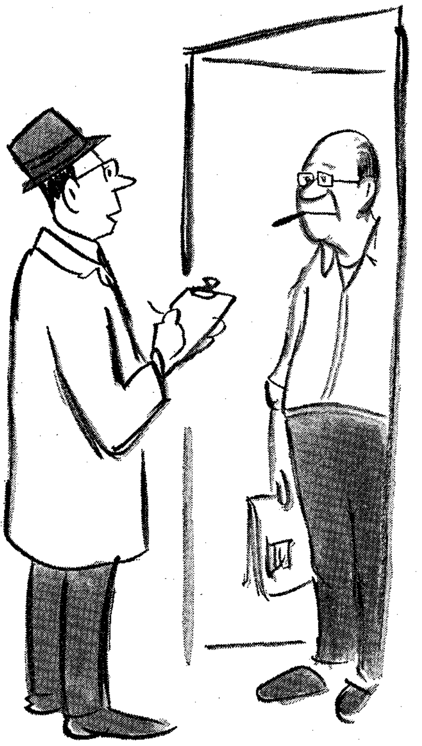
"She's been very good about the new furniture," Mrs. Lindsay said, propelling her dog firmly toward the kitchen door.



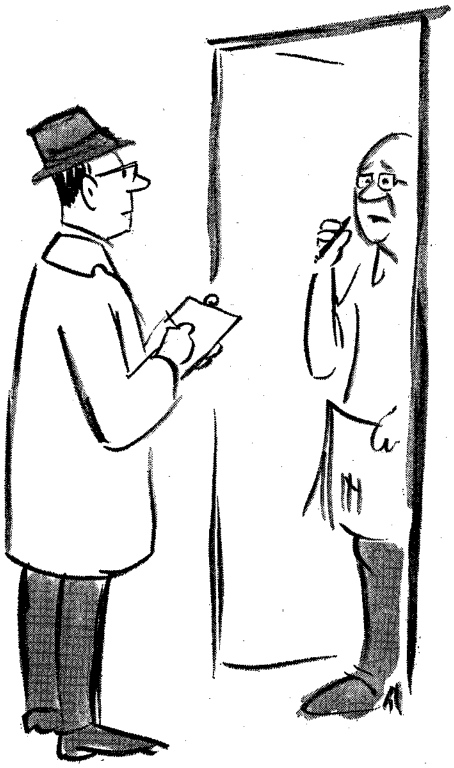
Mrs. Lindsay explained that the oldest parts of the house—the entrance hall, in which we were standing, and the library and the dining room, to the left of it—dated from 1799 or earlier. "We have tried to give them an eighteenth-century feeling," she said. "The carved wooden mantels have been scraped down and painted white, the walls are pale blue-green, and the antiques are mostly Sheraton, Adam, and Chippendale. The chairs and sofas are reproductions that have been covered in the clear, bright colors used during the Revolutionary period. The dining-room set—also a reproduction—belongs to us."

Mrs. Lindsay conducted us into the library and showed us a Sheraton bookcase that Mrs. Pemberton had bought for the house, an eighteenth-century mahogany desk on loan from the Museum of the City of New York ("John thinks it's a comfortable place to work"), a couple of eighteenth-century fire-screen poles that had been converted into lamps, and a massive glass-fronted bookcase that had belonged to her grandmother. "I'm going to replace this monstrosity with an eighteenth-century piece, but I have to keep it for the time being, because we need bookcase space," she said. "When we moved in, there were no bookcases at all in the library."

We entered the dining room, where



"Good afternoon, sir, we're taking a public-opinion poll on Vietnam. There are a few questions . . ."



"Could you possibly hold on a minute, please? I'll be right back."

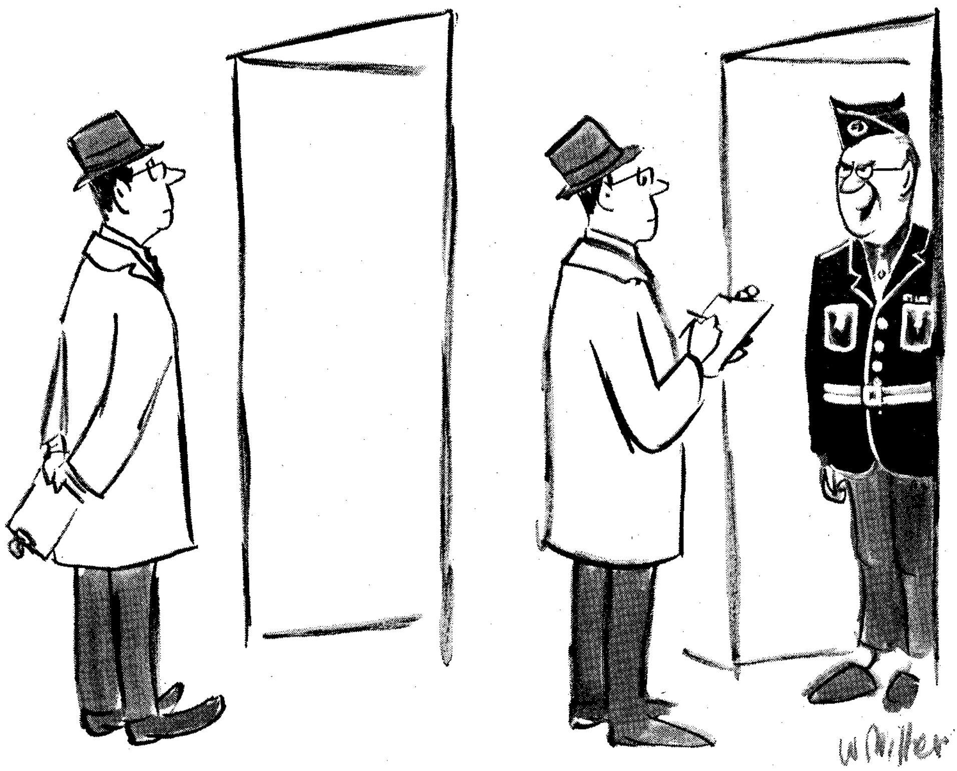
Mrs. Lindsay pointed out a silk Persian rug donated to the Mansion by the Samuel H. Kress Foundation—a vase design in faded reds and blues—and an Adam console presented to the city by Mrs. Eugene W. Mason. "We're delighted to accept period furniture and ornaments that can be fitted in, and I hope that people will continue to give us lovely things," she said. "Right now, we are expecting a striking Empire desk—donated by Mrs. Gerritt Van Ingen Weston—which will go in one corner of the drawing room. Since all the paintings and about half the furniture come from three municipal museums, I plan to ask them to form a committee to look over the Mansion once or twice a year and check on the state of the house and the furnishings. This will establish a continuity for the Mansion and guarantee that everything is properly preserved."

We walked back across the hall to the drawing room, which Mrs. Lindsay told us had been added to the house about 1815. "We have made this room Federal in style, to match the classic marble mantel, which Gracie undoubtedly imported from Europe," she said. "Since the room is rather dark—with only three windows—Mrs. Pemberton painted the walls pale yellow and put two large mirrors at each end to reflect the available light."

We inspected an ornate Empire pier table, a rosewood piano, an oval Pembroke table, and a six-foot embroidered screen—a gift from the Embroiderers' Guild in New York—with panels depicting the history of each of the five boroughs. Mrs. Lindsay sank down on a Sheraton sofa (reproduction), installed us in a Hepplewhite chair (original), and meditated briefly on her seven months of residence in the Mansion. "When we moved in last March—on a cold night, in pouring rain—John thought I was absolutely mad to want to leave a warm, comfortable hotel suite for an unfinished, echoing house," she told us. "But I'm convinced that you have to live in a house as unusual as this one and get acquainted with it if you want to restore it properly. The workmen were still painting down here for the first few weeks, so we had to vary our staircases from day to day. There were a couple of mornings when I thought we were going to be completely painted in, but somehow we always managed to escape. Then the Fire Department inspected, and demanded a sprinkler system—which would be very difficult to install without damaging the building. We have compromised on putting in fire extinguishers, including one in my upstairs linen closet, where I periodically stub a toe on it. This house is much bigger than the one we had in Washington, and it has disorganized me. The first weeks were chaos; movers arrived with boxes and cartons from three different places—Washington, Long Island, and Richmond, Virginia, where my grandparents lived—and it took us the longest time to sort everything out. I still can't find the silver tea service my grandmother left to Kathy, my oldest daughter, but I'm sure it's somewhere up in the attic. Our main problem is privacy. Everywhere you look from here there is a sea of faces—in the park, and in the buildings behind us. Our neighbors have all been terribly friendly—they sent us casseroles, cakes, and flowers when we were camping out—but it *is* a curious sensation to know that your every move is being watched from those towering apartment houses across the street. Friends who live in them tell us that observing Gracie Mansion is a parlor sport of many years' standing. The city bought a perfectly beautiful old house, and chose, many years ago, to make it the Mayor's residence instead of a museum. Therefore, we regard it as our home. John needs peace and quiet at the end of a hectic day—you have no idea how restful it is upstairs when the phone is turned off—and the children have to feel that they can bring friends in and relax. We hold this building in trust—for the past and for the future—and we shall treat it with respect and with loving care. I hope that the mayors and their wives who come after us will do the same."

Menswear

PIERRE CARDIN, a Frenchman who designs clothes, opened a small menswear shop at Bonwit Teller one evening last week. M. Cardin did not himself open his boutique; he was, it was reported, too sick from opening a similar shop in Paris the week before. Our health permitted us to attend, and we arrived at the store at a quarter past six, wearing a shaped, vested, single-breasted, wide-lapelled, high-rise flannel suit that for many years was the property of a now deceased member of the Salmagundi Club, and a brown-and-white four-in-hand that had only recently emerged from two decades in a bureau drawer in Montclair, New Jersey. We had chosen this tie in preference to a red-and-white four-in-hand we had obtained in a swap with a friend who had purchased it from an elderly rabbi in East



"O.K., pencil-pusher, fire away!"

New York. We looked most modish.

A large violet spotlight was playing on the Fifty-seventh Street entrance of Bonwit's as our cab pulled up—a fact that was confirmed by a large violet press release that was handed us as soon as we entered the store. It began, "The spotlight was on the 57th Street entrance of Bonwit Teller . . ." The corner of our left eye caught sight of a modest *tableau vivant* in a display window by the entrance. A young man wearing a double-breasted brown tweed jacket was sitting in a chair. He was quite still. A small crowd had gathered outside and was peering at him. We noticed that none of the onlookers paid any attention to the young man's jacket; they had their gaze fastened on his face, waiting for him to blink, so that they could *prove* he was real. Directly in front of us was M. Cardin's boutique. It was about twenty-five feet square and consisted of several racks of clothes, a Turkey carpet, and a small statue of a blackamoor that had been fashioned into a lamp. On one of the racks we descried a rust-brown double-breasted tweed jacket with a long skirt, high armholes, a deep center vent in back, and waist expression. Nearby was a pair of bottle-green wide-wale-corduroy pants. The pants, which were modified hip-huggers, had wide belt loops and a strong long line. The jacket had a tag on it that said "$140." The pants were going for forty-five dollars.

There was no one in the boutique, but there were any number of people standing by a brace of elevators to the left of M. Cardin's shop. We allowed ourself to be herded into one of these elevators by a Bonwit public-relations woman, and rode up to the second floor with Robert Trout, of C.B.S. News, and a young lady wearing white pants and a white feather boa, whom the public-relations lady was unable to identify. Mr. Trout, who has been for years the best-dressed man at the Columbia Broadcasting System, had on a three-piece dark-blue serge suit and a light-gray broadcloth shirt with a long collar. Mr. Trout's waistcoat was unbuttoned to reveal a sharp dark-blue tie with silver stripes. On the second floor, we were greeted by Miss Mildred Custin, the president of Bonwit Teller, and by Mme. Hervé Alphand, the wife of a former French Ambassador to the United States. We asked Mme. Alphand what her connection with the shop opening might be, and she said, "I'm Pierre's right arm." She then turned to talk to an acquaintance, who asked her if she planned to go to Washington. "No, no, no," said Mme. Alphand. "If I go to Washington, I have to spend at least four or five days there—I have so many friends." Mme. Alphand was wearing a gold dress that looked blue in some lights.

At one end of the second-floor room were two bars and a table covered with canapés. At the other end were four young men standing on four rather wobbly turntables. They were wearing clothes designed by M. Cardin, and at the moment of our entrance all four had bare feet. In between the bars and the turntables were several hundred people. A few of them were celebrities. There was Huntington Hartford, who was looking distressed; there was Vala Byfield, who wears a diamond so big it covers her knuckle; there was Anne Spalding, who is the mother of George Hamilton, a movie actor, who is said to be dating Lynda Bird Johnson, who is the elder daughter of President and Mrs. Johnson; and there was a woman who looked like Sybil Burton Christopher. In the crowd, men outnumbered women by four to three, and among the men double-breasted suits were a close second to single-breasted suits. On the walls were color slides of various people wearing clothes designed by M. Cardin. We recognized the faces of Miss Custin and Mme. Alphand and Bobby Short, the singing pianist. A loudspeaker broadcast the song "It's a Man's World."

We found Bobby Short himself in a corner. He had on an incandescent-gray tweed double-breasted suit, and we asked him how his body had come to appear on Bonwit's wall.

"I'm in fashion," Mr. Short told us. "I'm in the Hall of Fame. I'm sick and weak. Here I'm wearing this marvellous watch, and it's not even wound up."

We asked him if M. Cardin's clothes had caught his eye.

"If I owned a Rolls-Royce, I wouldn't be hot for a Mustang," said Mr. Short.

Edging back toward the elevators, we overheard a middle-aged man in a pin-stripe say to a very young man in a chalk-stripe, "Ah, I see that C.B.S. is here."

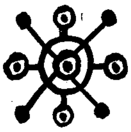
As the elevator doors opened, we caught—faintly—his companion's reply: "C.B.S. who?"

Policy

A FRIEND of ours closed up her summer home in Maine the other day and went down to the village post office to leave her forwarding address, buy a small supply of stamped envelopes, and express the hope that the postmaster would have a pleasant winter. "Kind of you to say so," he said, handing her the envelopes. He leaned forward and lowered his voice to a whisper. "These envelopes have gone up in price since last year," he said, "and if I were you I wouldn't buy any more of them."

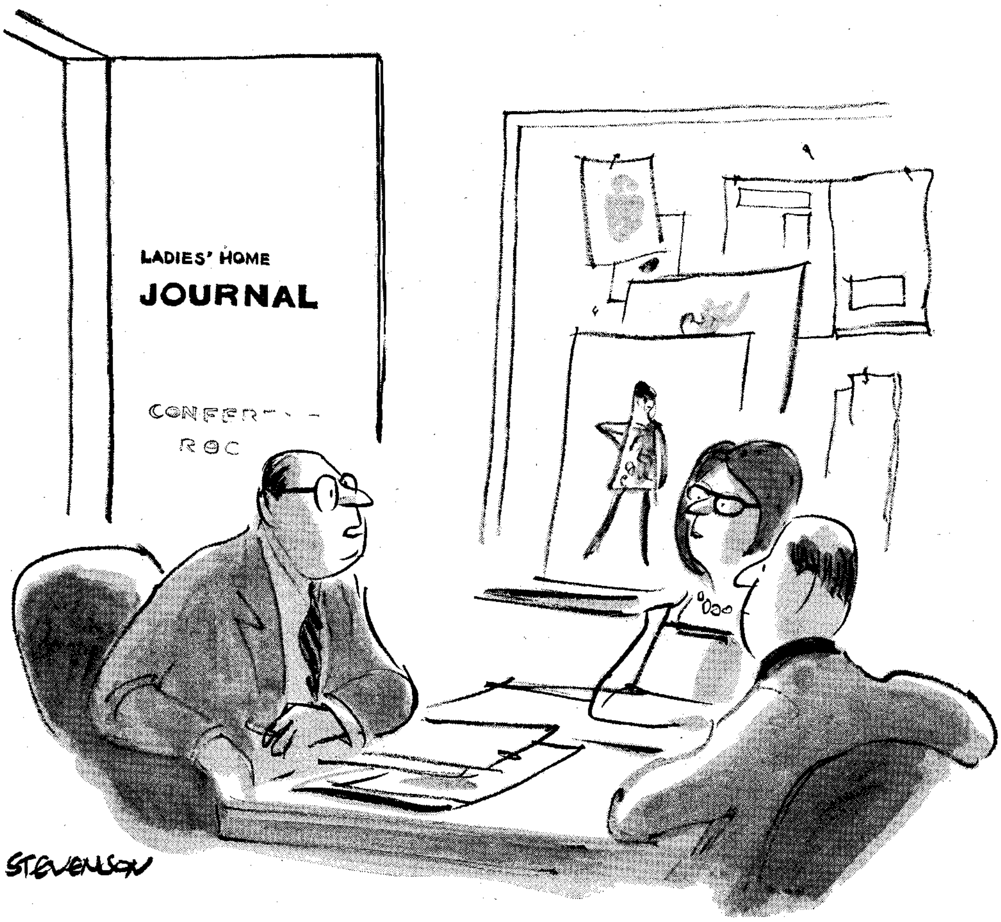
O'Connor

OCTOBER 5, 9:15 A.M. Bundles of rhododendron leaves were stacked against a "NO PARKING" sign near the corner of Sixth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street, and in front of a row of flower-market stores ("Decorations for Every Occasion—Funeral Designs") were potted palms, heaps of eucalyptus leaves, cornstalks, and English box. Artificial autumn leaves drifted across the damp sidewalk; no trees were in sight. Nearby, men with bullhorns were announcing, "On to Albany with Frank D. O'Connor!" Girls wearing blue skirts, white sweaters with blue "O'Connor" ribbons across them, and blue berets with "O'C" on them in white letters passed out handbills. "Business is at its peak at this hour," said a man in the doorway of Bill's Flower Market. "This time of year, we're selling mostly autumn flowers—chrysanthemums, carnations, roses." On the sidewalk a few feet away stood Morris Silverman and Peter Chingos, president and vice-president, respectively, of the New York Florists' Club, both wearing white chrysanthemums in their lapels. Photographers, reporters, and a television crew stood alongside. A white car paused at the curb, and Frank O'Connor hopped out—trim and handsome, with curly gray hair, and wearing a black suit, a white shirt, and a red tie with black triangles. "Good morning, Governor!" called Chingos and Silverman, and O'Connor greeted them warmly. Everybody turned north, following the sound of the bullhorns, and entered Consolidated Florists, walking across a floor of raised wooden slats and past rows of gladioli as O'Connor shook hands with the employees. The room was cool and damp. "Here's our rose man," said the owner, introducing a worker. "*Buona fortuna!*" called another worker. "I'm one of the Jackson Heights boys," said a third. In a moment, O'Connor was outside again, and entering Chingos & Sons, Inc., next door, where a man was drinking coffee and eating a roll. He put both down, and shook O'Connor's hand. "Over here's my brother Al," said Chingos. "And I want you to meet my sister . . ." Next, into Durso Wholesale Florist, and then Jacobs Cut Flowers. "This is great," said O'Connor, gazing at the flowers, and clearly enjoying himself. The party turned south, and then went east on Twenty-eighth Street. Each time O'Connor shook a hand, he looked the owner squarely in the eye and gave him a genial and direct smile; no backslapping, but he conveyed warmth and interest. Into Harry Vlachos, Inc., and out, then into Paul Meconi, Inc. Everyone, it seemed, knew a relative of O'Connor's, or had lived near him, or had a common acquaintance. ("How *is* Bob?" asked O'Connor. "Have you seen him lately?") In the window of the General Florists Supply Company, a man was putting up an O'Connor poster, but the procession crossed the street to the south side a few feet before reaching the store; the man, peering out, looked surprised but continued putting up the sign. Into the American Cut Flower Company, and out through Mutual Cut Flower. "Rockefeller is picking up the leaders, but we're picking up the rank and file," commented O'Connor. "And there are a lot more of them than there are leaders." In Charles Traendly, Wholesale Florist, eighteen boxes sat in a row, packed with ice and piled with roses—red, pink, and orange. "I used to work for florists as a delivery boy," said O'Connor. "I worked for Goldfarb's, and for Stumpp & Walter's. We used to go into Goldfarb's on Thursday night of Easter Week and work right through. We'd sleep on packing cases." In the A. Sauter Company, back on Sixth Avenue, there was a splendid smell of flowers, and O'Connor breathed deeply. "This is a wonderful way to campaign," he said. An aide murmured, "*I* took a hay-fever pill before I came down here." The television crew asked O'Connor to stand in various places, and he obliged cheerfully. Then everyone crossed to the west side of Sixth Avenue. Inside Tree Art Design, whose windows were decorated with plastic evergreens, the proprietor explained, "The flowers here are all artificial, but the people are all good Democrats." Outside the White Rose Bar, Martin Grossberg, the owner, said, "Come on in and have a drink." O'Connor laughed. "It's a little too early in the morning," he said. Moving north, he was introduced to a number of people by Silverman and Chingos: "That's Mr. Kessler—one of our largest . . ." "Here's one of our prominent New Jersey retailers . . ." In Kiamos & Tooker, a man handed a phone to O'Connor, saying, "Here's a man in Corona wants to say hello." "This is Frank O'Connor," said O'Connor affably. "How's business out there?" He listened for a few moments, then said, "Good. Nice talking to you," and handed the phone back. The man yelled into it, "That was the next Governor of New York!" O'Connor met a man who had been a neighbor of his in Jackson Heights in the old days, and in Allied Flowers he accepted another phone call—this one from New Jersey. At Polistena's, an old man yelled, "I'm a good Republican! Put me down for three votes at three dollars apiece!" Everyone laughed. At Atlas, someone commented, "He looks younger than on television." Calls of "Good luck!" followed him down the street. "You ready for a haircut?" asked a barber, in front of his shop. "I need one!" said O'Connor. "If I only had the time . . ." "Here's one of Harlem's largest florists," said Silverman, as they crossed the street. "Hey! Christmas is coming!" O'Connor exclaimed as they came to a store full of Christmas decorations and fake fruit. Inside, a lady in tweeds said, "If I was a New Yorker, I'd vote for you. You have a very kind face." Outside, a man in a T shirt waved from a fourth-story window.



Everyone stopped for a cup of coffee at a Nedick's on the corner. "Here's to the next Governor of New York!" Silverman said, raising his cup. O'Connor smiled, and said, "On Election Night, we'll switch to champagne!" Everyone cheered. O'Connor started to cross the street, and a red-haired flower man called Red Andacht darted out ahead, yelling to a policeman, "Officer! Stop the traffic! The Governor's coming! Stop it, or I'll take your badge away!" The cop beamed. Someone handed O'Connor a large bouquet of flowers ("Take this to Mary. She'll love it"), and a moment later O'Connor was back in the white car, headed for the Commodore Hotel, his local campaign headquarters.

"I was very pleased," O'Connor said in the car. "It was very warm. I'd much rather have a small crowd you can shake hands with and talk to. A large crowd—they can come just out of curiosity. A small crowd is warm and responsive." He was in fine spirits. "I'm always surprised how many people know me. It's really amazing, the number of people who know me, or somebody I'm related to, or something." The talk turned to music, and



"But how do we know Mrs. Nugent wouldn't like a part-time job?"

O'Connor said he had studied the violin for seven years as a boy. He often goes to concerts and to the opera, he said, and added, "I'm narrating Aaron Copland's 'A Lincoln Portrait' this winter at Carnegie Hall. The words are from Lincoln's writings. It's a hell of a piece of music, too."

12:10 P.M. O'Connor, preceded by the men with bullhorns, began a walking tour of the Wall Street area, starting at Fulton Street and heading down Broadway. Between handshakes, he said, "I worked right down the block here for twelve-fifty a week when I got out of high school." A pretty young girl said "I'm going to give you my first vote!" and went giggling away to join her friends. "I live right across the street from your brother," said a lady. "Which one?" asked O'Connor. "Vincent," said the lady. A man in a black overcoat asked, "Are you going to help us with our property taxes over in Queens?" O'Connor autographed the cast on a man's wrist, and said, "Don't take that off till Election Day." At 120 Broadway, O'Connor said, "That's where I worked. As a law clerk for Colonel Alfred Cutler Barnes McNevin." He rolled the name out slowly and happily. A few handshakes later, he turned a corner and went down to address a rally on the steps of the Subtreasury Building.

1:30 P.M. O'Connor spoke at a second rally, this one on Union Square, and then walked to Lüchow's, where he had lunch with representatives of the butchers' and meat cutters' unions, emerging at two-thirty with their official endorsement.

6:15 P.M. "Armenians!" called a man in a ballroom of the Biltmore. "Armenians next!" Several people quickly sat down beside O'Connor at a table to have their pictures taken with him. The flashbulb flashed, the people got up, and the man called, "Where's the Chinese?" Several Chinese sat down, and the flashbulb flashed again. O'Connor had just given a short speech to members of New York's foreign-language press, and now he was posing with each group. He seemed fresh, cheerful, and completely at ease.

6:25 P.M. O'Connor spoke briefly to a small group of campaign-office workers in his suite in the Commodore, encouraging them and thanking them, and then went downstairs and got into his car, heading for Washington Market. "It's been a good day today," he said. He put on his glasses and read some papers by the overhead light as the radio broadcast news of the World Series. O'Connor glanced up. "Who won the game?" he asked. "Orioles," said an aide. "Hey!" said O'Connor, smiling. "We've got to get a television in this car tomorrow. We can't let the campaign interfere . . ." He went back to his papers. The car went down the West Side Highway—there were heavy clouds over New Jersey, with orange sky beneath—and then turned into the market. The streets were dark, and were crowded with produce trucks. Under the canopies of the commission merchants, lights shone on the piled-up crates of fruit and vegetables. Girls in blue berets and white sweaters were waiting at the corner of Washington and Chambers Streets, where O'Connor jumped out and, flanked by two market men, Bernie Fittell and Natie Bitz, moved over the cobblestones and through the aisles of crates, shaking hands, as the bullhorns—"Meet the next Governor"—blared on ahead. Past cantaloupes, pineapples, onions, carrots, strawberries. ("Lester . . . Joe . . . Mr. Nadel, here, has been down in Washington Market fifty-two years . . ." "Nice to see you . . . How's it going? . . . How are you?") Past squashes, beans, eggplants, peaches, grapes. There were cheers at Jay Street, and a Good Humor man joined the procession, his wagon bumping alongside down Washington Street, its bells jangling. ("I met you in Bayside—by the bowling alley." "I remember. How are you?") Past watercress, Carolina yams, oranges. ("If it's up to me, you'll get elected!" . . . "We met at Judge Dubin's daughter's wedding." . . . "I got a bunch of watercress for you, Mr. O'Connor!" . . . "He's a neighbor of mine in Queens.") An unshaven man in an old coat touched O'Connor on the arm. "Frank," he said. O'Connor turned. "Remember me, Frank?" said the man anxiously. O'Connor looked at him for a moment, and then the man said, "We used to play softball together." "Sure," said O'Connor. "It's been a long time. How are you?" The man smiled, as if relieved. "O.K.," he said. "I wish you luck." He moved away. O'Connor continued along. "I used to play a lot of ball," he said. "I used to hit pretty well." Then there was another outstretched hand. "How are you?" he said, shaking it warmly.

•

THINGS being what they are, we were not really startled to pass a door the other day bearing a sign that read, "Door is alarmed. Please do not open."

THE WEARY TITANS

WHO couldn't push a dead cat over a waterfall?

This is not a riddle. Anyone with any pretensions to culture will be able to reply offhand that it was Dr. Johnson who, coming one day upon an artificial waterfall somewhat obstructed by branches and other rubbish, "took a long pole . . . and pushed down several parcels of this wreck with painful assiduity," while Boswell "stood quietly by, wondering to behold the sage thus curiously employed, and smiling with a humorous satisfaction each time when he carried his point." Whether it was Boswell or Johnson who smiled is a debatable question that need not delay us. "He worked," continues Boswell, "till he was quite out of breath; and having found a large dead cat so heavy that he could not move it after several efforts, 'Come,' said he (throwing down the pole), '*you* shall take it now;' which I accordingly did, and being a fresh man, soon made the cat tumble over the cascade."

This incident would never have plagued me, as it was fated to do, had it not recalled to mind a passage in Dorothy Wordsworth's "Journals" in which, as I remembered it, she recorded finding her brother William "tired out with seeking an epithet for the cuckoo." Instantly there flashed into my mind the conception, complete in all but detail, of a Work, a collation, that would cause something of a furore in literary circles. It was to be called "The Weary Titans." It would recount, analyze, and, with a wealth of footnotes and cross references, comment upon the significance of all those occasions upon which great men have cracked under the strain of some activity that more ordinary mortals might have borne without distress. The theme, I believed, was one that had not been tackled before.

"As I sat musing amidst the ruins of the Capitol, while the bare-footed friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started into my mind." So wrote Edward Gibbon, recording an unforgettable experience; and to me, too, though in more mundane surroundings and without benefit of vespers, the moment of revelation was memorable. Alexander, Pitt, Nelson, Shakespeare, Aeschylus, Genghis Khan—the whole glittering cavalcade of warriors, artists, statesmen, explorers, monarchs, and martyrs was mine to pass in review, to probe, to illuminate with a hitherto neglected beam. When was Abraham Lincoln too tired to crack an egg? Did Newton never jot down in his diary a revealing "Can't bring myself to go and sit in the orchard this morning"? Goethe almost certainly wore himself out posing for Tischbein in the Campagna. Every genius, however energetic, has his Achilles' heel. My task was to seek it out.

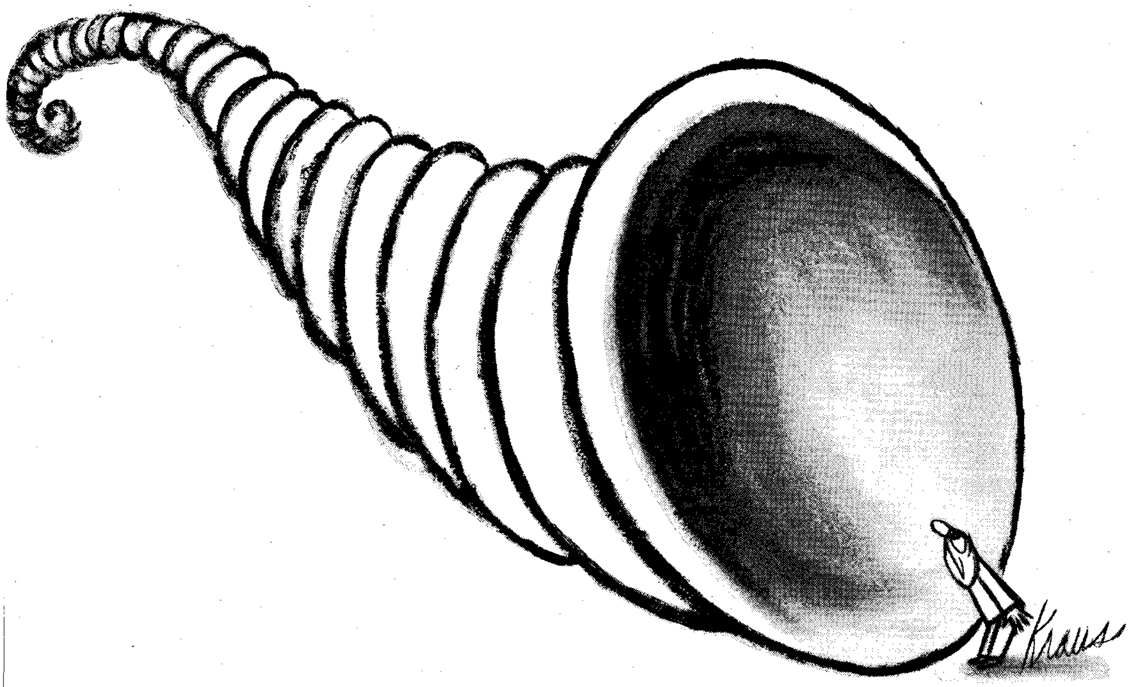
To work!

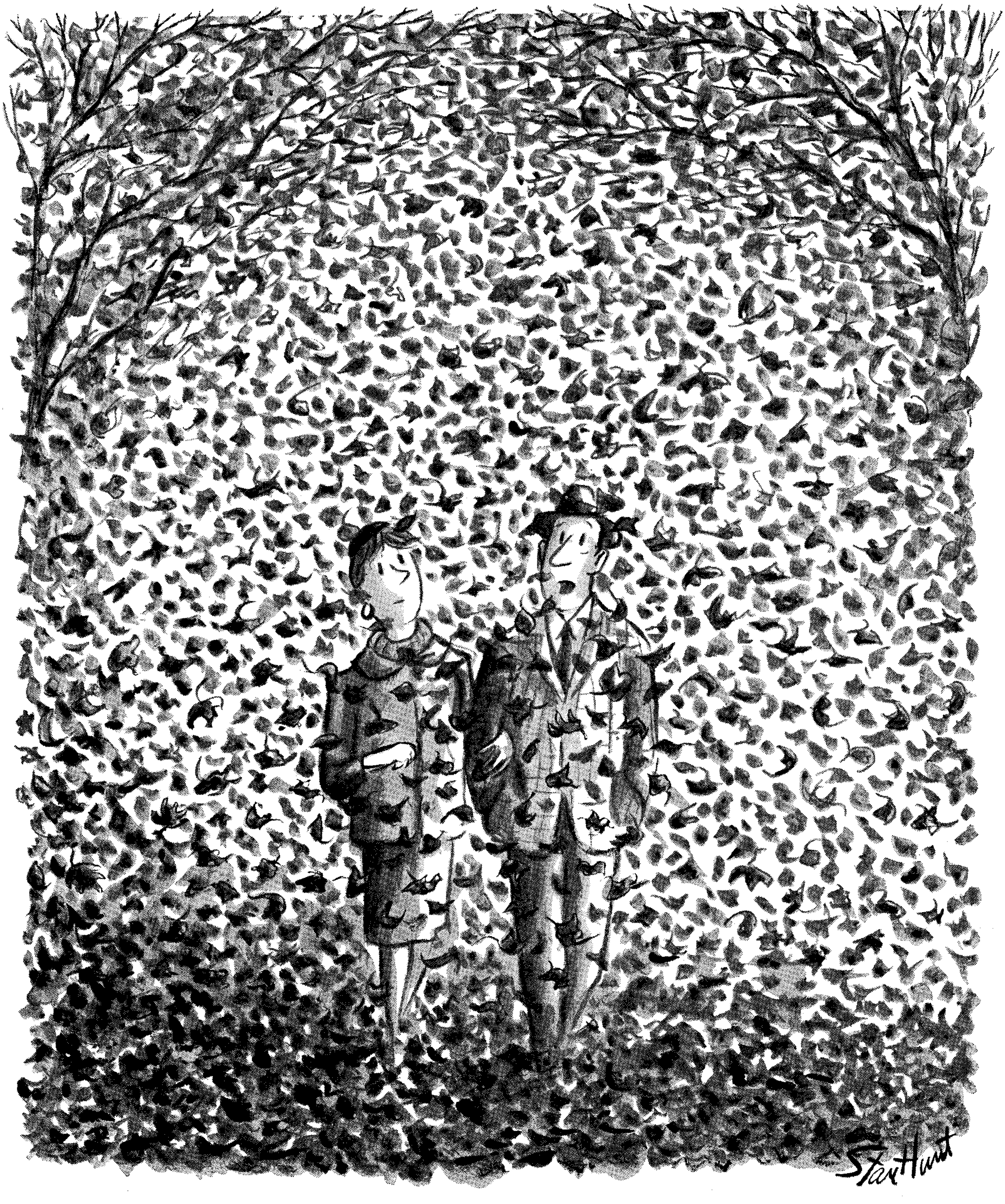
The indexing of histories, biographies, memoirs, lives, letters, and random collections of anecdotes about the illustrious dead is quite scandalously inept. One may look interminably under "T" (for "tired"), "E" (for "exhausted"), and "W" (for "worn out") without reward of any kind. Nothing convinced me so surely of the need for a definitive work on the subject I had in mind as the utter failure of earlier writers to bother to identify even occasional instances of it. After six months of researching with at least as painful an assiduity as Johnson's, the sole addition in my notebook to the two original entries was a quotation from Sydney Smith. "I feel so weak both in body and mind," he had written, "that I verily believe, if the knife were put into my hand, I should not have strength or energy to slide it into a Dissenter."

Even that, on reflection, I crossed out. It was not on all fours. It was too hypothetical. Worse, Sydney Smith was unwell at the time, and if I were to include instances of lassitude or inability to undertake simple tasks caused by illness, the whole flavor of my book would be ruined. It would very soon sink to the status of a medical treatise. I was back where I started.

I therefore composed—not without regret, for I like to stand on my own feet whenever possible—a letter for circulation to all the more scholarly publications, outlining in the clearest possible terms the nature of the Work upon which I was engaged and asking for assistance. This is a dodge frequently employed by frustrated writers, and it carries, as far as I know, no stigma. There is always the risk, in thus showing one's hand, that somebody else with more enterprise than ethical sense will jump in ahead and queer the pitch. But there are risks in every worthwhile profession.

"I am anxious [I wrote] to hear from any reader who can supply me with authenticated instances of surprising languor in distinguished men, whether within his own experience or noted down in commonplace books, etc., from outside sources. Anecdotes about Wellington, Julius Caesar, Henry VIII, and other men of normally full and active life will be specially welcome; also photographs where apposite (e.g., Carlyle resting after croquet). Has anyone come across a story about Darius being unwilling to do some little thing because of some other trifle which I forget? It might be in Herodotus, but there is really too much of him to wade through on the off chance of finding something that could well turn out to be unfit for inclusion. Chronic tiredness





"Well, that's the way it is. Fall one minute and winter the next."

• •

or a lifelong tendency to give up easily I do not want. Poseurs, as also professional idleness in high places (e.g., Melbourne), are useless. It is piquancy, contrast, I am after. If Marlborough had to go and lie down after shelling peas, I would accept that. But where's the evidence for it?

"Original letters [I wrote in conclusion] from Titans too weary to append their signatures will be judged on their merits and either carefully copied or returned."

It was a long letter, painstakingly phrased to insure that my desk would not be lumbered with a mass of useless information about ailing poets, degenerates, Beau Brummell, and the rest. It made its appeal alike to the scholar, the wanderer down strange bypaths, and the man with the gift of serendipity. The response to such a letter might, one would have thought, have given me fresh heart to set out once again on the long, hard road that leads to a literary tour de force. But I was too tired to post it. —H. F. ELLIS

TALKING OF COUNT STERNBORN

FOR a week, ever since my mother and I and my mother's maid, Emma, had arrived for our usual summer visit at my grandmother's castle in Bohemia, the cook had been sending up dishes that were truly and entirely Bohemian. This was the cook's reproach for our having come so late in the summer, for we had passed the first month of the holidays in hotels in Switzerland.

"We had never anything really nice to eat, that's true," I said to the cook on my first visit to the kitchen, "but this is not the point. The point is, you go to Switzerland because of the landscape. That's why so many people go there."

"It's what madam your mother likes to tell you, Miss Edith," said the cook. "Landscape here and landscape there, and even if you look at it the landscape can't look back at you. I knew madam your mother before she was born, and I'm telling you she went to Switzerland to show off her clothes and get some admiration, seeing she's got to get out of London in the summer and once she's stuck out here in the country she gets precious little of it, with hardly a neighbor for miles around. Which is as it should be, considering big-estate owners don't sit close together like peas in the pod. And she's not like old Countess Sternborn, who dripped pearls and lace and trailed her Paris gowns between the cows and the sugar beets for lack of company, but then she didn't know any better, being from the ballet, and that's putting it kindly, and never did fit in with the ways of the gentry."

As I listened to the cook, I thought that if Tacitus had written my mother's history he would have stated, "It has been said that during the month of June of that year she journeyed to Switzerland, be it because she wanted to savor the beauty of that country, or be it because she wanted to display her fashionable clothes." I was twelve years old that summer in the nineteen-twenties, and I did not care for history, but I was greatly taken with Tacitus—the nobility of his bitterness, his uncomfortable lucidity about people's behavior, and his shattering, wooden-faced irony. I had memorized such passages as "While a great fire devastated the town of Cremona, the temple of Diana was spared, be it because the Goddess protected her shrine, or be it because it was situated on the outskirts of the town."

"And mark my words, Miss Edith," continued the cook, "now that your Uncle Frederick has been asked over to dinner in Sestajovice with other gentlemen friends, madam your mother will be carrying on something cruel. Not that she's keen on Count Sternborn or any of the company but because she's out of it and would have liked to air her evening clothes."

Three days later, after the dinner party at Sternborn's, there was a great deal of silence among the grownups during luncheon, but when I saw that the last course to be served was cherry dumplings, I knew there would be more talk. Cherry dumplings was a dish that could not be eaten in a hurry, demanding frequent pauses for separate helpings of melted butter, sugar, and grated cheese. The opening of the dumplings, each filled with four cherries, had to be done slowly and gingerly, too, to avoid stains from the squirting fruit juice. And, lastly, one could sit at table for a while after having finished, playing counting-out games with the cherry stones. My mother was waiting to be served with the sprinkling ingredients when she said, "At least, Frederick, you could tell me what there was to eat, even if you say the talk was all about the same old stories. But start with the beginning."

"Smoked salmon," said Uncle Frederick.

"Lots of it?" asked my mother.

Uncle Frederick said, "I had forgotten to bring my portable scales along with me to the dinner. Forgive me, will you?"

"You are not being funny," said my mother, "and it's one of the nastier facts of life that one never gets as much smoked salmon as one could eat. Besides, it's not a frightfully original thing to start a meal with."

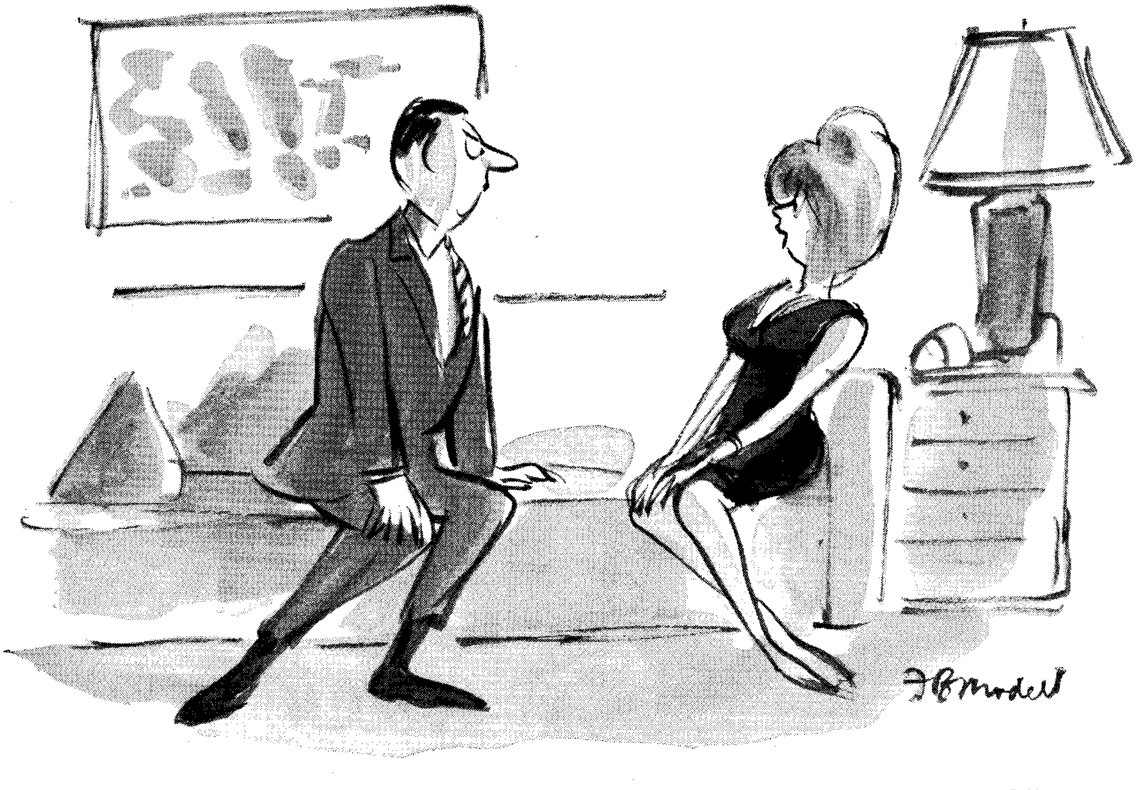
"Do you have to tell me, you carping goose?" said Uncle Frederick. "Did I say it was unique, or what?"

"There's no need to be offensive," said my mother, "just because Count Sternborn doesn't know how to manage his dinners. And what was there to follow? And don't tell me it was something with little mushrooms and cream or I'm going to howl."

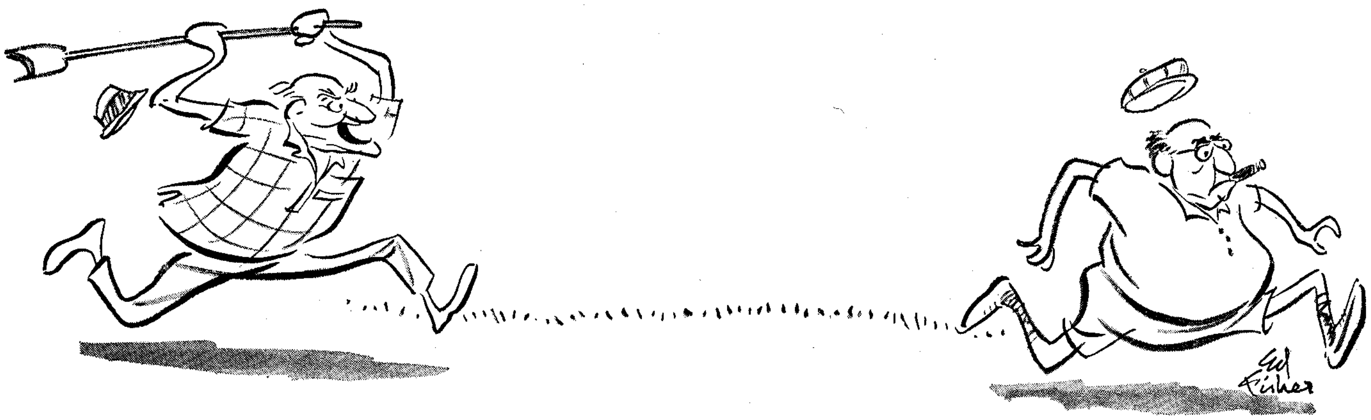
"Howl on," said Uncle Frederick.

"Poor Sternborn. I knew it. It's pathetic, really," said my mother, but she made the wrong kind of face for what she was saying, looking very pleased. It was like the tall clock downstairs in the hall, which used to strike two when its hands pointed to half past five. She added, "These second-rate dinners are all the same, all the world over, ha, ha."

"I wouldn't know," said Uncle Frederick, "but I'll



"I do adore you. I keep moving away because I'm farsighted."



"Now that we've finally got Medicare, Hodgson, I'm going to let you have it."

• •

take your word for it, as you seem to know it so well from your own experience, do you understand?"

"Are you hinting that I— This is simply too much." My mother turned to my grandmother, who had not seemed to be paying any attention, and said, "Mama, I appeal to you. Can't you stop Frederick from making his beastly remarks?"

"If you will allow me to say so," said my grandmother, without raising her eyes from her plate, "Frederick will stop if you stop answering him back."

"This suits me utterly, Mama," said my mother, "because, in the first place, I'm not curious to know about Sternborn and his dim parties."

"Too true," said Uncle Frederick. "You are never curious, you goose—you only want to know."

By now, Emma was making her second round with the main dish and the sugar, followed by the two other maids, whom she had entrusted with the rest. Her black-and-white-uniformed figure and her proud bearing were set off by the sloppy, barefooted castle maids in their blue print cotton, like the majesty of a swan floating ahead of her sorry brood of cygnets. I could see that my mother was still vexed with Uncle Frederick and I knew that she would now transfer her annoyance onto me, probably with some scathing remarks about my appearance and behavior. I therefore said hastily, "Mama, you've splashed yourself, just in front, on the frill."

"Oh, God, so I have," said my mother. "And it would be the heavenly French organdie, of course, and, besides, it's Frederick's fault. He gets me so upset I don't know where I'm looking."

A scullery maid appeared in the dining-room door, and my mother frowned and added, "And what is the scullery doing here, all of a sudden? Can't one ever have a meal in peace?"

"Too true," said Uncle Frederick. "As you've done nothing from the time you got up this morning, you're at least entitled to have some rest during lunch. Emma, ask her what she wants."

After having dismissed the scullery maid, Emma said, "Begging your pardon, it's to say that Dr. Bloch has just arrived and been shown into the Saints' Room, wishing to inquire about the big right toe in particular and pay his general respects to the family."

"We'll have him in the Austrian Room with the coffee," said my mother. "What do you say, Mama?"

"By all means," said my grandmother, "and he will be good enough to excuse me. He knows my habits." My grandmother never took black coffee, because of her gout, and she liked to lie down after luncheon.

"And what am I to tell him when he asks about you and the colchicum?" said my mother. "Do you feel any better?"

"Difficult to say," said my grandmother, and she rose from the table.

After she had left, accompanied by the two maids, carrying her wrap and her handbag, my mother said, "Frederick, you go in first. I've got to do something about my dress. Get me some boiling water, Emma, will you, and some cold water and salt and a lemon?"

"Always at Madam's service," said Emma.

"And thank God," said my mother, "the lemon comes from the pantry and doesn't grow in the garden, because if it did I'd have to ask Kucera for it, and I'd never get it, just as he never parts with any of his precious flowers, either. And there he is, over eighty and not a thing wrong with him, and there is Mama with her gout, though she's a youngster compared to him, and that's because of his nastiness, I'm convinced of it. He's pickled in his nastiness and stays evergreen, like a gherkin in vinegar, ha, ha."

"As Madam says, and that's certain," said Emma.

"Besides," said my mother, "the stain is fresh and Dr. Bloch will keep. First he goes over to Sternborn's and the two of them weep together into their brandy because there are no archdukes anymore and no Imperial Green Dragoons in the garrison in Brandys, and then he comes over here and gives a repeat performance with our cognac, and when I tell him to stop being sloppy, he gives me the story of Count Sternborn's finest hour, and when I say it's not funny anymore he says the whole world has stopped being funny since the breakup of 1918. Ridiculous."

I FOLLOWED Uncle Frederick into the Austrian Room, which was the finest of the fifty rooms in the castle, not only because of its vast size and situation—in the middle of the first floor and facing straight onto the central bed of the rose parterre and the chestnut avenue leading to the park—but also because it had frescoed walls depicting scenes from the Salzburg mountains. Dr. Bloch was leaning against the marble top of the console with the gilt-dolphin support, and the smoke of his cigarette melted into the painted clouds of the panel behind his back. I dropped a curtsy, and he said, "Stand at ease. As you were." After nodding to Uncle Frederick, he said to me, "So you've come back from England with your mama for a refresher course in Bohemia. *Perfide Albion*. They put our Emperor into exile, and he died."

"That was his fault," said Uncle Frederick, "and the Empress Zita is much tougher, as it's turned out."

"And how is your mother?" asked

the Doctor. "Does she recline in the idyllic shade of her native trees? *Tityre, tu recumbans patulae sub tegmine fagi?*"

"She's very well, thank you," I said, "but she feels the idyllic life very badly, what with having no manicure woman for miles around, and she has to go to Prague every time she wants her hair done, because she can't trust herself to the idiots in Brandys."

"You fascinate me," said Uncle Frederick. "Do you always have to repeat word for word your mother's drivel?"

Emma came in with the coffee tray, followed by another maid with the brandy, and Dr. Bloch said, "And here is Emma, the third prodigal daughter to return to the land of the plum and the sugar beet. Because, whatever else we may have lost, those are still ours. Did everyone receive you with open arms, Emma?"

Emma, setting down the tray on a bamboo table close to the console, said, "That's not for me to say, sir, seeing they got short memories and can't even bear in mind how to dust properly and get the silver decent, though I show them every year I'm down and try my best."

"Ungrateful creatures," said the Doctor. "Why don't you have a try with me, Emma? I shouldn't mind getting dusted down by you. You've no idea how dusty I sometimes feel."

Emma touched the frilled bow on top of her head—a gratuitous gesture she only indulged in when feeling flustered. "I left your coffee bitter, as usual, sir," she said, and, after filling the brandy glass and placing the sugar bowl next to it, she added, "If I may make so bold, sir, the cook has been creating something cruel with her rheumatic shoulder."

The Doctor dipped a lump of sugar into the brandy and crunched it. "If the cook were thirty years prettier," he said, "I'd be down there like a shot. But then, if she were, she wouldn't have to yell for camphor liniment and would get her diversions from other sources. Tell her I'll try to look in on her on my way out."

As soon as Emma had left, I asked, "Please, Dr. Bloch, what was Count Sternborn's finest hour?"

"How did you hear about it?" he said.

"Mama mentioned it just now at lunch," I said. "She wants to be excused for a while, because she's messed up her dress with the cherry dumplings."

"Life is full of perils," said the Doctor, "and I wish she had let me in on it, because I'm very good at stain removing and I'd have been only too happy— Ah, yes, one woman's peril is another man's chance. Which brings me back, of course, to Count Sternborn."

"And his finest hour?" I asked.

"Certainly," said Dr. Bloch. "And your Uncle Frederick won't mind getting it once more, because good things are worth repeating."

I settled down on the beaded footstool, while he paused to light a cigarette. "The Archduke Charles," he said, "who later on, in 1916, became our Lord and Emperor—the one who was less tough than Zita—was Colonel-in-Chief of the Green Dragoons in Brandys, and for a time Count Sternborn was attached to him as aide-de-camp. On top of this, Sternborn was engaged to get married to a Beatrix Edle von Sturm zu Sturm, which is the same as 'Baroness.' But I hardly set eyes on her, so I didn't see much of her 'von' nor of her 'zu,' unfortunately. Now, this girl kept nagging Sternborn that she wanted to be presented to his Archduke

---

A STAR

Above the violent park,
Where only men with knives walk bright as air,
She drifts in peace
Too rich in light for darkness to make way
Beyond her screens. No drop of night
Filters through windows where the ice of day
Mingles through mirrors with the muted white
Of all her walls. She moves through golden fleece
Out of the rain, past chair piled high on chair,
Into the womb of dark,

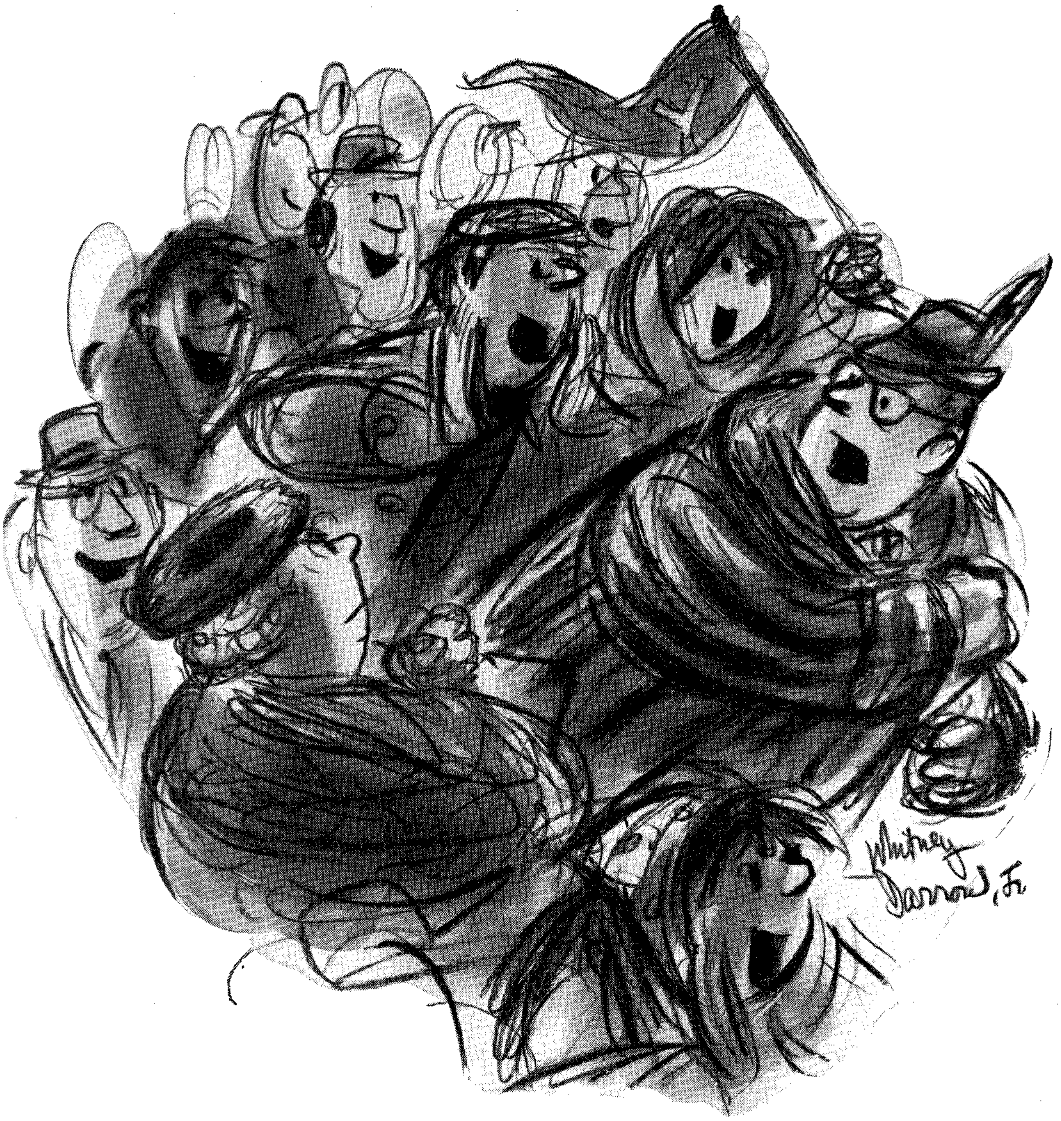
Alone. Above the park,
I see the flaming oriole of her hair
Swing like a fleece
Flirting with air. In silent love I sway
By temples whose cold locks hang tight
Against my fingers that would loose and play
Through all her flames. I taste their burning white
On my raw lash. Alas, there is no peace
Unless I shed her brilliance from my chair
And lose her in the dark.

See, where the dying park
Erupts with light! With knives they strip her bare
And part her fleece
And lay her in the ground and make their way
Where no help comes. I sense thick light
Swirl in the windows. The broad fin of day
Swims to the surface. Edged with flirting white,
She veers toward me. If I break my peace,
And flow to meet her, cool night-scented air
Will fill the world. Such dark

Has never been. The park
Opens its willows to the morning air
Where all her fleece
Echoes and burns to nothing. Far away,
There comes a sound whose leaves are white
For all her silver cloisters and her sway
Of Southern fire. This is my tree tonight
That listens for the wind within the fleece
And sings in flame. O tree, sing through her hair
As she sways into dark!

—George MacBeth

• •



"When you married me, you knew very well that 'Bulldog! Bulldog! Bow, wow, wow' was part of the bargain."

• •

and that he should bring it about, and they hit on the idea that when the Archduke would be in Brandys with his Dragoons he would probably grace the garrison theatre on a certain date and Sternborn would be in attendance. In the interval, Sternborn would ask His Imperial Highness's permission to introduce his bride, and the pig would be in clover. So the girl came to stay with a friend's family in Brandys, and for weeks ahead Sternborn practiced with her the court curtsy. Right foot point forward, draw a circle, bring it behind left heel, bend left knee, mind your back is straight, downward dip, chin raise, up you come. '*Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus*,' as Vergil said, because he was so prophetic, and the girl with a chaperon had seats in the stalls. Sternborn was in the imperial box, and in the interval he made his request, and the Archduke, in his never-failing kindness, told him to shove her along. Sternborn goes out of the door, where she's waiting already, takes her by the hand, leads her in, and hand in hand the two of them go right foot point forward, bend left knee, downward dip, up you come, and only then does Sternborn come to his senses and realize what he has done, in full face of his Archduke, in full dress uniform, in full view of the public—the lot. And our future Lord and Emperor, in his never-failing kindness, says to him, 'Dear Sternborn, don't be such a bloody pansy.' Sternborn breaks his engagement, cavalier fashion, so that it comes from her, gets himself transferred to the Thirty-third Infantry—infantry, mind you, which is like death to a cavalryman—goes to the war, comes back, and never marries at all."

"And what was the name of the play?" I asked.

"God knows," said Uncle Frederick, "but let us assume it was called 'The Mystery Behind the Hearth,' and it was performed by the Brandys Dramatic Society, with full cast, and they even had an actor to play the behind."

"That's a good one. I must remember that," said the Doctor.

"The infantry must have been a relief, though, for Sternborn," Uncle Frederick said, "because with the cavalry he was always under the strain of having to live up to the level of the horses."

"Poor Sternborn," said the Doctor. "Losing the war, and on top of it unspurred and unmounted and unwed, and when he got back and the old Countess died soon after, he took over her parrot and got himself a monkey, and I believe the combination of parrot and monkey was as good as having a wife. Only the monkey died of lung trouble, as you know, and even then he never got married at all."

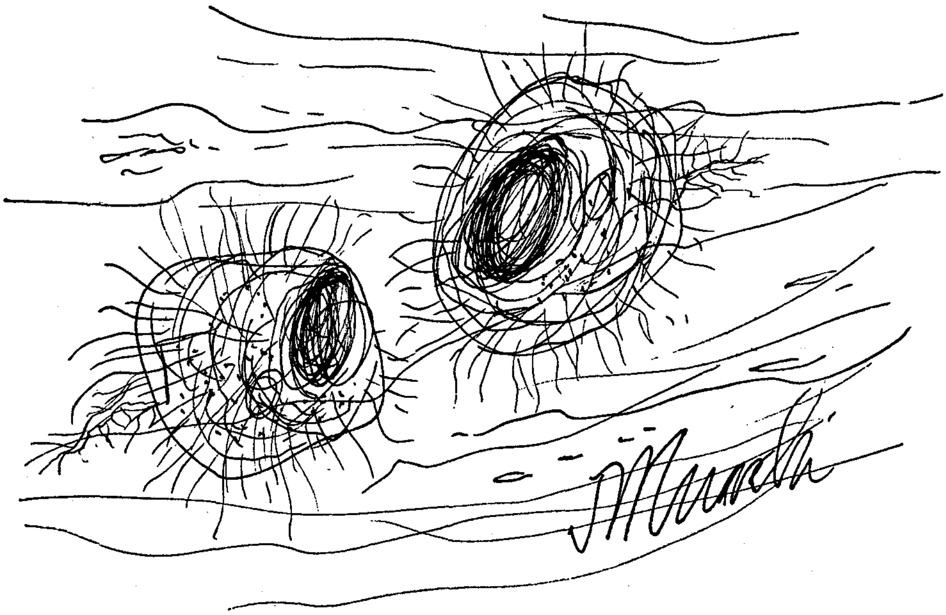
WHEN my mother came in, she not only had changed her dress but had also, in her usual thoroughgoing fashion, put on other shoes to go with it, and matching bracelets, and I wondered if I ever would reach such perfection.

"At last," said Dr. Bloch. "Allow me to kiss your tiny hand and lay my admiration at your tiny feet." After he kissed her hand, he added, "And allow me to welcome you back on behalf of our town of Brandys, former imperial garrison and now blessedly thriving in our new republic."

"As tiresome as ever. As though it had happened yesterday," said my mother. "But tell me, what's new in Brandys?" And she arranged herself gracefully in the chair the Doctor had brought forward. It was her favorite chair—made of wicker, with the back shaped like a peacock's fan—and the Doctor could be relied upon to know it.

"The old onion woman died," Dr. Bloch said. "You remember, the one who had her stand on the corner of the square, and every time the Archduke paid a visit to the garrison he took a wreath of onions from her and hung it round his neck and pranced with it through the streets? I've just been over to Sestajovice and told Sternborn. He took it rather badly, of course. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*"

"Oh, that's just like Sternborn,"



"The epidemic is set for eight tonight. Pass it on."

• •

said my mother. "That's all he cares for. He's the same as ever, I suppose, though when I ask Frederick who went there yesterday I can't get a word out of him. Any news?"

"Sternborn's parrot's getting senile," said the Doctor. "It has dizzy spells and drops off its perch. I treat it with caffeine, and then it perks up and shrieks, in the voice of the old Countess, 'Joseph! Joseph! Where are you? Come here at once!' and then it changes into the butler and calls, 'Here, Milady. Coming, Milady,' and it's like hearing voices from the grave. *Eheu, fugaces, Sternborn, Sternborn, labuntur anni.*"

"Was it a long party?" asked my mother. "And was it gay?"

"It's never gay there," said the Doctor, "though I try to cheer him up and tell him, '*O fortunatos agricolas, quibus ipse procul discordibus armis fundit humo facilem victum justissima tellus,*' but that's just the trouble—he doesn't want to be a happy peasant, and he doesn't like to be distant from the clash of arms; he can't get over it that there's no army for him anymore. And when it comes to the *justissima tellus*, the soil is easy enough to conquer, of course, our wonderful Bohemian soil, but the sugar-beet prices are very low just now. Which goes to prove that Vergil wasn't as prophetic as all that."

"You should get together with Edith, ha, ha," said my mother. "She's madly devoted to Latin, and I suppose that's because she's at such an awkward age."

"Aren't we all," said the Doctor.

"But she's reading Tacitus," said my mother. "Don't ask me why. Isn't Tacitus frightfully unsuitable? I'm sure it is."

"You ignorant goose," said Uncle Frederick. "Everything is suitable as long as it is in a foreign tongue, do you understand?"

"That's Frederick all over," said my mother. "So unhelpful in every way, and I can't understand why anybody ever invites him anywhere. And when they do, he goes, of course, and never a thought for me, and why couldn't he make Sternborn get himself a decent cook and give mixed dinner parties, but no, not he, and I was just saying at lunch today, why do I have to be punished because Sternborn never got himself a wife? And there's no one else between here and Brandys and Celakovice and Klanovice. It's a desert, but without an oasis, ha, ha, and in Prague the people who might ask me out won't perform, because they're away at this time of the year, and if they aren't, they pretend to be."

"Poor Sternborn, he had no luck. It never worked out," said the Doctor.

"If you're going to tell me about his finest hour, I'm going to scream," said my mother.

"I should hate to make you scream," said the Doctor. "At least, not in this way, though life's full of— Which brings me back to Sternborn, of course. No. What I meant was that Sternborn was unlucky the first time, too."

"How do you mean?" asked my mother.

"That was quite some time ago," said the Doctor, "and it was the old Countess who muffed it up for him, though she wasn't old at the time, and the Count his father was alive, too, and I wasn't a merry widower yet, either, and we were all a few years prettier than we are now. Except you, dear Madam. You must have been the age of Edith here and were not told, because it was not written down in Latin."

"And he was engaged?" asked my mother. "To whom?"

"She wasn't quite up to him," said the Doctor. "Eminently respectable, though. A privy councillor's daughter, from Vienna, of Moravian origin. A von Slunsky, but the 'von' doesn't count—*that's* a civil-service baronetcy. Very pretty face, cameo-carved type, but altogether not to my— Rather like having a caviar egg in a second-rate restaurant, with the caviar on top only and it doesn't go through. Good head and bad figure, and in five years' time she'd have been enormous and a child-bearing machine."

"Really!" said my mother eagerly. "And she fell out with Old Woman Sternborn?"

"Are you out of your mind?" said Uncle Frederick. "Old Countess Sternborn never fell out with anybody. She was agreeable as the day was long. Once agreeable always agreeable, do you understand?"

Dr. Bloch said, "It was, you might say, to do with the Countess's being agreeable, because a lady cannot please unless she's got the clothes to please with—in the first place, at least. The Countess had the charming habit of winging her way to Rosenbaum, in Prague, who was, and still is, by far the best dressmaker, to order charming clothes, and Rosenbaum was charming, too, and kept quiet about it for two years or so. Then he sent in a bill for eight thousand gulden. Sternborn—*père*, that is—flew into a rage and said he wouldn't pay. The Countess was sweet and said she couldn't help it, she had to have some dresses, and if the bill wasn't met she couldn't order any more and she needed them badly and had positively nothing to wear. The old Count threw back at her that he couldn't help it, either, and he didn't care and he wouldn't pay. The day after the row, there were not exactly guests for lunch, just the usual people—a crony of the Count's from his old regiment, and the vet, and one of those horrid men who come to do the accounts and who can't be sent down to eat in the kitchen. The meal was announced, and they went into the dining room. The soup was on the table, and the Countess didn't show up.

Old Sternborn flew into a rage again, and cursed Joseph and told him they were not going to wait. They sit down, the Countess comes into the room, smiles pleasantly, and begins to drink her soup. By the time she finishes her soup—in complete silence, mind you—the Count has promised to pay the bill. She certainly had a sense of humor."

"But how did she get him to pay if she never said a word?" asked my mother.

"Because she was wearing nothing but her pearls, you dumb goose," said Uncle Frederick. "Those she never went without, do you understand?"

"Oh, God," said my mother. "Those unforgettable pearls. But do you always have to make a fool of me? And I still don't quite understand, because the girl, the bride—she wasn't there, was she?"

"Certainly not," said the Doctor. "But, dear lady, you know how it is. These things are too shameful to relate, and then they get told, and Old Boy Slunsky said a daughter of his, and so on and so forth, and not a marriage into that kind of family."

"This is too much, this is simply too much!" cried my mother. "When I think that the Sternborns are related to the Kinskys, and to the Silva-Taroucas, and by marriage to the Lobkovics as well. They never would have called it off. And if you stretch it a bit, now that I'm considering, the Silva-Taroucas are—" I was afraid that my mother would now indulge in what I called "playing lords and ladies" and the conversation would become tedious.

"Are you out of your mind?" said Uncle Frederick. "No amount of stretching is any use when you are vis-à-vis the civil-service class. They're the bastion and fortress of decency, and if you want to have a scandal and laugh it off, you've got to keep it among counts and princes, like the Kinskys and the Lobkovics."

"Certainly," said Dr. Bloch. "But, you know, nothing gets eaten as hot as it's been cooked, and it wasn't quite as bad as that. The Slunsky girl wouldn't hear of a broken engagement—she was dead keen to be lady of the manor—and Slunsky *père* came round, too, and the pig would have been in clover. But Sternborn, young Sternborn, himself wouldn't have it. It stuck in his gullet and he couldn't swallow his pride, and wouldn't canter up to the altar with a girl who'd found fault with him. And now you'll excuse me—and if you won't I shan't break my heart over it, either—I must get back to Brandys. There'll be many happy peasants waiting in the surgery, and if I keep them waiting much longer they won't stay happy."

"And you won't see the cook?" I asked.

"Ah, yes, the cook," said the Doctor. "We shan't bury her yet. Tell her, will you, to be patient and I'll elope with her one day, because she is the only one worth eloping with. And I'll do it in style—I'll pay for *wagon-lit*, but each one a *lit* for himself. And in the meantime, she shall mind the kitchen, and '*nec casia liquidi corrumpitur usus olivi*,' as Vergil has it."

"She never uses oil," I said. "She doesn't hold with it. Only butter and special dripping, and that's a mixture of one part of lard and one—"

"You fascinate me," said Uncle Frederick.

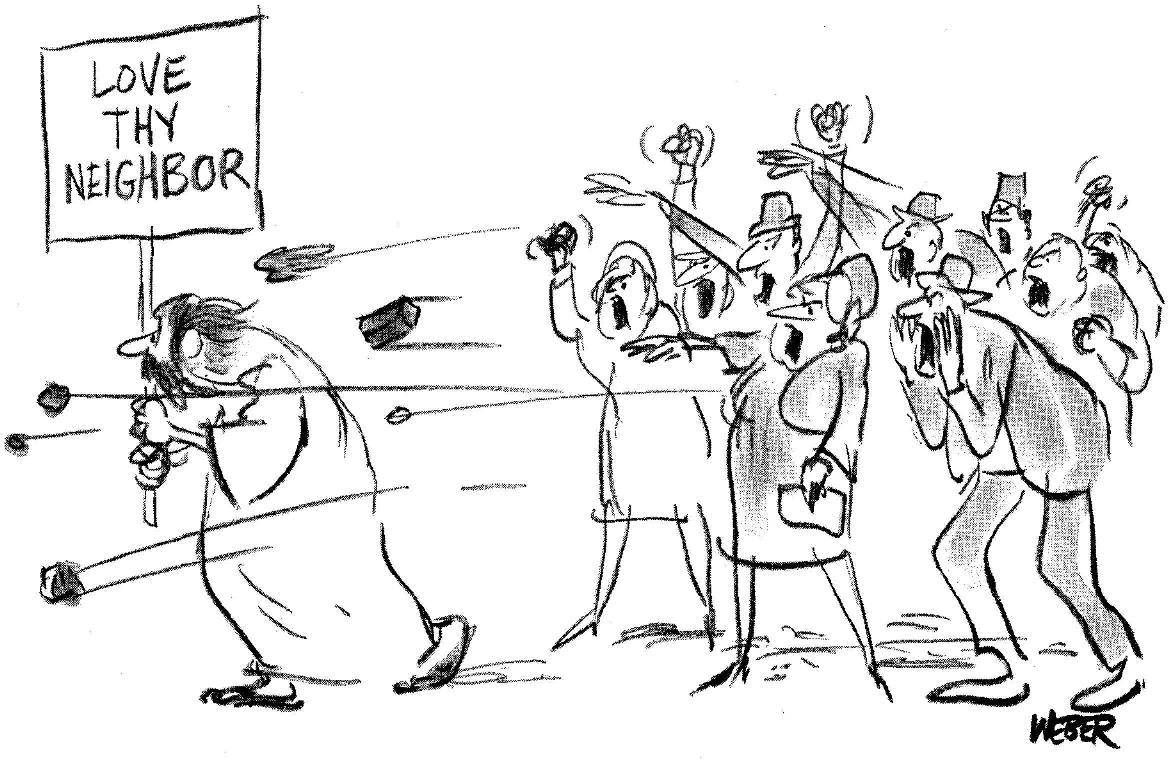
THAT afternoon, I read Tacitus on the bank of the little river in the castle park. I came back with plenty of time to spare before the afternoon coffee hour, and I found Emma setting out the cups on the sideboard in the Garden Room. As I came in through the archway, she gave one of her false shrieks, pretending fright, and I thought that the painted cockatoos on the walls might have shrieked in just this way, too. "You are a sight, Miss Edith, I declare," she said, "and if you've been to the park there's no need to come here and prove it. Run along, will you, and change into something clean before madam your mother sets eyes on you, and you'd better change into a fresh set of knees and elbows, too."

"Oh, God," I said. "I left the Latin dictionary there, because I'm used to having the Tacitus only and today I had two books instead of one. I must go back."

"The book doesn't show, but the mud and grass stains show something cruel," she said. "You dash off and make yourself decent. There's the coffee already, I can hear the maids coming, and half of it slopped over, I bet, by the time they get here. Next time I'm born, I'll be an octopus and do all the service singlehanded." She gave one of her affected laughs.

During the afternoon coffee with the grownups, I kept thinking about the forgotten book, worrying whether it might not have slipped into the water, and as soon as we had risen from the table I ran down the stairs leading from the terrace to the rose parterre beyond, when my grandmother called me back. I was to fetch her needlework and bring it up to the Austrian Room.

When I had completed this errand, I watched her as she took the crochet hook out of the tooled-leather case and unfurled the broad ribbon of lace, worked in a cloverleaf pattern set against a lattice. "This is one of your nicest, Grandmama," I said. "And then



I like the one like a honeycomb, and the one like a fir cone or a pineapple."

"You shall have all of them when you get married," she said. "They will be used for your trousseau."

"But what if I don't get married?" I asked.

"I should not worry over it," she said. "If you will allow me to say so, *the pot rolls till it finds its lid.*"

"But Count Sternborn didn't," I said. "Dr. Bloch told us today how it got all messed up. First with his finest hour, and before that as well. It is sad, of course, but he had us in stitches."

"I daresay," said my grandmother, and for a while she worked in silence. Then she added, "But the last time was the worst for Sternborn—of that I'm certain. The Doctor did not speak of it, did he?"

"No," I said. "Does Mama know about it? She never told me, and yet she's frightfully decent that way and always feeds me with lovely gossip."

"I don't think she knows," said my grandmother. "And Dr. Bloch didn't dine out on it, either, because it did not make a funny story."

"But interesting?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, interesting enough," said my grandmother, "because she was interesting herself, that last love of Sternborn's—a bewitching person. Even I could see it, though men always say women cannot appreciate other women's attractions. And when they can, it puts them into a bad mood, if I'll be allowed to say so. She had large, dark, shadowy eyes, and her past was shadowy, too—divorced or widowed, or both, or neither. Most difficult to say, because she was an Armenian, and one could not check up on her. And mysterious in her dress, too. Not exactly fashionable but most fetching—always slim and plain and only black or violet."

"Like you, Grandmama," I said. "Only with you it's black or gray, and I think it's wonderfully practical, because if you get your dress messed up and have to change it, you don't have to change shoes and trimmings as well, like Mama has to when it happens to her."

"There was nothing wonderfully practical about her appearance, I assure you," said my grandmother. "She used to wear wraps of white ermine or sables."

"Was she very rich?" I asked.

"Difficult to say," said my grandmother, "but rich in attraction. And I don't know how he got to know her. He never told me, and I didn't ask. Perhaps in the train from Vienna to Prague, or at the opera, or in a coffeehouse, but certainly not in the way that is usual, with introductions all round. There was no official engagement, which would have been absurd anyway, as she was on her own and not a young girl, being near his own age. And it happened quickly, within a matter of weeks. He was desperately in love—drowned in those eyes, I daresay. And hanging about in Prague most of the time, courting her, and even agreeing he'd get a town house so that she would not be saddled with Sestajovice all the year round. During this time, she never said no, which is as good as saying yes—at least, that's how Sternborn saw it—and in the end she said yes, she would marry him, but she'd have to see him on his home ground first and meet his family before giving the final word. This was natural and yet it was not so natural—like Buffon's 'Histoire Naturelle,' of which Voltaire said, '*Pas si naturelle que ça*'—because Sternborn was his own master and did not have to consider anybody, and the manor house is large enough, and the old Countess was ailing and you did not have to ask Dr. Bloch to know she had not long to live. So Sternborn asked her down for a week to meet his mother. The old Count had been dead for years, of course."

"Oh, now I know!" I cried. "Old Woman Sternborn disgraced herself and was scandalous, and these things are too shameful to relate and everybody tells them. Dr. Bloch is wonderful once he gets going, and not a bit unsuitable, because he quotes Latin with it. The Countess spoiled it, didn't she?"

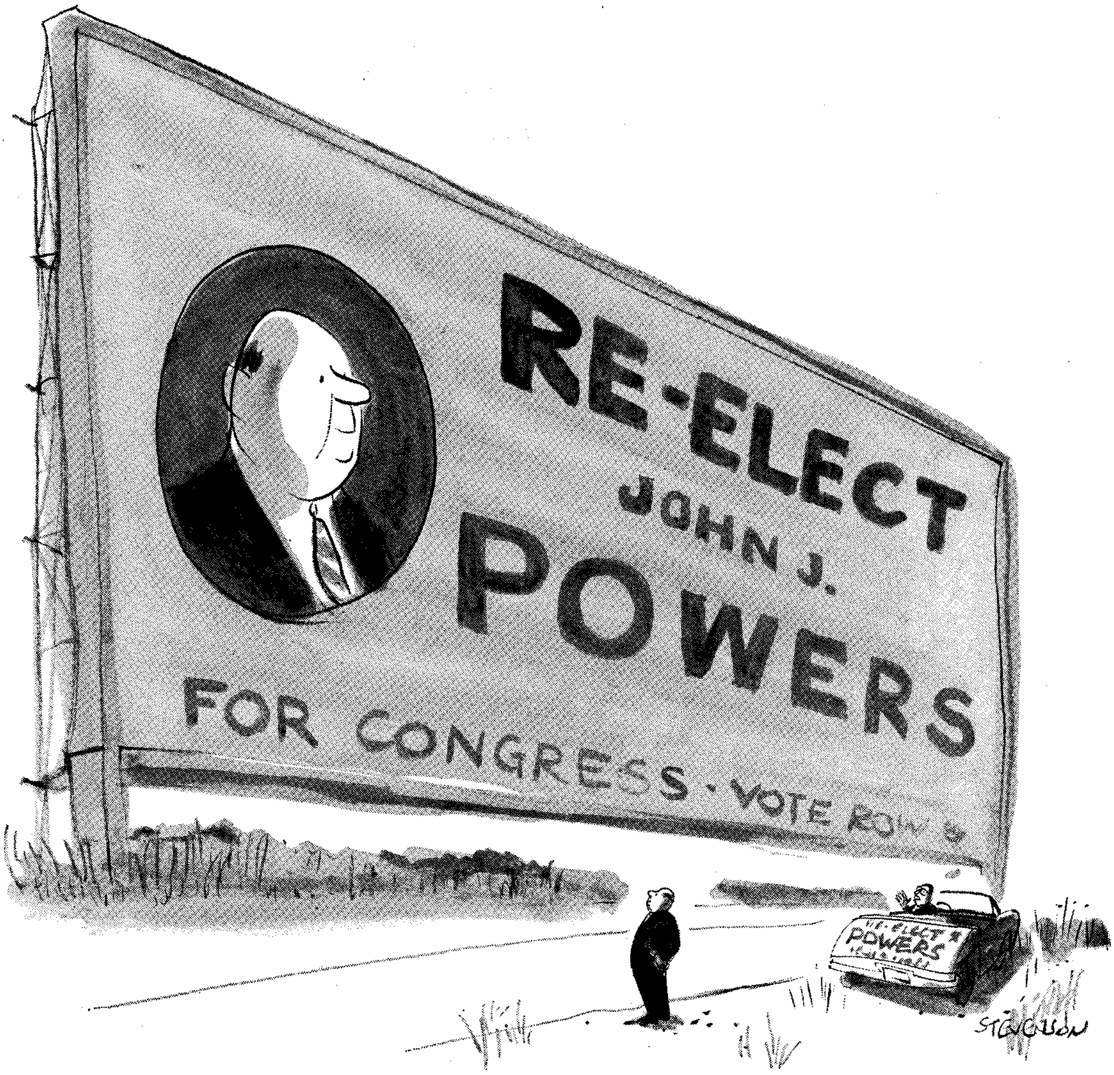
"Difficult to say," said my grandmother, "and you will form your own opinion about it. Sternborn called on me several times with his lady, and I was impressed by her, as I've already told you. She had excellent French and English and German—much better than mine, easily—and altogether she was a woman of the big world. And at the end of the week she said she would not marry him and he was shattered." My grandmother paused in her work and raised her eyes, but she did not see me. She was looking above my head at the painted wall opposite, where a deep green lake lay shimmering between green-clad hills.

"Now comes the painful part of it," she went on. "Sternborn is a good, honorable, reliable man, with all that goes with it. You know what he's like—a trifle heavy-blooded, if you'll allow me to say so, and heavy-going, and awkward, and full of deliberations whether he should or shouldn't when it comes to the smallest matter. The Armenian said later she realized from the start what an excellently decent fellow he was, or she would not have led him on and let it go as far as it did. She thought at first she would be willing to have him, though he is somewhat oppressive, what with his honor and what he owes to himself and to the world, and his keeping the memory of the dead Emperor, and as a nobleman."

"And he's got red hair on top of it," I said. "I think red-haired men are revolting, don't you, Grandmama?"

"Difficult to say," said my grandmother. "But the Armenian was willing to have him—at least, so she said—because she had imagined that he was

so tiresomely honorable and restricted through no fault of his own but only due to his background and upbringing. But when she met the Countess, who was an *enfant terrible* even in old age, she wasn't scandalized by her. On the contrary, she was delighted with her. And so she decided that if a man was awkward and rigid despite such a mother, then it was his own fault. It was in his character, and one could not ease him or change him, and she turned him down."



"If we keep stopping like this, Congressman, we'll never get your campaigning done."

• •

THE following morning, I remembered my dictionary, but when I arrived at the flower-streaked bank by the water, where I had been reading, I could not find it. I decided to ask Kucera, the head gardener, if he had seen it. On my way back toward the castle, I noted that the Chinese-wig tree was in bloom; if I were to say something flattering about it, Kucera might be less unpleasant to deal with than usual. I skirted the terrace curving round the Gothic wing, reached the garden wall, and entered by the narrow green door, scraping my hand on the rusty lock. It starts well, I thought. You can always rely on Kucera to make you feel welcome. Walking down the central path, I met two of the under-gardeners, and one of them pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, saying, "Second as you go down." I approached the second greenhouse. Through the dirty panes I could see rows of red and purple cinerarias densely massed on planks in rising tiers; they would never be bedded out, and no one of my family would ever see them.

Kucera was seated in front of the entrance on a pair of folded stepladders. He was cutting strands of raffia with his penknife, and I thought how peculiar it was that when he was alone he was always cutting lengths of raffia, just as my mother, when alone, was always filing her nails. He was a tall, distinguished-looking old man, and the very sight of him dismayed me, because he did not seem so much like a head gardener as like an actor playing head gardener, and not a good actor, at that. He glanced at me sideways without raising his head, touched the frayed brim of his panama, and said, "Coming for your book, I see, Miss."

"How do you know it's mine?" I asked.

He did not reply.

"Then if you knew it's mine, why didn't you send it over? I was frightfully worried about it. I thought it had got drowned in the river."

"You were reading it down there where no one of the family ever comes near," he said, "so you wanted it hidden. You can't teach me much about young girls. It's in the hothouse. I gave it an airing. If it stays damp, you get mildew on it."

He rose, and I walked beside him down the central path, past low-grown espaliered apple trees trained on wire, and between banks of sweet peas that were taller than I was.

"Those sweet peas were the first ever in Bohemia," Kucera said. "Your great-grandfather brought the seeds with him from a business trip to England."

I thought, There he goes, bragging again, and I said, "They are very fine. I've never seen better." This was true, and yet I said to myself, "And a fat lot of use they are to me, because we never see any in the castle and our vases are empty. As far as Kucera is concerned, we've all ceased to exist ever since my great-grandfather died."

As he stopped by the hothouse, holding the door open for me, he looked at me fully for the first time. "I suppose you got this in Switzerland," he said, his eyes on the brooch I was wearing. "It's well made. It does look like the genuine thing."

I fingered the brooch, looking down at it; it was carved of bone in the shape of a gentian flower and dyed exactly the true gentian shade of hot, exciting blue. "Mama bought it for me in Lucerne," I said. "It's pretty, isn't it?"

"I did not say it was pretty," he remarked. "I said it looked like the real thing."

I felt myself blushing with annoyance, but I had to be pleasant till he gave me the book, and I said, "I could have had another one. Mama let me choose for myself. The other brooch was edelweiss, though, and that's not so nice. It's dull, because it's all white."

"Is that so?" he said, still holding the door and still not moving.

I looked along the rows of lettuce and radishes on one side and the cucumber frames on the other. I thought, This is simply too much. What does he expect? Why doesn't he get a move on? Or am I first to pay him a compliment about the lettuces and then he'll tell me they were the first ever in Bohemia? I forced myself to look him full in the face, and said, "Well, that's true, isn't it?"

"Ah," he said. "Come with me."

I fell behind him as he led the way to the fourth greenhouse, lying at the farthest end of the garden, where the neatness and regimentation of the vegetables gave way to the riot and abandon of thickets of raspberries and red-currant bushes. There he stopped and bent down, as though looking for something he had mislaid on the ground, and then pointed with his penknife at an inconspicuous plant clustered close and flat against a rubble of stones. "What's this?" he asked.

Moved only by my desire to humor him, I inspected it more carefully. It seemed not so much like a plant as like an imitation of one, crudely cut out of pale-green blotting paper and joined clumsily together. "What on earth?" I said.

"It's edelweiss," he said.

"How on earth?" I cried. "No, it couldn't be."

"Couldn't be, shouldn't be, but is," he said. "Like lots of other things. It's about—let me see—it must be thirty years old. Old Count Sternborn brought it from the Gross Glockner, to dare me—his idea of a joke. He thought I couldn't keep it alive, but the joke turned sour on him. He didn't last long. He pegged out well before your great-grandfather did, who was a sensible man and lived to eighty-eight, and died four months after you were born, Miss. And the edelweiss is still alive, if you call this being alive. I wish it had died. Turns my stomach every time I see it."

"But why?" I asked. "It's— It's quite an achievement, isn't it? Something to be proud of?"

"Sacramental rubbish," he said, using a favorite expression of his. "If you take the edelweiss from where it belongs and put it where it doesn't, and it can't thrive and still hangs on and gets degenerate and is a sorry sight to behold, what's there to be proud of? And that's not the worst of it. Every time I happen to pass by and it looks at me with its dull green eyes, it makes me think of Count Sternborn, of course. And do you imagine I enjoy thinking of Count Sternborn?"

"Well, I never knew him," I said, "but I know what you mean, and I suppose it would make me feel like that, too. But then, I mean, you've got nothing to reproach yourself with, just because he died. That's up to Dr. Bloch."

"Dr. Bloch can— Never mind what he can," Kucera said. "Count Sternborn's pushing up the daisies, and welcome. I'm talking of young Count Sternborn—the present, that is—and not so young, either, since he's getting a bit long in the tooth."

I stared at him, flustered and bewildered.

"Reading fancy books by the river," he said, "but dumb, like the rest of your family. There's never been any good coming out of the family, not since the old gentleman died, and you live as happy as the day is long. But Count Sternborn doesn't and can't thrive and is a pain in the neck."

"Yes, I know," I said. "And that's because of his engagements and how they never came off. I've heard about it—I know simply everything. And that's the reason."

"Sacramental rubbish," he said. "That's not the reason, and if Dr. Bloch comes a hundred times and sits in the Austrian Room and shoots his mouth off, it's still not the reason. The trouble is different, and was there all along, and that business with his three brides, that's grown out of the same trouble, too—three times a different woman, and three times the same, nothing changed. Because, when you

AFTER FEVER

Late the third night, it was, the fever lifted.
I felt composure fall like heavy velours,
fold, fold upon fold, until the room was filled.

Unaware once more of taking any breath,
I wiped my breath away from the misted glass
to watch my image outside in the darkness

staring steadily back across the stillness
and into the swaddled air. Here, hours before,
counting each gasp and desperate fingerhold

three hundred feet above a slithering sea,
I clawed the greasy tiles of a sloping roof
and then was launched in a vivifying wind

to learn how easeful falling through water is.
Endlessly, endlessly, cushioned on the plush
that covered what seemed like comfortable death,

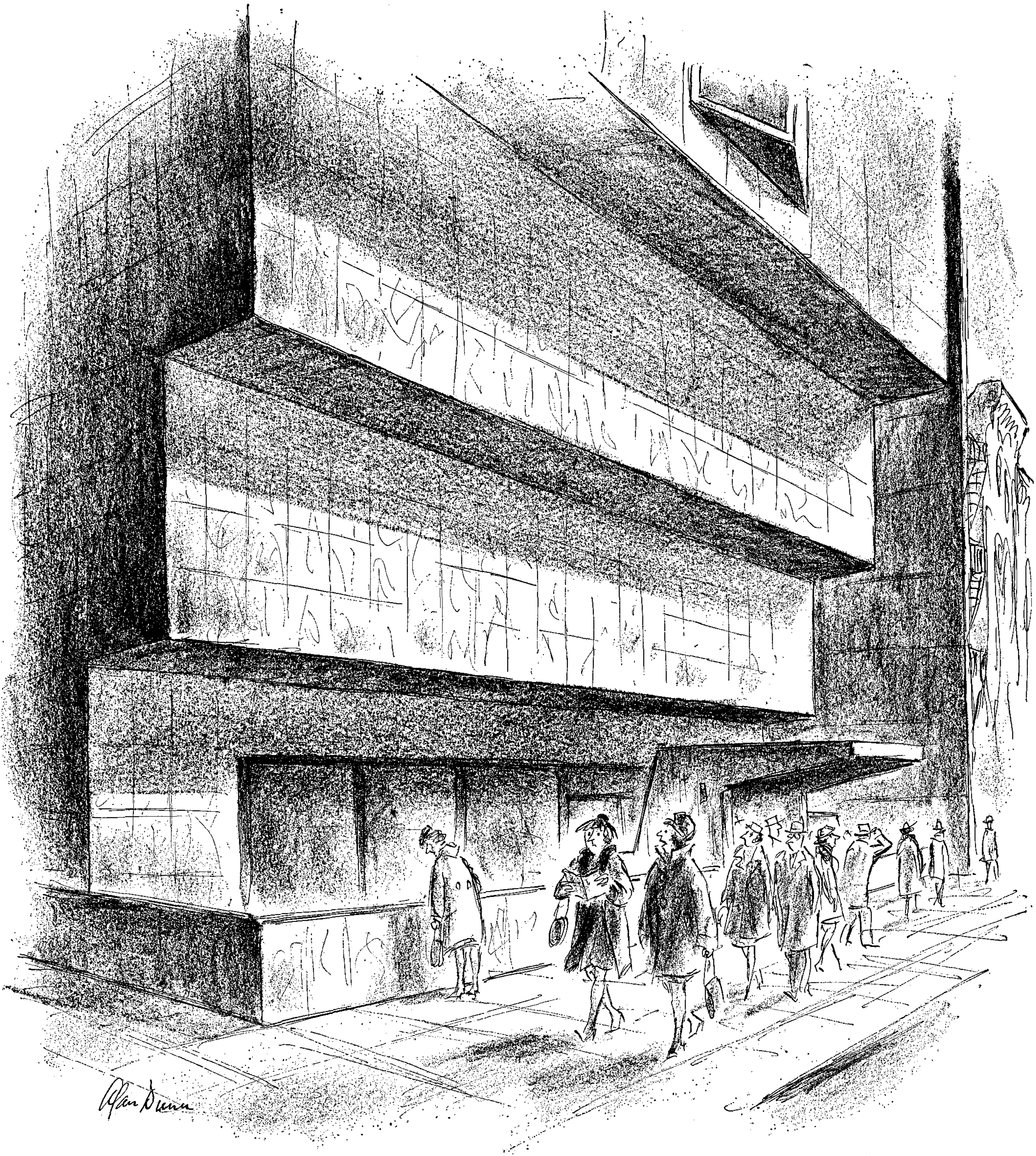
I felt myself fall till I sensed that the sea
was not sea, nor wind wind, nor this death my death;
and the notion, like my image, vanishing

with the nap of dark in the beginning day,
left me standing cold to breathe by a window,
watching the world, unstifled with common wind,

shuffling back like an aging adulterer,
tripsing shabbily back through the fallen leaves
and up to my door as if nothing had happened.

—Ted Walker

• •



"Why can't someone design a museum that doesn't have to be explained?"

• •

come to think of it, he was made to be high up on the mountains, on the highest peaks in the snow, you might say, with his honor and his high ideas of himself, and couldn't make a go of it, and can't live and can't die, and now puts it all on account of the breakup in 1918 and how there's no place for him as a soldier, and that's sacramental rubbish, too. Because even in the days of old Austria the peaks weren't high enough for him and the snow wasn't white enough. And when I show you the edelweiss, you say, 'Couldn't be,' and I say, 'Shouldn't be, but is.' And now you'd better come along and take your sacramental book with you, and if madam your grandmother happens to ask about me, you can tell her that Kucera will need new pipes for the stove in the hothouse."

By the time I had reached the door in the garden wall, I had composed a good Tacitus sentence: "It is known that Count Sternborn, though he made three attempts, never succeeded in getting married, be it because the Gods misguided him in the choice of his brides, or be it because his sense of honor made him heedless of the other duties he owed to life."

—EDITH TEMPLETON

•

THE FREE UNIVERSITY

. . . the love of learning should supercede the desire for a good grade.

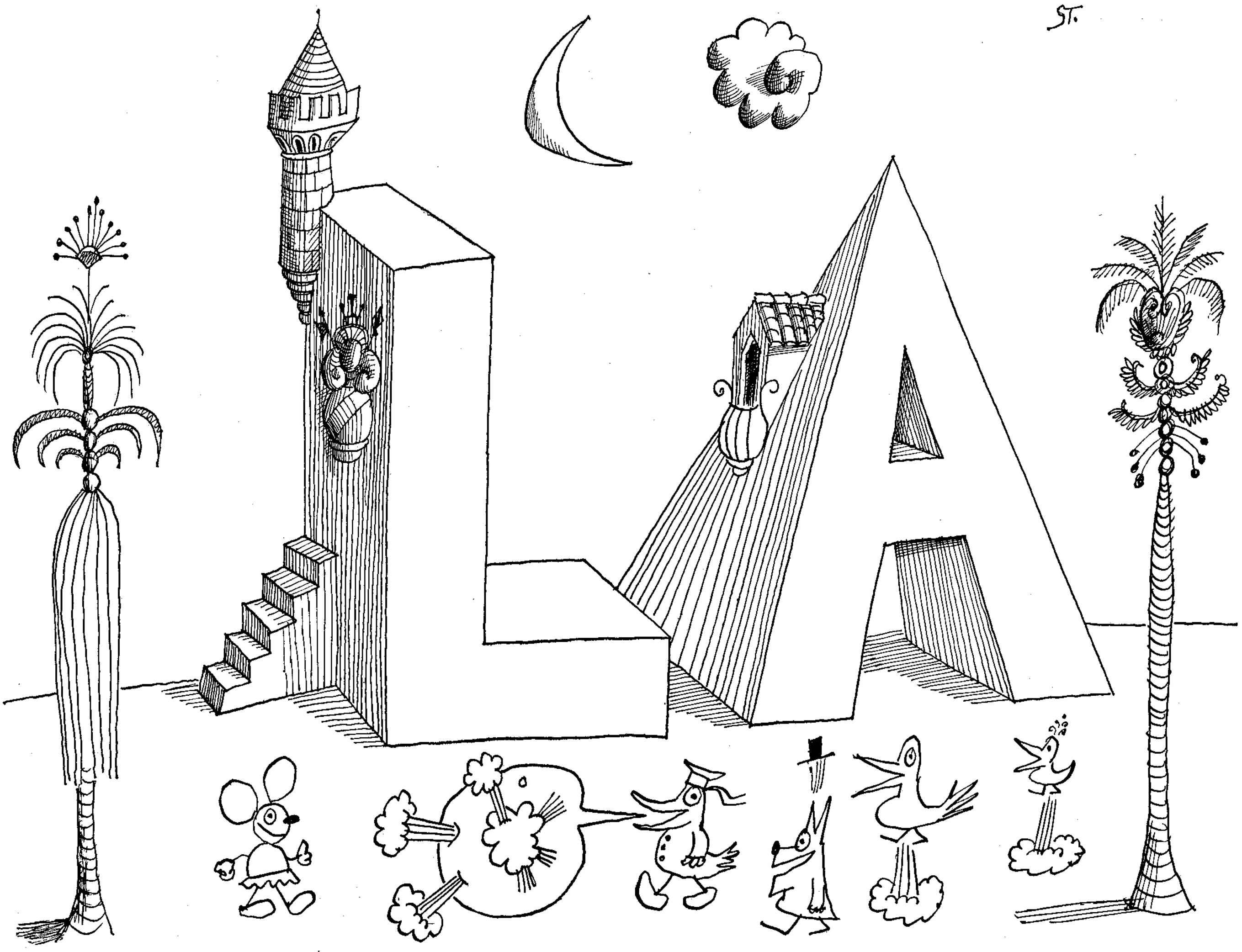
—*Cornell Alumni News.*

In your case, it's almost bound to.

PROFILES

THE ULTIMATE CITY

III—TECHNOLOGY AND FRONTIERSMANSHIP



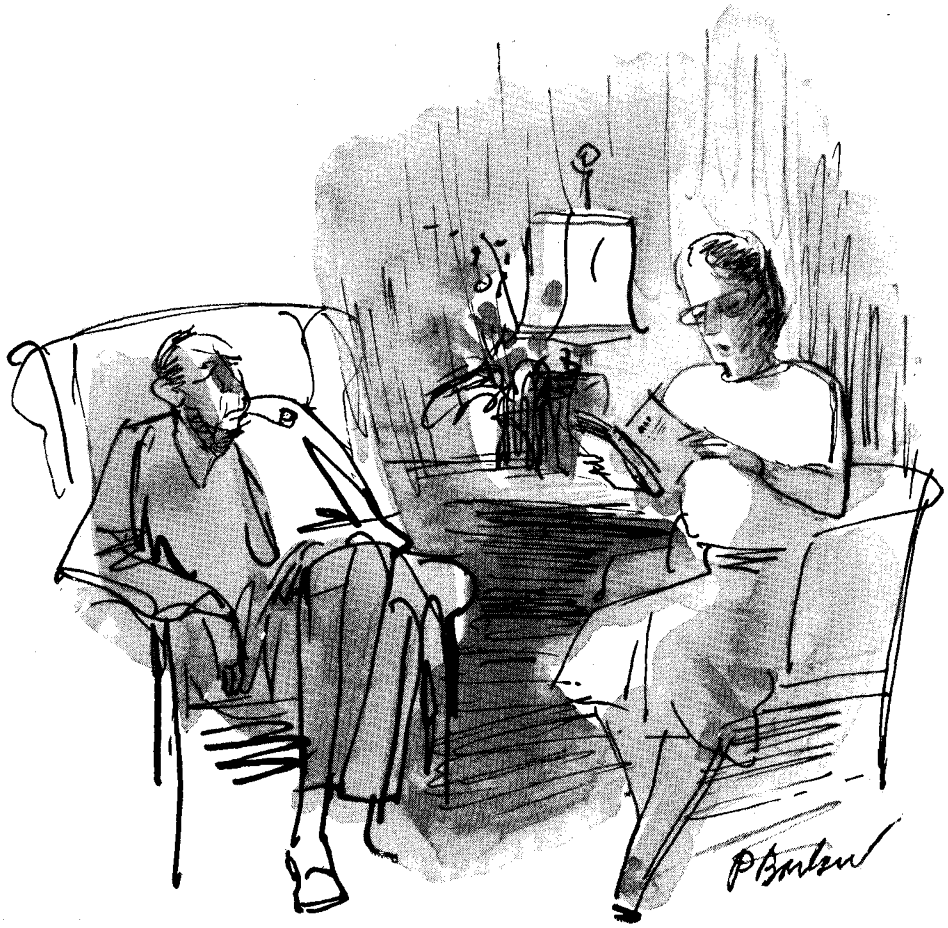
IN its racial makeup, as in so many other respects, Los Angeles is unique among American cities. Over the years, most of them have functioned as melting pots; immigrants have poured in by boat or by train, and their children and grandchildren have thrown off their ancestral culture in the rush to become unhyphenated Americans. All this has almost no application to Los Angeles. To be sure, Los Angeles did have Irish, Italian, and Jewish slums in the twenties and thirties, but they were on a tiny scale; in size L.A.'s Italian colony has never approached that of San Francisco. Very little of L.A.'s Caucasian component has come by sea; the bulk has come by land from the mid-continent—the other side of the deserts—where it tarried for generations and did most of its melting. Thus, the white Angeleno, regardless of his ancestral blood, is likely to have a Midwestern outlook. Except for the city's big Jewish population, which has grown much bigger through the influx of Hitler refugees from the thirties on, Los Angeles has historically lacked those European groups that made institutions like settlement houses and political bossism so important in the East. There are many Angelenos of, say, German ancestry, but they are likely to have come from Wisconsin or some other Midwestern state after many years of the Americanizing process.

On the other hand, L.A. has an exceptionally rich mixture of human types that seem to be unmeltable, or meltable only with difficulty, into our culture. Its Negro population, which is on the order of the ones in New York and Chicago, astonished the world two summers ago by the violence of its rioting. It has the largest Japanese population on the American mainland, plus a smaller Chinese colony and splinter groups of Filipinos, Koreans, and other Orientals. And it has a big Mexican element, which lives a generally separate life. Los Angeles is the most populous Mexican city outside Mexico itself, and, as such, it has a dual nature. It is the great southwestern frontier center of our "Anglo" culture, and it is also the northwestern frontier center of the Mexican culture. ("Anglo" is the term for our dominant majority that is used by Mexicans or in Mexican contexts; it corresponds to "white" in Negro contexts and "Caucasian" in Japanese.) The Mexicans of Los Angeles constitute one unassimilated minority in American life that goes almost entirely unnoticed by the majority. Eastern liberals, however much they may have championed our Negroes or our European immigrants, have paid little heed to our Mexican Americans. Southwesterners, for their part, tend not to see minorities in the Eastern way. The Southwesterners brushed Indians aside in crossing the continent, and a little more than a century ago they took

California from Mexico by force. Their approach to race relations is traditionally unilateral, in contrast to the "accommodation" now favored in the East. "The United States frontier culture has always been racist," a Japanese-American scholar told me last spring. "Frederick Jackson Turner, the great historian of the frontier, never realized this, or, if he did, he didn't admit it, but still it is so. The frontiersmen's dealings with the Indians and the Mexicans lie behind the troubles that the Japanese, Negroes, and other minority peoples have had here."

The Indians of southern California are not prominent now, and even before the arrival of the white man they weren't especially strong or active; they lived docilely in small bands, and their most noteworthy artistic creations were baskets. By the time the Anglos came along, the Indians had been dominated and partly absorbed by the Spanish culture, which was better at assimilating them than we have been. Mexico won its independence in 1822, and then weakly held on to California as part of its northernmost territory. We infiltrated the area and, in 1848, finally took it. Something of the old has always remained, though. Today, Los Angeles has many Spanish place names and street names; it has much architecture that is imitative, however superficially, of Spanish Colonial styles; and Mexican food is available throughout its length and breadth. The place is congenial to Mexicans, relatively speaking; Mexican absentee landlords come to live in southern California, as they do not come to live in other parts of the country, and poor Mexicans come there to be absorbed into a Spanish-speaking, Mexican-living mass not very different from the one they left behind. Of course, the political border does mark a cultural change. If one crosses to Tijuana, a hundred and thirty miles down the coast from L.A., one finds the machine-precise California highways yielding to carefree rutted roads. One finds the bland beige California buildings yielding to buildings of a richer palette, including oxblood and strong greens. One finds much more poverty in Mexico, with shantytowns clustered just across the border. One sees men in wider-brimmed hats, and widows dressed in black, and mothers with braids and slung babies, like Rivera mural figures. And there are many invisible differences, too, having to do with such matters as law and administration, which are sketchier in Mexico than they are in the United States. Still, there is a continuity; the same bright, arid landscape rolls on, regardless of the border. A Mexican immigrant to this country does not cross an ocean, like one from Europe or Asia. He just moves north through familiar terrain, and he doesn't commit himself heavily to the place he moves into; if things go wrong, he can always move back south, and many Mexican immigrants do. It is questionable, in fact, how much of a change the less sophisticated immigrants think they are making. I know one Mexican who moved here from the old country with his mother in the thirties, when he was a small child. Recently, he and his brothers have been trying to send the mother back to her native village, so that she could spend her last years in her home surroundings. "Never mind," she has been telling them. "I am home now. I am in my native country. I can die as happily here as anywhere." As Mexico's landscape is of a piece with California's, so is its history, and Mexicans are aware of this. "After all, we were here first," a Mexican-American intellectual has told me. And thus the relationship is different from standard international relations—or immigrant relations as we Americans know them elsewhere.

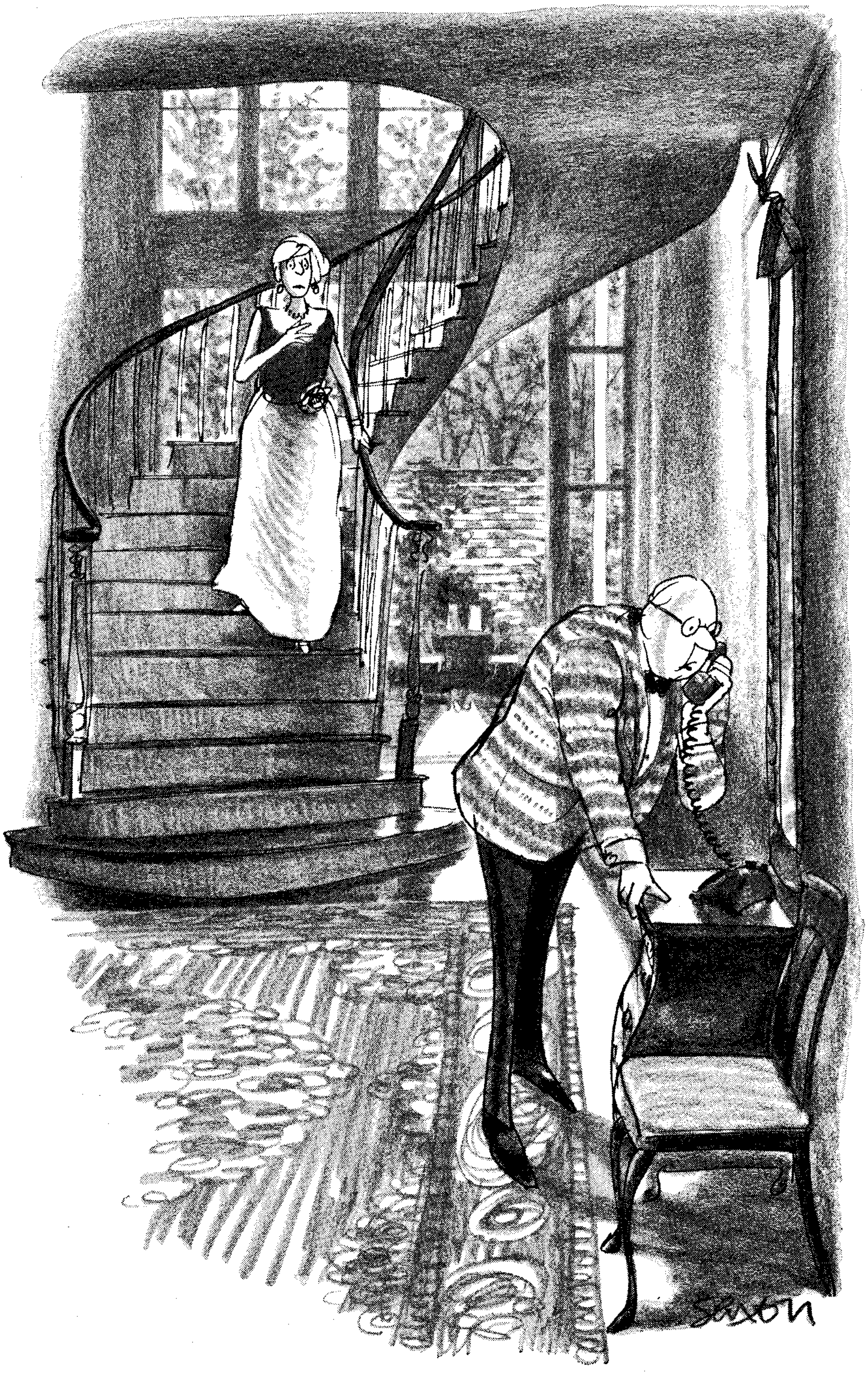
It is the gulf between cultures, for the most part, that keeps the L.A. Mexicans from melting. It seems a greater barrier than sheer racial discrimination by the Anglos. Anglo discrimination against Mexicans is a complex thing. The Mexicans in Los Angeles, like those in Mexico, vary a lot in physical type, depending partly on how much Indian blood they have, and in Los Angeles, as in Mexico, these differences affect their social acceptability. Pale, aquiline, Spanish-looking Mexicans are mobile in Los Angeles society, especially if they speak English and dress presentably. Dark, Indian-looking ones have more trouble, and again, this is worse when they speak only Spanish and dress outlandishly by our standards. In any case, color, as such, does enter into it, or used to. Recently, I was shown through East Los Angeles, the city's biggest Mexican section—still rapidly expanding—by a young Mexican American who had grown up there. We came to a part that, he recalled, had been non-Mexican in his boyhood but that he and a friend, named José, had often ventured into. "There was a public swimming pool there, and I used to be allowed to go in it," he said. "But José was darker than I was, and he couldn't. He had to



"Edgar, wouldn't you get more out of life if you were some kind of buff?"

stand outside the fence and watch me while I swam. We saw nothing wrong with that at the time. Of course, now, as I look back, it seems a terrible breach of loyalty, but in those days it seemed all right."

My guide also showed me a part of East Los Angeles that had been an Italian enclave in his childhood and that Mexican boys had been able to go into only at the risk of bad beatings, or even death, at the hands of Italian gangs. But that kind of race feeling is pretty much gone now, he said. Discrimination against Mexicans in public conveyances, restaurants, and so on is said to be near the vanishing point, and there is little or no objection to Mexican-Anglo marriages. "There *is* discrimination still, but it is subtle and hard to pin down," one Mexican American has told me. "Anglos *do* tend to move out of a neighborhood if Mexicans move in, though more slowly than they do if Negroes move in. And Mexicans are discriminated against in jobs. There is a beer-distributing company run by Italian Americans near here that employs a hundred and fifty people, none of them Mexicans, though Mexicans are great beer buyers." He said that Mexicans in Los Angeles were often passed over for promotion, too, and he added that while lack of education might be given as an excuse for this, race feeling was usually the true reason. Mexicans live almost everywhere in L.A., though there is a particular concentration of them in the eastern part. What bar there is to their spreading is said to be less racial than economic. Most Mexicans in Los Angeles are poor, and can't afford to live in the rich subcommunities that are typical of the city. They can live near them, however, and there are small Mexican settlements dotted throughout L.A. Many of these had their origins in old *barrios*, or Mexican workers' colonies, dating back to the time when most of the present city was open country. As the territory surrounding the *barrios* has been urbanized, the *barrios* have remained little Mexican quarters, now urban themselves. Thus, the Mexican and the Anglo presences in L.A. are to some degree coextensive—a circumstance that adds to the feeling one gets of a double city.



"Listen to me, Francine! Stay in Wellesley! We can discuss who you are and who I am over the vacations!"

If sheer race feeling between Anglos and Mexicans is almost ended, the cultural gap is not. Young Mexican Americans simply do not throw aside their culture as have, say, the young Italian Americans of the Northeast. Often, even if their families have been in the city for generations, they will speak little English. It is rare for a youth to emerge from the great mass of Mexicans (as distinct from the Anglicized "Spanish" minority) into the more sophisticated—that is, the highly trained and professional—segment of the Anglo world. For example, three or four big academic studies of Mexican Americans are under way in Los Angeles now, backed by foundation grants, and all of them are directed by non-Mexicans (though one does have a Mexican assistant director). Some Mexican Americans are distressed by things like this, but there seems to be no remedy for them at the moment. Apparently there are no Mexican-American social scientists adept enough at the combination of scholarship and traditional Anglo-style academic politics that is needed to line the grants up. The majority of the Mexican young people are reared in a bilingual state that I have heard called both "no-lingualism" and "negative bilingualism," signifying deficiency in both tongues. As a result, a boy must get some sort of extraordinary break if he is to enter the mainstream of Anglo education. I once remarked on this to

Night Shades For Night Owls

Germaine Monteil introduces a new kind of radiance...The Night Shades...alive with a maximum amount of Lumium, Monteil's dramatic light reflecting agent. Suddenly your face has a romantic glow by nightlight, your eyes sparkle, your lips are more seductive than ever before. Dare to be beautiful...be a Night Owl.

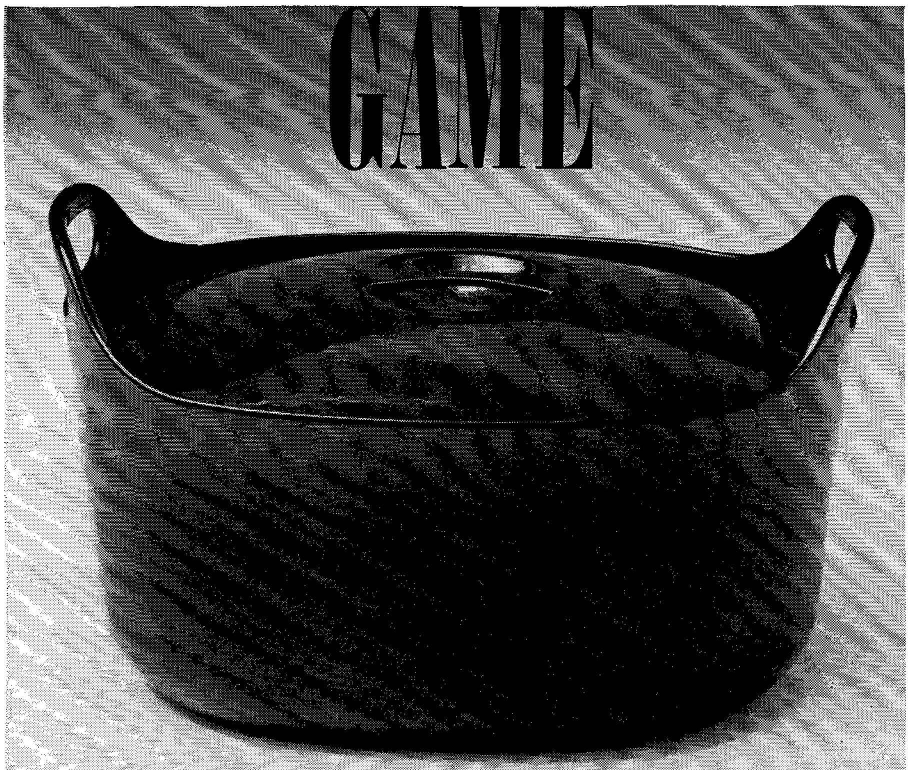
Germaine Monteil

Matthews

A special place for the special woman. Who wants clothes that tick — and click. She loves the way Matthews synchronizes a collection — creates unusual fabrics, custom colors, easy engaging fashions — winds up with echoing accessories. See them now, only in Matthews shops

our tent coat in black/white wool chicken-wire-checks, $250 (interlined $270); skimmy wool repp alldaydress, $169.95

22 W. 57th St., New York
9669 Wilshire, Beverly Hills
850 N. Michigan, Chicago
Palm Springs



Perfect for squab, guinea hen or coq au vin—our handsome cast-iron and enamel covered casserole from Finland. In black or red, 11¼" x 5", $24. By mail or phone for your convenience. Please add 75¢ beyond our delivery area. Write for our 1966 Christmas Gift Portfolio.

GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10022 • SCARSDALE • MILLBURN • MANHASSET

one of the few outstanding young Mexican-American scholars I have met. "That's right," he said. "And I'll tell you what the break was in my case. When I was a little boy, my mother happened to move a few blocks north, from an almost entirely Mexican section of East L.A. to one that was predominantly Jewish. From then on, I was surrounded by Jewish kids and had to speak English all the time. In fact, I almost lost my identity; I didn't know if I was Jewish or Mexican or what." He went to school with the Jewish children, and suffered embarrassment when they were attacked by Mexican children. For years, he lived in the atmosphere, so familiar to Easterners, of Jewish striving to excel in the Anglo culture. Then, toward the end of high school, came the question of whether he should go to college. His Jewish friends all urged him—and two other Mexicans in their class—to do so, and in a dramatic session in their senior year all three declared they would, despite hints from their teacher that Mexicans weren't very well adapted to higher education or very welcome in it. All three have since done well in professional careers, though their Mexican contemporaries still live apart, in the other culture of East Los Angeles.

Mexican children in Los Angeles are notorious school dropouts; in California the Negroes, themselves such notorious dropouts elsewhere, complete almost two more years of school, on the average, than the Mexicans do. This is partly because of the language problem, which makes school a dismaying ordeal for many Mexican children from the outset. But there are other causes, too. Social scientists have pointed out that Latin-American cultures put little stress on the worldly achievement that Anglos prize so greatly. Anglo children are supposed to start achieving in school, but Mexican children, and their parents, often see little sense in such things. The children aren't pushed, so they fall behind. Then there is the family relationship. Mexican culture goes in for what sociologists call the "extended" family—grandparents, uncles, aunts, and cousins living together with the so-called "nuclear" family, of parents and children, that Anglos mostly grow up in. The feeling in these big Mexican families is warm, making children want to do the right thing in them. With a boy, perhaps partly because of the rural background, this means helping out from an early age with odds and ends of work. So boys often neg-

6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC. DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.

ELISOFON © 1965 HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC.

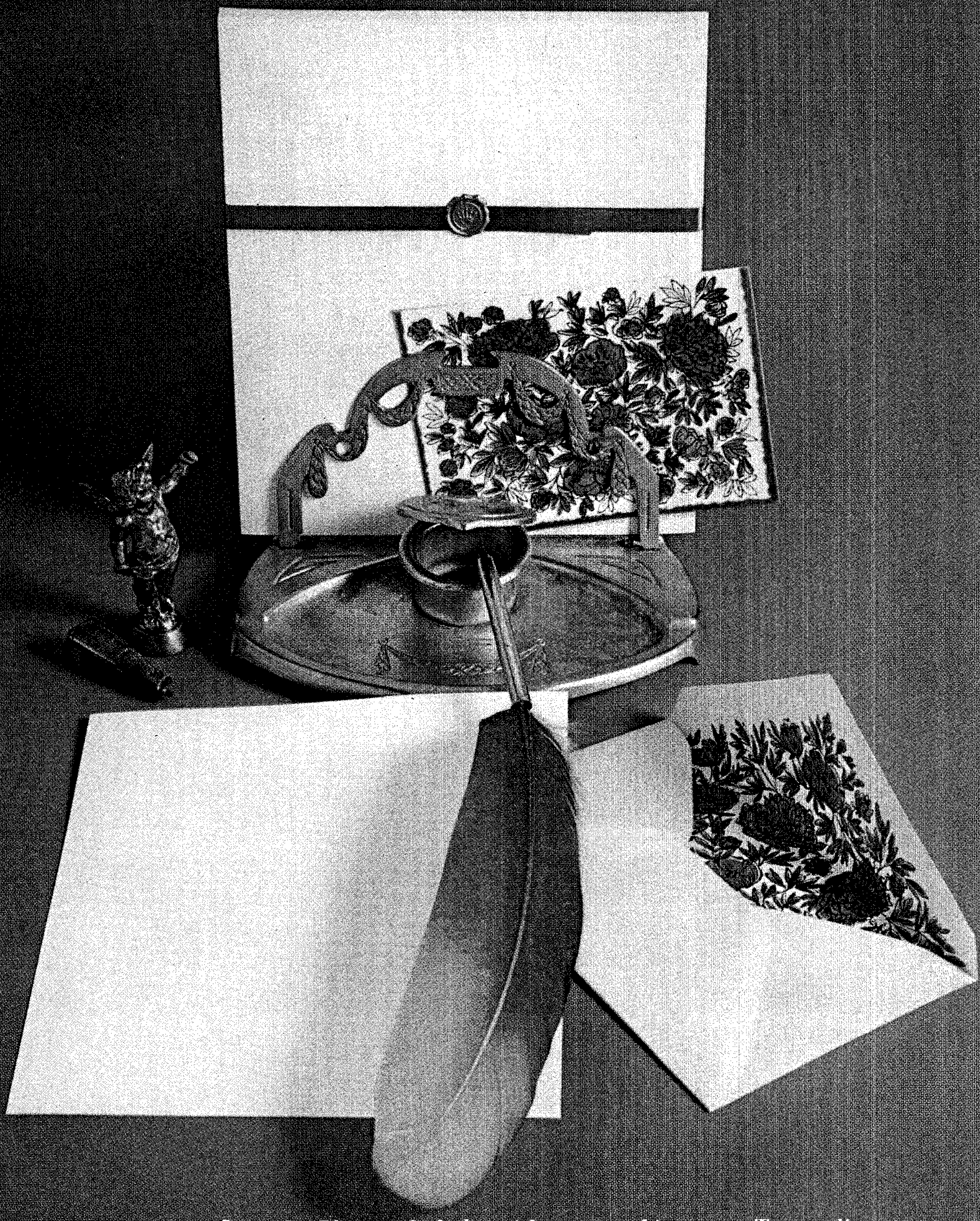
Krone, of Assmannshausen on the Rhine, greets you with Hirschkalbsteak "Schwarzwälder Art" and Canadian Club

The wine cellar of this proud old German inn dates back to 1541, the early days of the Hapsburg Dynasty. The golden Guest Book thunders with great names out of history. Many of the recipes are several centuries old. One regal specialty is poached Rhine salmon. Another is venison steak in cream sauce, Black Forest style. You'll find Canadian Club here, too. Enjoy it in short ones before dinner, and tall ones after.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II
SUPPLIERS OF "CANADIAN CLUB" WHISKY
HIRAM WALKER & SONS LIMITED
WALKERVILLE, CANADA

Why this whisky's universal popularity? It has the lightness of Scotch *and* the smooth satisfaction of Bourbon. No other whisky tastes quite like it. Try Canadian Club—the world's lightest whisky—this very evening. It's "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

Says so much about you before you write a word



Lavender-Blue . . . splashed on rich, creamy white paper. To compliment your thoughts. To serve as thoughtful gifts. Every sheet watermarked. Every box fastened with ribbon and sealed with the Hallmark Crown. Priced from $1 to $4. Available exclusively at stores that sell Hallmark Cards.

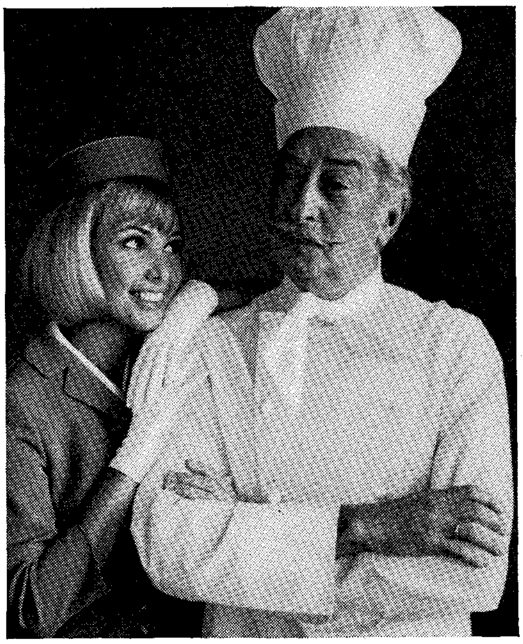
Hallmark
Stationery

When you care enough to send the very best

lect school to run errands, and the like, until they fall behind. Dropping out is the next step.

Mexicans have long been rebuffed and callously treated by Anglos, and they have responded with a kind of withdrawal. This should be no surprise when one considers how many Anglos, too, withdraw before the harshness of our society. (And the Mexican withdrawal is not nearly so profound as that of our Southwestern Indians.) The Mexican feeling includes a simple revulsion against some features of our national life. The huge Los Angeles County General Hospital, for instance, which is near East Los Angeles, is generally hailed by Anglos as a monument of good works, but by its Mexican neighbors it is more generally thought of as a monument of coldness—a place that receives the sick unsympathetically and will not let their families stay around to comfort them. "Many of us Mexicans won't take our relatives there," one of their number has told me. "And we won't take them to other such institutions, either—not to mental-health institutions, for instance. We prefer to care for our own, at home, and we feel we should. Many of us distrust all the institutions of this society. My mother didn't even trust the banks here." With the old country so close, withdrawal is easy. "The Mexican American has not cut the umbilical cord from Mexico," an academic study has noted. "Why are they not found at concerts and lectures? It is not just that they are not asked, or do not feel welcome; they are watching the bullfights on TV. The culture is constantly being reinforced from Mexico; and they are constantly bombarded by Spanish-language newspapers, radio, etc.; this, plus the fact of being physically identifiable, keeps them from moving out more into the broader community." In outdoor life—the life of action—Mexicans and Anglos achieve some of their closest integration. The two races have long been integrated in sports, and the L.A. pantheon is full of Mexican boxers, jockeys, tennis players, and so on. Hunting and fishing are also shared enthusiasms. The fish-and-game columnist of the Los Angeles *Times* is a Mexican, and Mexican outdoorsmanship is respected by Anglos, and vice versa.

In some Los Angeles schools, in the past, Mexican children were disciplined for speaking Spanish on the premises. This has had two bad effects: it has stifled the development of Spanish-speaking talent, which America could well use now, and it has provoked



We have a corner on Maxim's.

Maxim's of Paris doesn't work for every airline.
Just the world's most experienced.

Which makes a Pan Am first-class President Special flight to Europe something very special.

If your eye comes across "Blanquette de Veau" on one of our menus, for example, you know it's not just anyone's Blanquette, it's *Maxim's* Blanquette.

The same goes for our Pheasant Armagnac, or any one of dozens of other President Special entrees.

And we're just as fussy when it comes to fine wines.

The fact is, all of our wine-selecting is done by Mister Maxim's himself, Monsieur Louis Vaudable.

He has a corner on Bordeaux and Burgundy.

PAN AM

President Special

Pan Am's first-class service throughout the world

Impeccably

Tailorbrooke

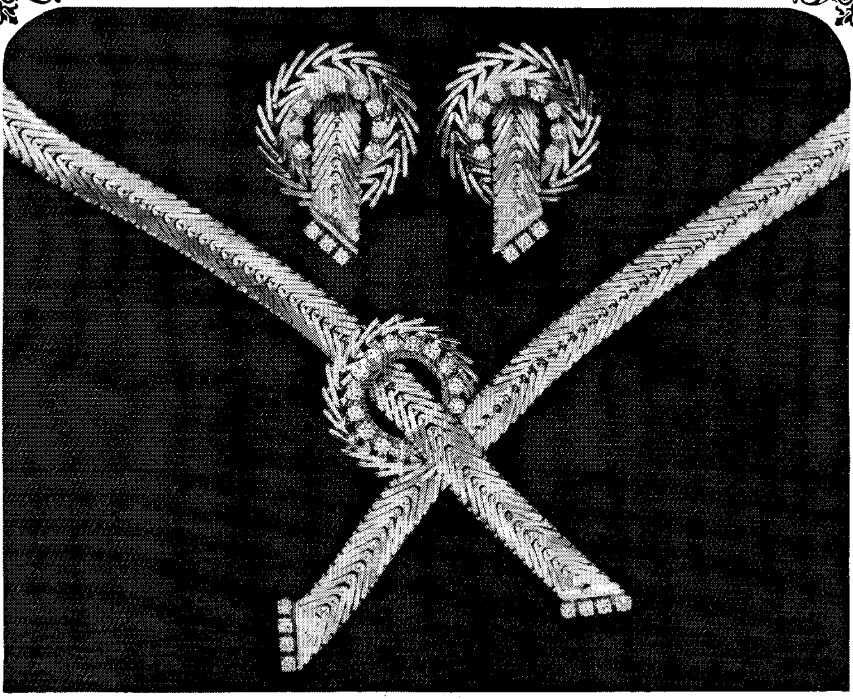
Timeless elegance at a quiet price.

This is the classic character of Tailorbrooke—expressed here in this virgin wool diagonal. In blended tones of redwood or teal. Sizes 10 to 18; about $60. From Tailorbrooke's impeccable collection at fine stores including:*

Hahne & Co., Newark
Strawbridge & Clothier, Phila.
Belk's, Charlotte
Rike's, Dayton
T. A. Chapman Co., Milwaukee
Gano-Downs, Denver
The Emporium, San Francisco

**slightly higher in the west*

Tailorbrooke
533 Seventh Ave.,
New York, N.Y.



SHREVE'S FINE DIAMONDS IN 18 KT. GOLD
Exquisite earclips with movable pendants, $675 pair. Necklace, $850. Matching bracelet not shown, $1175. Shown actual size.

SHREVE CRUMP & LOW CO.
330 BOYLSTON STREET
Area Code 617 267-9100
BOSTON

young Mexicans into clinging defiantly to their ancestral ways, or what they perhaps mistakenly think these to be. Thus, Mexican schoolboys today often swagger about with extra-long sideburns and extra-sloppy blue jeans, causing refined Anglo schoolmates to recoil in what is doubtless a highly satisfactory way. Mexican intransigence also extends to outright anti-social behavior, and there is still a good deal of Mexican gangsterism, violence, and petty crime in Los Angeles, and Mexican alcoholism and drug addiction as well—types of conduct that sociologists are wont to associate with alienation. (Virtually all of L.A.'s reputedly vast narcotics supply is said to originate in Mexico.) The situation and the behavior of the Los Angeles Mexicans are like those of the New York Puerto Ricans in many ways, but there are important differences. For one thing, the L.A. Mexicans have no Negro blood, as so many Puerto Ricans have, to complicate their problem. For another (and this is a disadvantage), they are not automatically American citizens, as the Puerto Ricans are. It seems, also, that Puerto Ricans, thanks to the fast development of their home island, are now apt to be well along in the machine age by the time they reach New York. To be sure, this is true of some Mexicans, who come to L.A. briefly to learn a trade and then go back, but the more permanent immigrants are from the vast, still primitive countryside, and they appear to be more rural, and perhaps a little slower, than the Puerto Ricans.

All things considered, the Mexicans and the Anglos seem destined to live apart, somewhat like the English and the French in Canada. In one sense, this can be seen as no loss, since East Los Angeles—with its little houses, its rich front-porch life, its lovingly watered flowers, and its shopwindows full of forgotten things like sewing trays—is a relief to visit after the so different and monotonous main city. But many Anglos, of course, don't feel that way about it. They look on the poorer and culturally different Mexicans as inferior, and often, if they are dark, as sinister. These Anglos are made nervous by them or, more commonly, they ignore them. There is a much greater mutual indifference than there is between the two big ethnic groups in Canada.

THE state of the Japanese in Los Angeles is another matter. They arrived in driblets, which implied a willingness to melt insofar as physical differences would let them. Later, they

Send us 25¢. We'll send you.

vitabath
vitabath
vitabath
Bath Gelée for Foam Bath and Shower
The Ultimate in Bathing Luxury

Vitabath is a gelée for bath or shower. Once you experience the miracles it performs, you may never use a soap or bath oil again. Europe's most glamorous women and attractive men have enjoyed the ecstasy of Vitabath for years. (In Europe it's called Badedas.) It turns water into liquid velvet. It floats you on billowy clouds of foamy froth, penetrating deep down to cleanse every pore, leaving no clogging residue. It keeps your skin looking younger than you are. How exhilarated you feel afterwards . . . like being in love with the whole wide world. Sound exaggerated? Risk just 25¢ to find out. We'll send you a generous sample. Available at most fine drug and department stores.

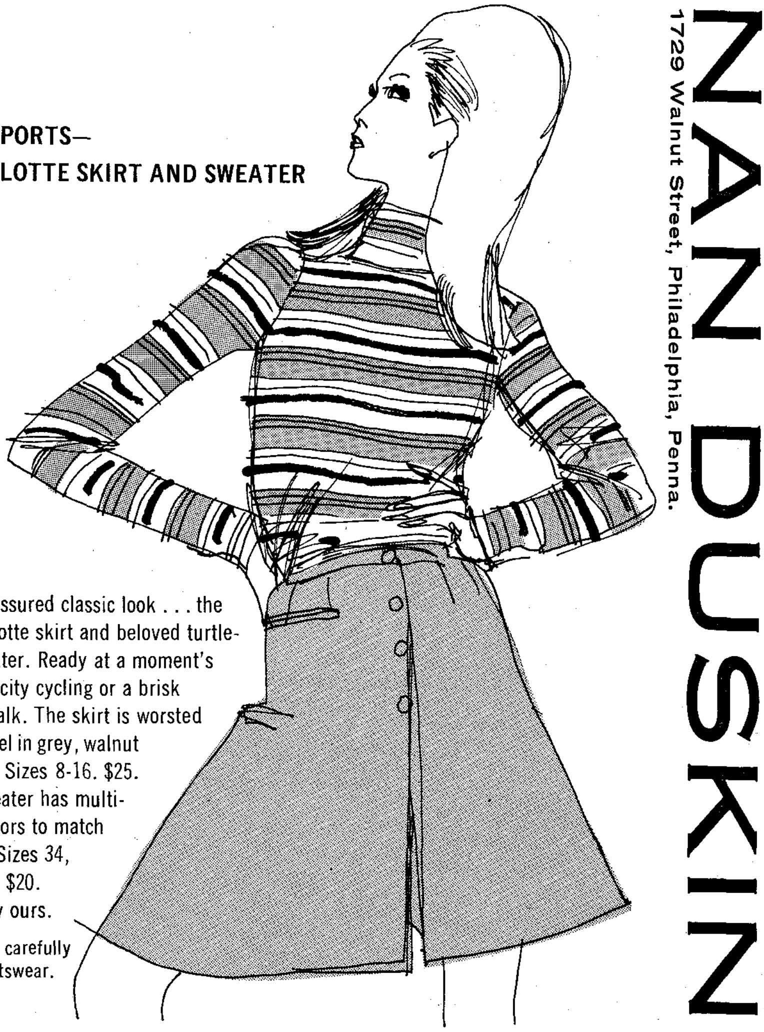
Vitabath, Inc., Dept. D, 425 Park Ave., N. Y. 10022

Sounds incredible,
but here's my 25¢ for a Vitabath sample.

Name________________

Address________________

City________________ State__________ Zip No.__________



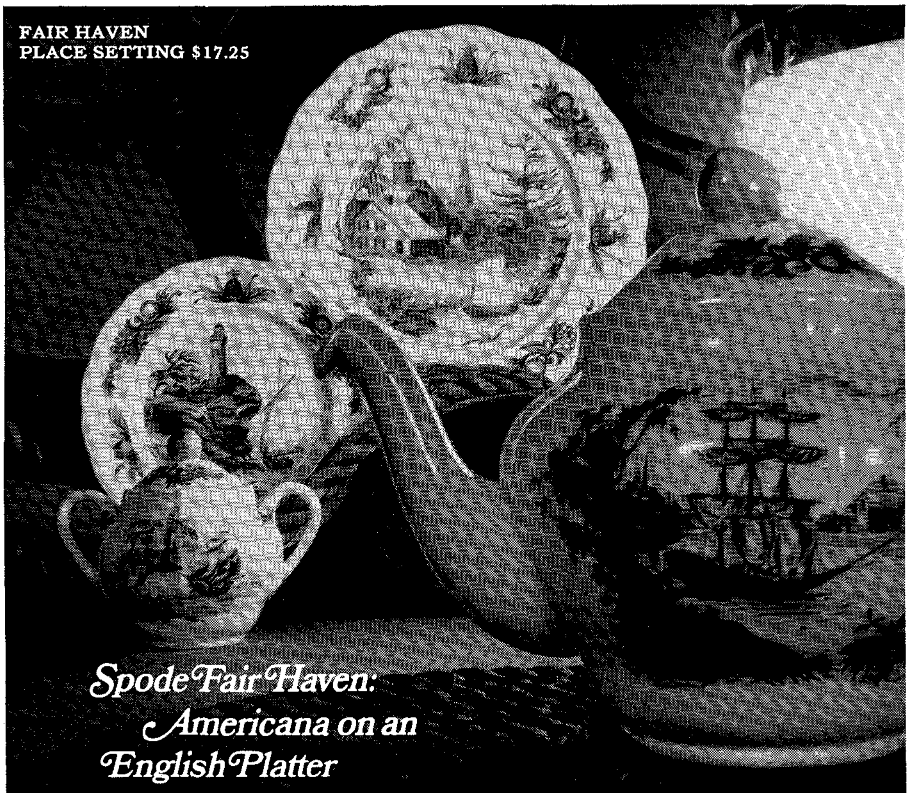
GOOD SPORTS—
THE CULOTTE SKIRT AND SWEATER

A self-assured classic look . . . the prized culotte skirt and beloved turtleneck sweater. Ready at a moment's notice for city cycling or a brisk country walk. The skirt is worsted wool flannel in grey, walnut or brown. Sizes 8-16. $25.

The sweater has multi-striped colors to match the skirt. Sizes 34, 36 and 38. $20. Exclusively ours.

Mail orders carefully filled. Sportswear.

NAN DUSKIN
1729 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Penna.



FAIR HAVEN
PLACE SETTING $17.25

Spode Fair Haven: Americana on an English Platter

The first American pattern by Spode, "Fair Haven" depicts 12 scenic views of life along the great waterways of 19th Century America, thus making each meal an historic occasion. Collectors will display "Fair Haven" in shaker hutches and on pine-panelled walls; other homemakers will use it as every-day ware, and welcome the sturdiness of its strong Imperial body—in the Spirit of '66. Write for Booklet 54.

Spode®
THE FINE ENGLISH
DINNERWARE

wholesale distributors COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC. ☐ 206 FIFTH AVE., ☐ NEW YORK, N. Y. 10010

underwent humiliations and hard treatment, including evacuation from the West Coast after Pearl Harbor, but they have mainly recovered from these experiences now. Their culture is strange by the usual American standards, yet it emphasizes certain things that most Americans, in their Calvinist way, emphasize, too, among them hard work, achievement, precision, and almost compulsive cleanliness. Pursuit of these ideals has helped the Japanese Americans rise since V-J Day (in step with the rise of Japan itself), and the Japanese of Los Angeles now have a favored position, though many of them, recalling the past, don't feel altogether easy about it.

For practical purposes, there are still only three generations of Japanese Americans, and each is conveniently labelled. The oldest Japanese, now typically in their seventies, are the issei, many of whom came to Los Angeles from San Francisco after the earthquake and fire of 1906. They have done mainly agricultural work—and, secondarily, fishing—in and around Los Angeles, although, until the end of the nineteen-forties, as aliens they were not allowed by state law to own land themselves. They arrived as single men, but soon began sending for "picture brides"—fiancées known to them only through photographs—and from those unions came the nisei, who are now typically in their forties, and whose children are the sansei. As native Americans, the nisei are citizens, but most of them were under age at the time of Pearl Harbor, so the Japanese community was politically weak when the evacuation order came, early in 1942. Japanese Americans say that the order was unfair, being based on race prejudice. It was a blanket order as it applied to them, though alien Germans and Italians on the West Coast were evacuated only as individuals, after separate investigations. Certain of the authorities argued that Japan's armed forces might invade, and that nobody knew what the Japanese Americans would do then, but the Japanese Americans point out that the evacuation continued for months after the Battle of Midway, which ended all chance of an invasion, and they say that pressure from jealous California farming and fishing interests, backed up by years of anti-Japanese propaganda in politics and in the Hearst press, was really behind the evacuation. Anyway, it was a hardship for them. Some Japanese had to leave on forty-eight hours' notice, and all were allowed to take only two suitcases apiece. Often, their belongings

Tiffany sterling is a work of art

TIFFANY STERLING AT THESE STORES:

SHOWN, THE AUDUBON PATTERN

ARIZONA N. PFEFFER, Tucson **CALIFORNIA** TIFFANY & CO., Beverly Hills, San Francisco **CONNECTICUT** BERNIE FIELDS, Middletown; M. A. GREEN, Waterbury; THE PHILIP H. STEVENS CO., INC., Hartford; W. D. WEBB, Greenwich **DELAWARE** J. E. CALDWELL CO., Wilmington **DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA** GALT & BRO. INC., Washington; MARTIN'S, Washington; CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON, Washington **FLORIDA** CARROLL'S, Coral Gables, Ft. Lauderdale; LEBAR, Sarasota **GEORGIA** CHARLES WILLIS, INC., Atlanta, Sea Island **ILLINOIS** TIFFANY & CO., Chicago **INDIANA** L. S. AYRES & CO., Indianapolis, Lafayette, Greenwood, Fort Wayne **KENTUCKY** FULLER & WILDER, Lexington **LOUISIANA** COLEMAN E. ADLER & SONS, New Orleans **MARYLAND** A. H. FETTING CO., Baltimore, Towson **MASSACHUSETTS** BIGELOW, KENNARD CO., INC., Boston; THOMAS LONG & CO., Boston, Chestnut Hill, North Shore, South Shore **MICHIGAN** SIEGEL JEWELRY CO., Grand Rapids; CHARLES W. WARREN & CO., Detroit **MINNESOTA** J. B. HUDSON CO., Minneapolis, St. Paul **MISSOURI** MERMOD-JACCARD-KING, St. Louis, Clayton, Crestwood, Maryland Plaza, Northwest Plaza **NEBRASKA** THE AFTERNOON, Omaha **NEW HAMPSHIRE** WARD AMIDON, Hanover; DESJARDINS & CO., INC., Manchester **NEW JERSEY** J. E. CALDWELL CO., Moorestown Mall; HENKE'S, INC., Montclair; LA VAKE JEWELERS, Princeton; SCOTT'S JEWELERS, Plainfield; WILBUR'S, Red Bank **NEW YORK** MAURICE B. GRAUBART & SONS, Schenectady; JON & CO., Huntington, L. I.; ROSE JEWELERS, Patchogue. Riverhead, L. I.; SCHNEIDER'S JEWELERS INC., Kingston; ZIMMER BROTHERS, Poughkeepsie **NORTH CAROLINA** ELIZABETH BRUNS, INC., Charlotte **NORTH DAKOTA** ROYAL JEWELERS, Fargo **OHIO** ARGO & LEHNE, JEWELERS, Columbus; H. M. BAILEY, INC., Cleveland; THE BROER-FREEMAN COMPANY, Toledo; DANFORD-LOWELL, Cleveland **OKLAHOMA** HIGHTOWER, Oklahoma City; LE MARQUIS, Tulsa **OREGON** ZELL BROTHERS, Portland **PENNSYLVANIA** J. E. CALDWELL CO., Philadelphia, Haverford, Plymouth Meeting; WM. H. DILLER, West Reading; P. A. FREEMAN, INC., Allentown; HARDY & HAYES & BRANCHES, Pittsburgh; FRED H. STRAUB, Abington **SOUTH CAROLINA** SMITHWICK JEWELERS, Greenville **TENNESSEE** HANCOCK HOUSE, Memphis **TEXAS** HALTOM'S, Fort Worth; TIFFANY & CO., Houston **VIRGINIA** SCHWARZSCHILD BROTHERS, INC., Richmond **WASHINGTON** FRIEDLANDER & SONS, Seattle, Tacoma; Everett, Bremerton, Longview **WISCONSIN** SCHWANKE-KASTEN CO., Milwaukee; GEORGE WATTS & SON, Milwaukee **CANADA** THE ROBERT SIMPSON CO., LTD., Montreal **PUERTO RICO** JOYERIA RIVIERA, San Juan

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Rural

A suit as refreshing to the
thought as an apparition of
primroses in the streets and
subways of November. Farmhouse
cotton quilting, marvelously
cozy to the wearer within,
covered with country flowers
undiscouraged by the season.
Neat decisive tailoring, with
champagne pockets, gentle skirt.
Fully lined. Iris, Fresh Green,
True Blue. Sizes 6 to 16.

*About thirty dollars at
good stores and college shops*

The Villager®

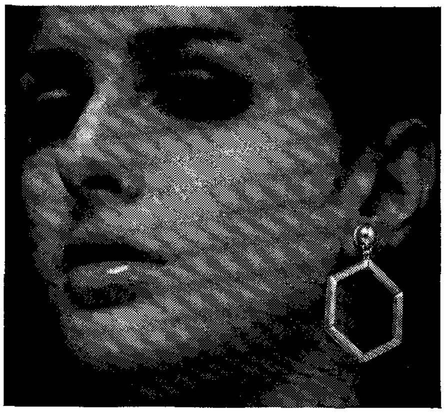
1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© THE VILLAGER, INC., 1966, MANNEQUIN DES REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

were abandoned, or they were sold for practically nothing, or they were stored with friends who later disappeared with the belongings, or they were stored commercially and then lost when storage payments couldn't be kept up. Japanese leases on farms were lost, of course, and Japanese-owned equipment was often lost with them. Japanese fishing boats were sold, in southern California harbors like San Pedro and San Diego, and now the fishing is done by Italians, Portuguese, and Yugoslavs. The insurance policies of many Japanese lapsed, because the payments couldn't be kept up on the meagre allowance received at the relocation camps. In general, there was a great wiping out of capital; its value has been estimated at three or four hundred million dollars—a large amount for a smallholding community. When the federal government decided, after the war, to make some restitution, it came to about twenty-five per cent of the total.

The Japanese in the camps lived a barracks life, with food and clothing provided, plus pay of from twelve to nineteen dollars a month if they worked at maintenance jobs around the camps. They reacted to their captivity in different ways. The issei, never having had the rights of citizens, took it fatalistically. Some of the nisei—especially those who had been to Japan—turned anti-American; they shaved their heads, bowed to the East, and, in some cases, beat up, or even murdered, fellow-inmates who disagreed with them. Most of the nisei, however, remained loyal to the United States, and it was some of these who were allowed to form what later became—with additions from Hawaii—the 442nd Regimental Combat Team, whose record of fighting from Salerno to the Vosges Mountains did so much to end the notion of Japanese-American unreliability.

There were ten relocation camps for the Japanese of the West Coast, at various distances inland, and as the war continued, many of the inmates were let out to fill labor gaps farther east—even as far as the truck gardens of New Jersey. They worked hard, behaved peaceably, and came to be well thought of. Many of them stayed in the East after V-J Day, and the Japanese in Los Angeles say that they often got opportunities they wouldn't have had if they had stayed in the West. Most of the Los Angeles Japanese, however, went back. The issei, bereft of capital, found it hard to take up farming and fishing again, and often moved into more urban surroundings to live with their nisei sons and daughters, who were



**Napier jewelry
at these fine stores**

ARIZONA
Phoenix; *Goldwaters*
Tucson;
Grunewald & Adams

ARKANSAS
Little Rock; *M. M. Cohn Co.*

CALIFORNIA
Berkeley;
Hink's of Berkeley
Los Angeles;
Bullock's Westwood
San Diego; *J. Jessop & Sons*
San Francisco;
Barra of Italy
Robert Kirk Ltd.
Ransohoff's

COLORADO
Denver; *Montaldo's*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
Washington;
Julius Garfinckel & Co.

FLORIDA
Clearwater; *John Baldwin*
Orlando; *Gibbs-Louis*
St. Petersburg;
John Baldwin
Sarasota;
Montgomery Roberts Co.
West Palm Beach; *Anthony's*

GEORGIA
Atlanta; *Rich's*

HAWAII
Honolulu; *Liberty House*
M. McInerny Ltd.

ILLINOIS
Quincy;
Carson Pirie Scott & Co.

INDIANA
Indianapolis;
L. S. Ayres and Co.

IOWA
Des Moines; *Josephs Jewelry*
Sioux City; *Jordan's Jewelers*

MARYLAND
Cumberland;
Rosenbaum Brothers

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston;
R. H. Stearns Company

MICHIGAN
Ann Arbor;
Crown House of Gifts
Birmingham; *Demery's, Inc.*
La Belle's
Detroit; *Demery's, Inc.*
Farmington; *Demery's, Inc.*
Mt. Clemens;
M. L. Green & Son
Royal Oak; *Dobie Jewelers*

MINNESOTA
Minneapolis;
Dayton's Oval Room
J. B. Hudson Jeweler

MISSISSIPPI
Jackson;
Albriton's, Northwood

MISSOURI
St. Louis; *Montaldo's*

NEBRASKA
Lincoln; *Miller & Paine*

NEVADA
Las Vegas;
Maru-Hotel Sahara

NEW JERSEY
East Orange; *Doop's*
Paterson; *Jane Brick, Inc.*
Red Bank;
Wilhelmina Dobbins, Ltd.
Westfield; *Jane Smith*

NEW YORK
Albany; *Flah's*
Binghamton;
Callan Major Jewelers
Brooklyn;
Martin's & branches
Buffalo; *The Jenny Shop*
New York;
Bergdorf-Goodman
DePinna, Inc.
Oneonta;
Gabriel Harris Jewelers
Rochester; *Love's Jewelers*
Syracuse; *Flah & Co.*
H. J. Howe, Inc.

NORTH CAROLINA
Asheville; *John Carroll & Co.*
Charlotte; *J. B. Ivey Co.*
Montaldo's
Durham; *Jones & Frasier Co.*
Greensboro; *Montaldo's*
Wilmington;
The Wonder Shop
Winston-Salem; *Montaldo's*

OHIO
Circleville; *L. M. Butch Co.*
Columbus;
Montaldo's
East Liverpool;
James Locke Jeweler
Franklin;
The We Two Gift Shop
Marion; *Sutton & Lightner*
Middletown; *Irving's*
Toledo; *Broer-Freeman Co.*

OREGON
Portland;
Stevens & Son Jewelers

PENNSYLVANIA
Harrisburg; *Worth's*
Philadelphia; *Helen Caro*
Pittsburgh; *Joseph Horne*

RHODE ISLAND
Providence; *Gladding's*

SOUTH CAROLINA
Charleston; *Berlin's*
Columbia; *Lisbeth Wolfe*

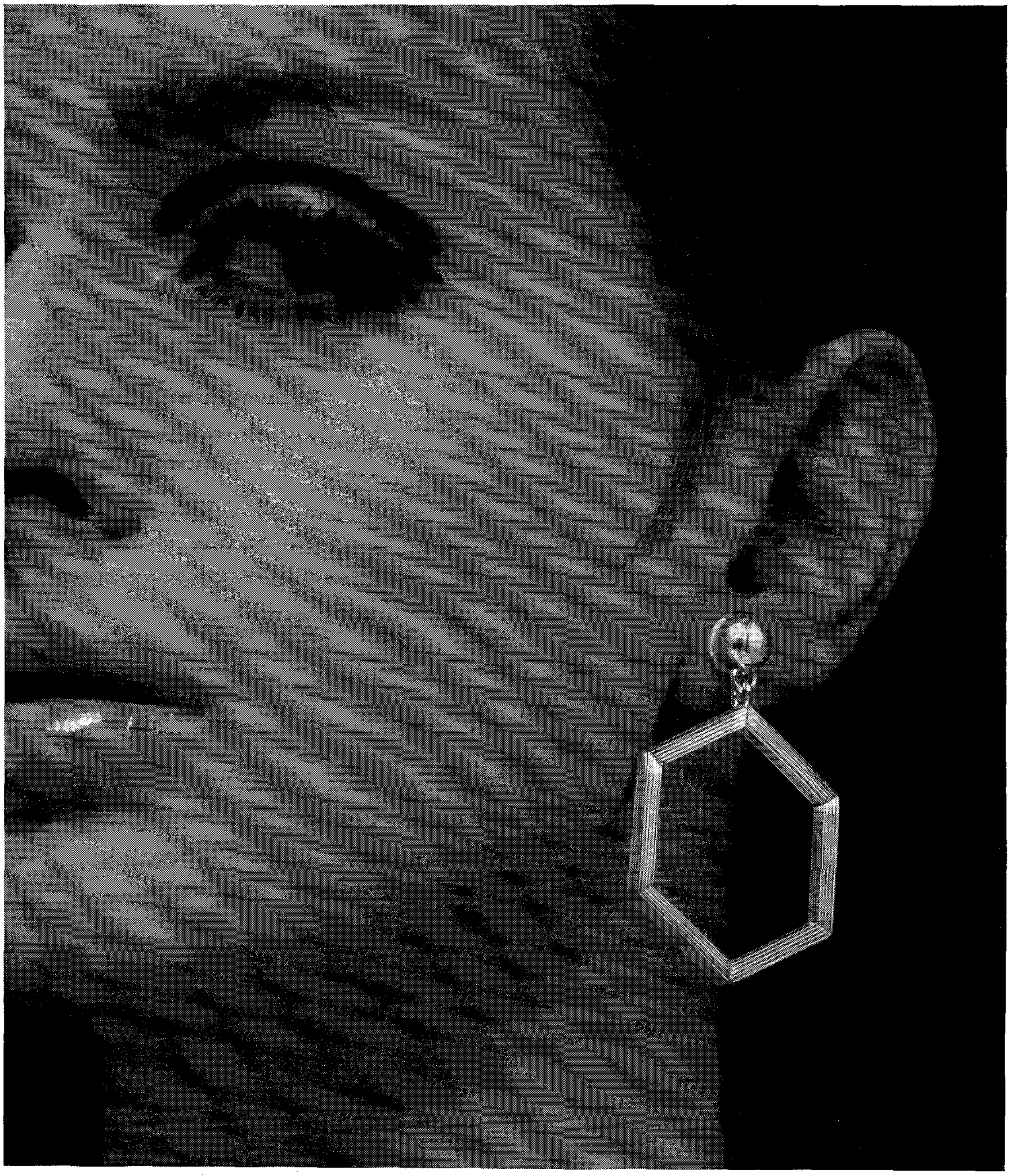
TENNESSEE
Nashville; *Rich-Schwartz*

TEXAS
Amarillo; *White & Kirk*
Austin; *Goodfriend's*
Dallas; *Dreyfuss & Son*
Ft. Worth; *R. E. Cox Co.*
W. C. Stripling Co.
Midland; *Grammer-Murphy*

VIRGINIA
Richmond; *Montaldo's*

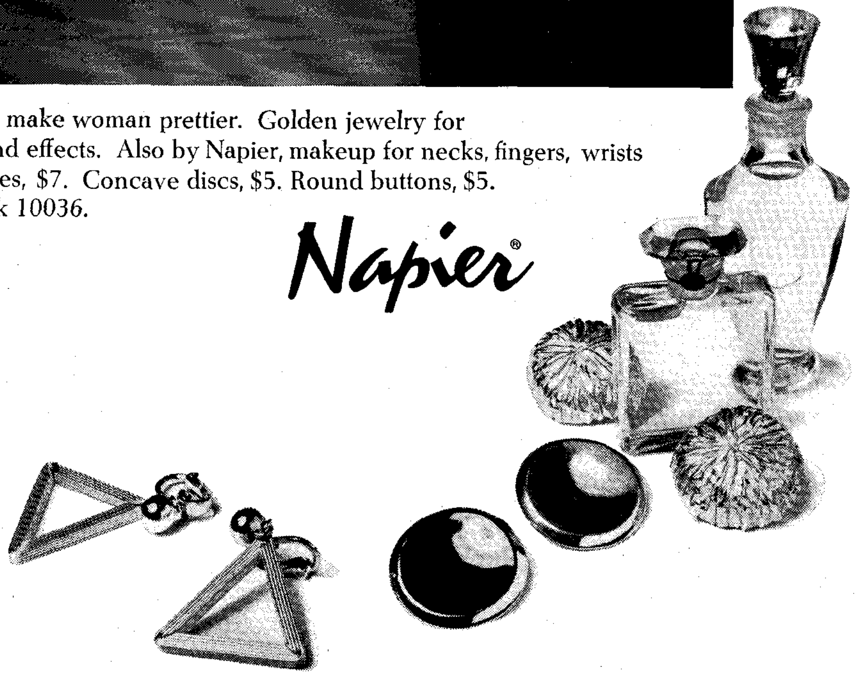
WISCONSIN
Madison;
The Perfume Shops
Milwaukee;
T. A. Chapman Co.

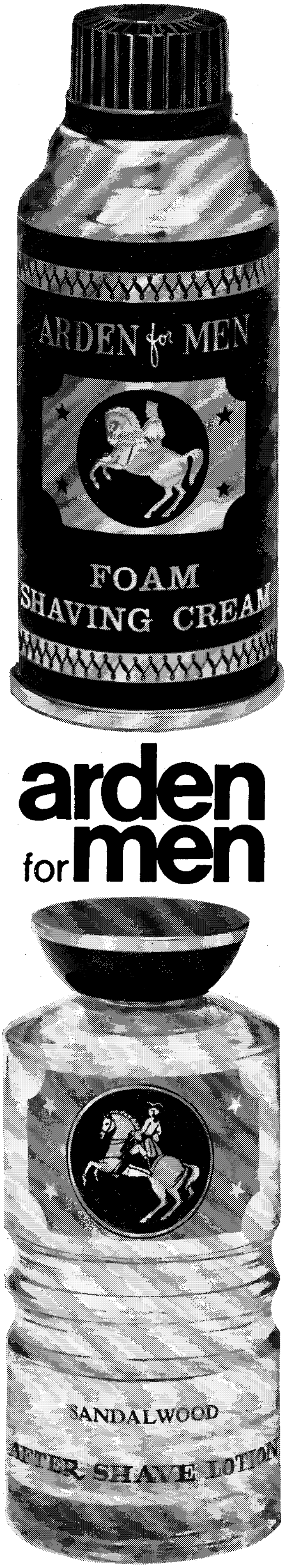
ear makeup by Napier



Beautiful idea. Napier's promise to make woman prettier. Golden jewelry for the glorification of ears, attitudes and effects. Also by Napier, makeup for necks, fingers, wrists and clothes. Hexagons, $9. Triangles, $7. Concave discs, $5. Round buttons, $5. Napier, 530 Fifth Avenue, New York 10036.

Napier®



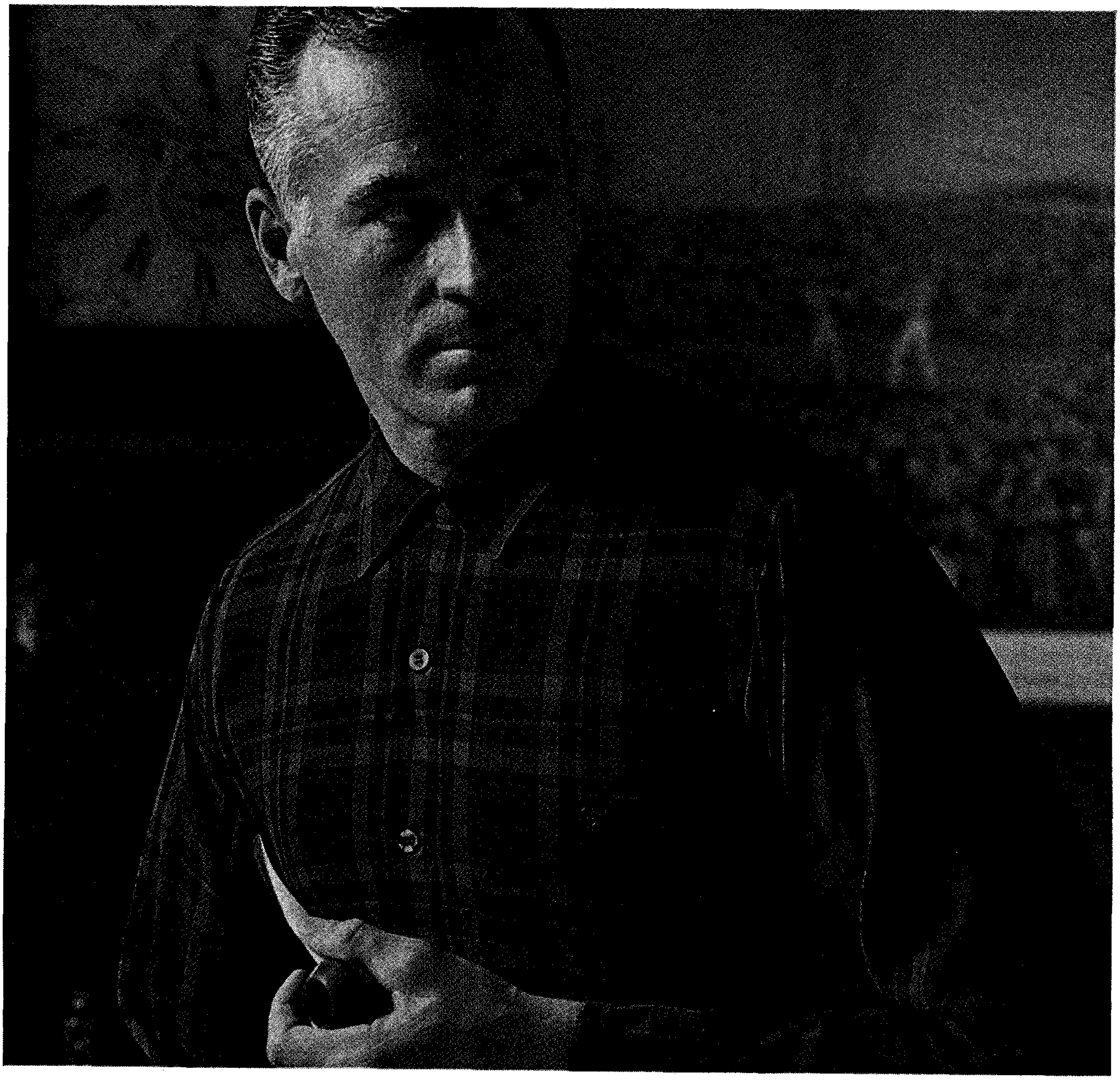


now starting out in business and the professions. Before Pearl Harbor, the center of the city's Japanese life was a Little Tokyo in downtown L.A. That Little Tokyo still exists, but almost solely as a center of Japanese daytime life—of Japanese shops, restaurants, and other businesses. The Japanese residential life is partly concentrated in several other places, but more often diffused through the city as a whole, for the Japanese have been increasingly freed from ghetto restrictions since the war. Now, they say, they can live virtually anywhere in Los Angeles. They give several reasons for this increased tolerance: the nisei war record, the greater American familiarity with foreigners, the improvement in Japanese trade goods and trade prestige, and the presence of Japanese war brides in this country. Perhaps a twentieth of all the Japanese in the United States are war brides, and this circumstance is said to have done much to break down sheer race prejudice, which as late as the thirties, in the propaganda of the California tabloid press, was being laid to "instinctive revulsion." Whatever the reasons, Japanese Americans can now not only live almost anywhere in Los Angeles but aspire to almost any jobs, a possible exception being managerial jobs in the big-time industrial field. It is probably a lack of connections that hurts them there, or it may be that the after-hours country-club fraternization of the executives of big companies is still beyond their reach. Anyway, the Japanese are concentrated in the jobs and professions in which performance is the main criterion, and they do well there.

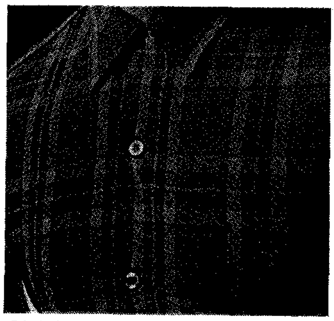
These advantages accrue most of all to the sansei, who are now coming of age. The issei pushed the nisei hard into education; the nisei have done likewise with the sansei; and many of the sansei are emerging as highly trained professionals. (The Japanese in Los Angeles make up "a miniature New York Jewish community," one of them has told me.) Both nisei and sansei have been going into technological lines in considerable numbers; the chemical and electronics industries are dotted with Japanese-American scientists, engineers, and technicians. There are Japanese in highly sensitive jobs in the aerospace field; here they have melted almost a hundred per cent. The issei tended to be naïve farmers and fishermen; the nisei, educated in our public schools, branched out into such more sophisticated areas as law and finance; and the sansei have been taking off into further sophistication. A big urban-development program is under way now in Little Tokyo, where high-rise buildings have been financed by local Japanese capital; nisei are involved in this enterprise, and, as time goes on, sansei may well take part in it and in similar ones. Indeed, the sansei are sufficiently Americanized to join in the current revolt of youth against our adult culture. Juvenile delinquency—complete with such standard appurtenances as pills, knives, guns, gangs, shoplifting, and sex offenses—is said to be cropping up among the sansei, and not among underprivileged sansei especially but, according to a familiar local pattern, among sansei from solid middle-class families. Other sansei are said to be taking a great interest in the ancestral Japanese culture, which the nisei, in their zeal for Americanization, mostly ignored. Like the young Caucasian Americans they so closely resemble, the sansei are looking elsewhere than to their parents for guidance.

On the lower economic levels, the Japanese in Los Angeles have a good deal of contact with the Mexicans, and relations between the two seem good. I have heard this from both Mexican and Japanese sources, and for six months a year or so ago I saw it myself, in the neighborhood where I was living, which is the section called Sawtelle in the subcommunity of West Los Angeles. The place has many Japanese and Mexican residents as well as Anglos. It is a dozen miles west of Little Tokyo, toward the ocean, and it has been a satellite Japanese quarter at least since the early thirties. Japanese truck gardeners and nurserymen moved out there from Little Tokyo because land was available cheaply and the weather was good for growing. Their life was isolated and rustic, and the city Japanese came to look on them rather as bumpkins, but they prospered. In time, they began hiring Mexican laborers, and, partly because of this, Sawtelle became a Mexican *barrio* as well. When the Japanese were evacuated during the war, the Mexicans fell heir to much of their business, and later, when the Japanese came back, the Mexicans were not displaced; rather, the two groups have managed to coexist ever since, both still working mainly at gardening and nursery operation.

The one activity that the two share most noticeably—and just about equal-

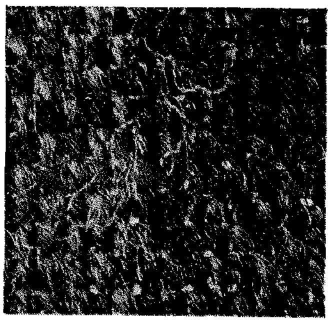


Get closer...to Sir Pendleton.

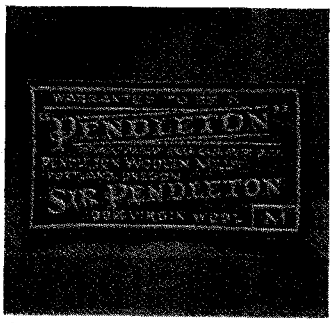


CLOSER . . . note the correctly casual look of fashion. This is Sir Pendleton, a distinctive sport shirt of pure virgin wool in a lightweight fabric. Nonchalant in the mannered Pendleton way.

CLOSER to patterns and colors preferred by men, with details you expect in a fine shirt. Pockets matched stripe-for-stripe, rich, lasting tones and buttons sewed to stay.



CLOSER . . . be assured of lasting quality because Pendleton controls every step from fleece to final tailoring. Wool's natural resilience helps this lightweight sport shirt look better, longer.



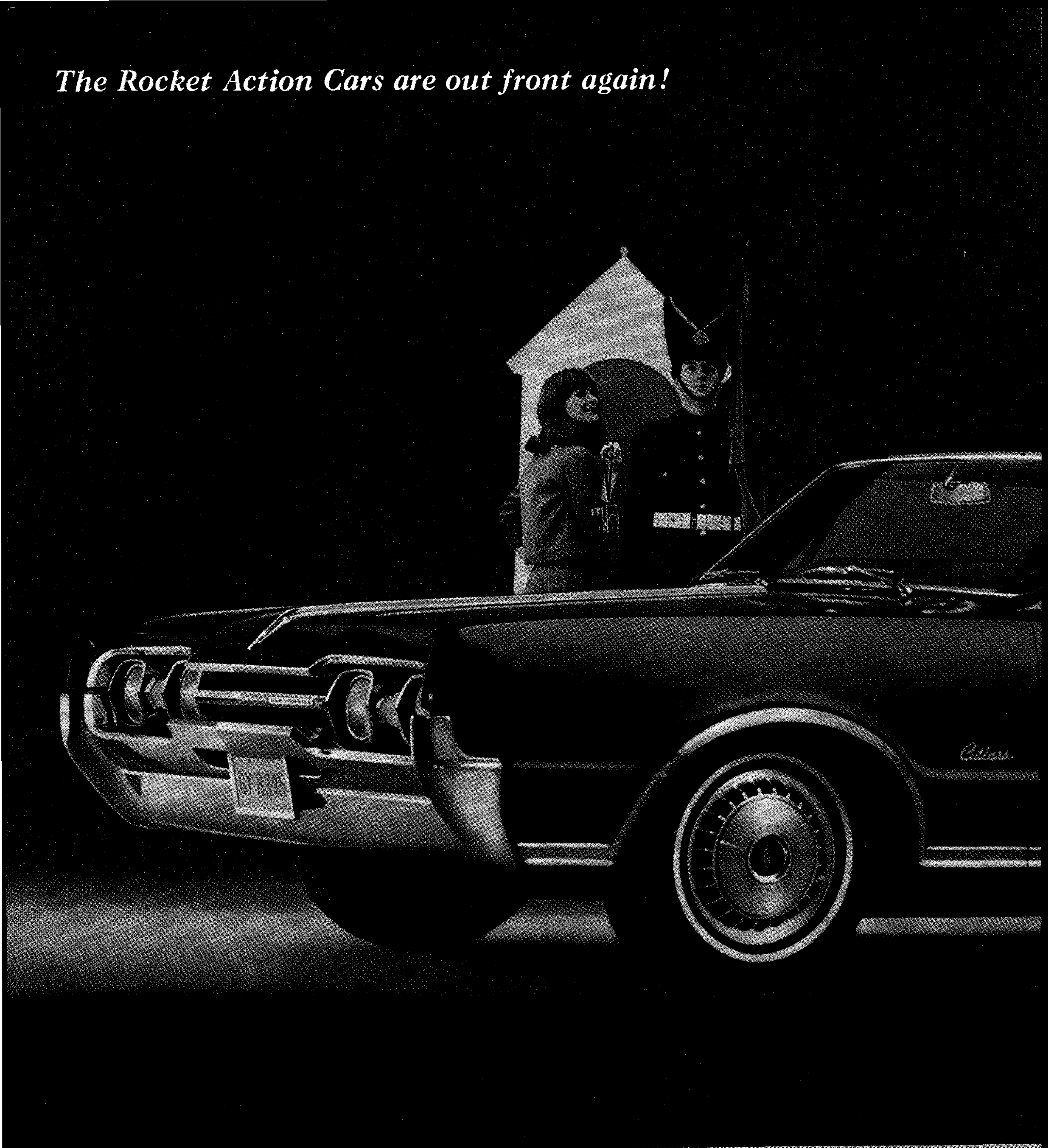
CHOOSE SIR PENDLETON, of pure virgin wool, lightweight, in solids or plaids, complementary with Pendleton sportswear. At better stores, everywhere. Washable. 19.00.

Sportswear by the Wool People

Sir Pendleton®

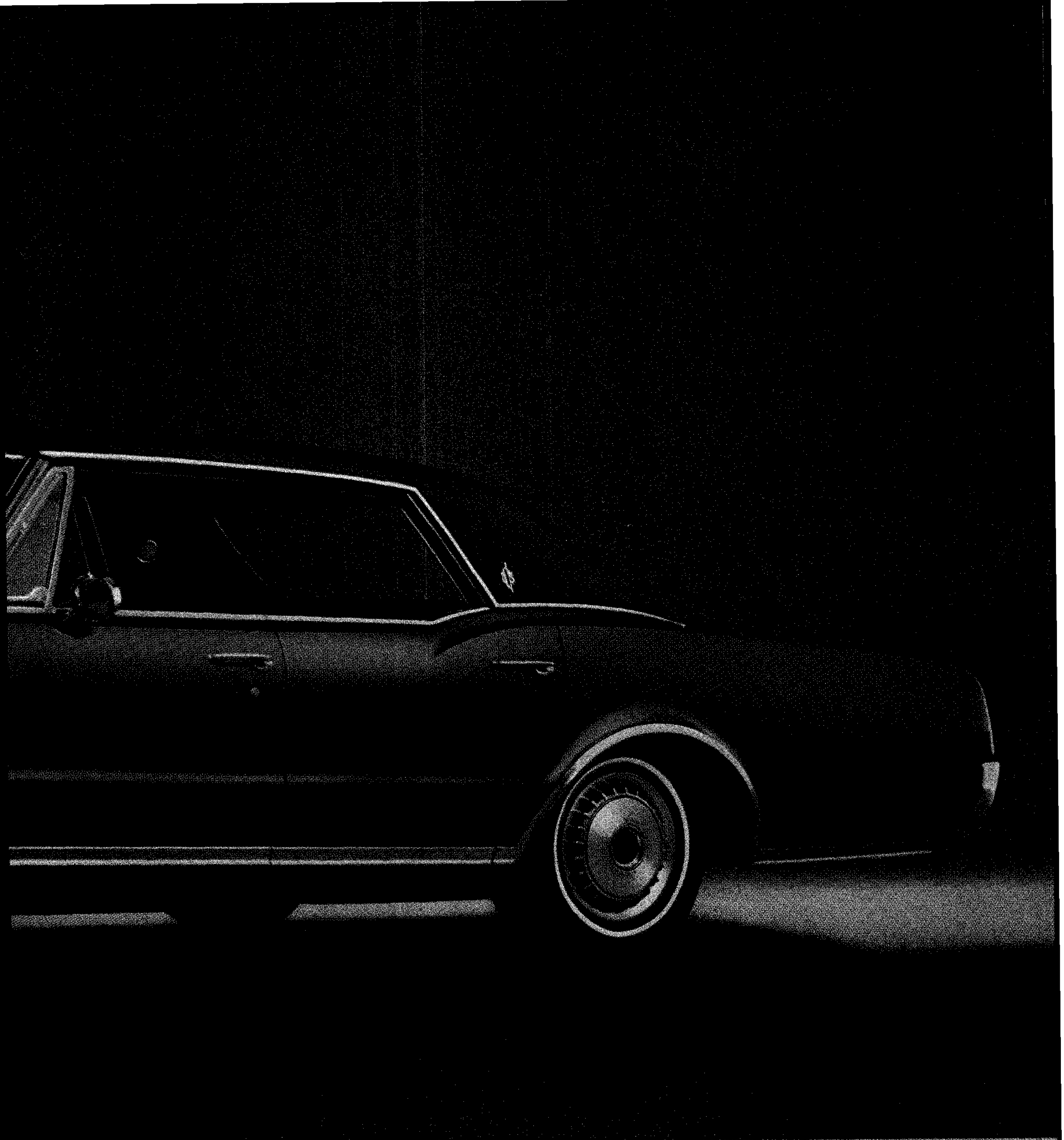
For information and a swatch, write Pendleton Woolen Mills, Dept. NY-616, Portland, Oregon 97201. © PWM 1966

PURE VIRGIN WOOL


The Rocket Action Cars are out front again!
Cutlass

All was quiet in the low-price field. Then Olds unleashed a whole new five-car series.

The Cutlass Supreme for '67.



Surrender! You're facing the most luxurious Olds task force ever to invade low-price country: The totally new Cutlass Supreme for '67—now available in five models. Style? Toronado-inspired all the way. Performance? 320-horse Jetfire Rocket V-8 (How's that for cavalry!). Luxury? You're surrounded by it. Thin-shelled Strato Buckets. Cushy carpets. Posh appointments in every nook and cranny. Top it all off with Oldsmobile's exclusive new Climatic Combustion Control—another Olds engineering first—and you'll see why it outranks everything in its class. Ready to change sides? Ready to move up to a quality-built Olds? Your Olds Dealer is ready to quote you a disarmingly low price on a '67 Cutlass Supreme.

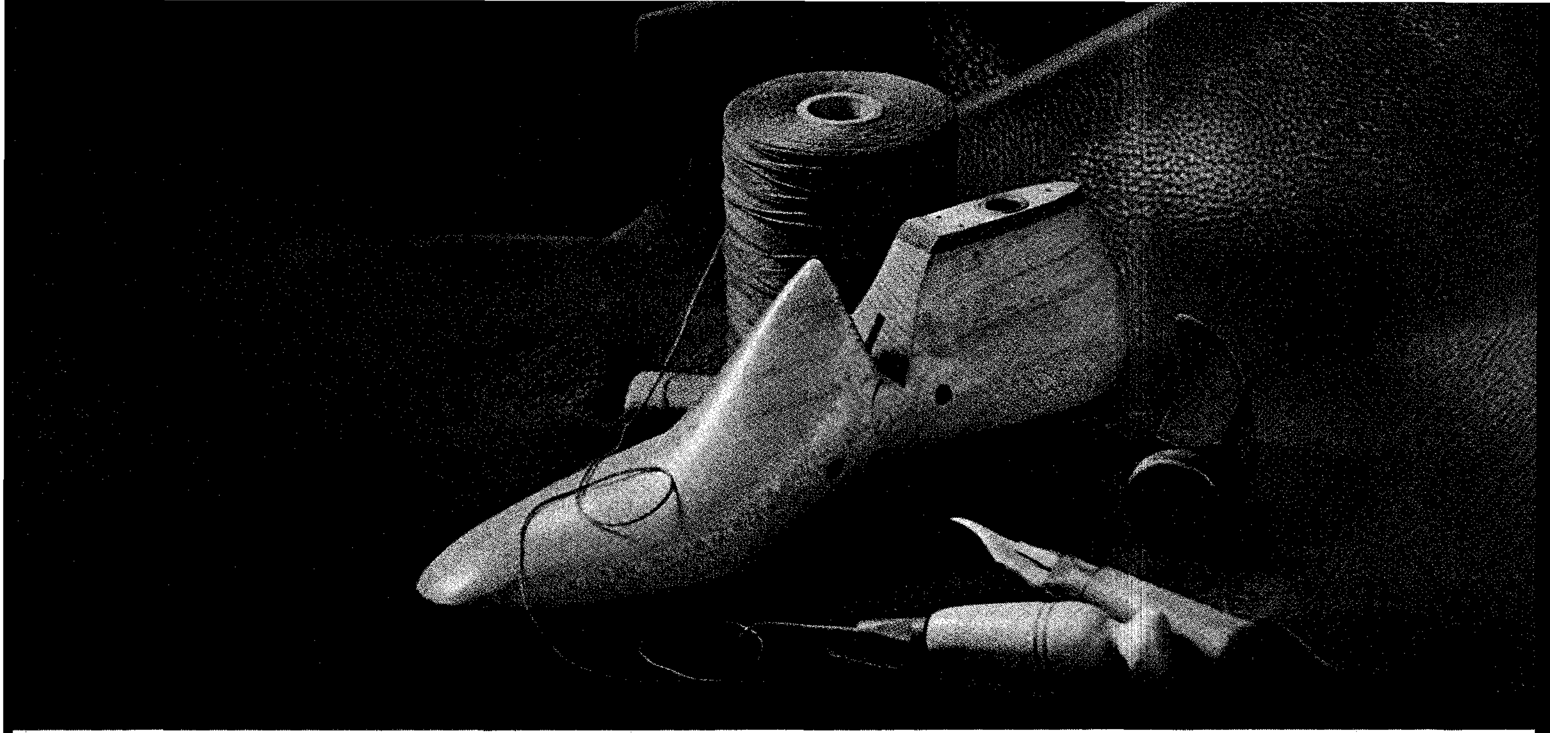
OBEY
LAWS
DRIVE
SAFELY

Olds thinks of your safety, too, with the GM-developed energy-absorbing steering column that can compress on severe impact up to 8¼ inches; with four-way hazard warning flasher; outside rearview mirror; dual master cylinder brake system, plus many other safety features—all standard.

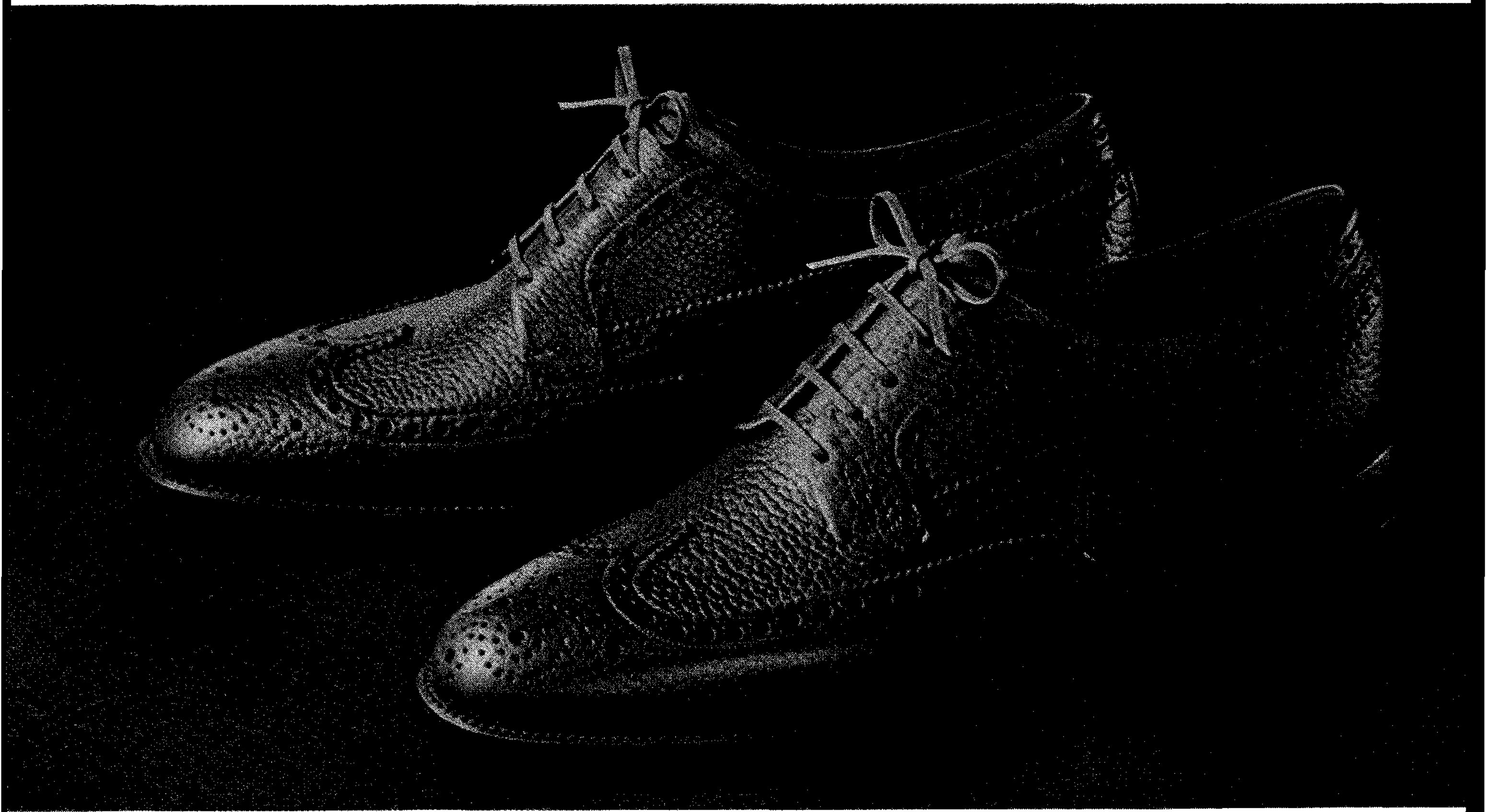
Engineered for excitement . . . Toronado-style!

'67 OLDSMOBILE

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE



NOW! FLORSHEIM BECOMES CUSTOM BOOTMAKER TO THE MEN OF AMERICA!



INTRODUCING WITH PRIDE FLORSHEIM ROYAL IMPERIALS *(They start at $45)*

THE FINEST SHOES YOU'LL EVER WEAR

The Royal Imperial
FLORSHEIM SHOE

THE FINEST SHOES WE'VE EVER MADE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY · CHICAGO 60606

MAKERS OF FINE SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED

ly, as far as I have ever been able to tell—is that of free-lance gardening, a prevalent occupation in postwar Los Angeles. Such gardeners drive forth each day to mow lawns and tend flowers throughout the city, and I used to see many of them leaving Sawtelle in the early morning or coming back in the late afternoon. Their vehicles all looked about the same: pickup trucks, usually green, with the handles of two or three power mowers and power edgers sticking up out of them, plus some coiled hoses, usually hung on wooden racks behind the cab, plus other tools and some bags of fertilizer lying in the bottom. A given truck might be driven by either a Japanese or a Mexican—I could not tell which until I saw the man's face. I have talked to householders who retain the gardeners one day a week, or whatever it may be, and they seem to have found the two groups equally satisfactory. Some prefer a Japanese, some a Mexican; it is apparently more a question of individual personality—on the part of the Anglo householder as well as of the gardener—than of group character.

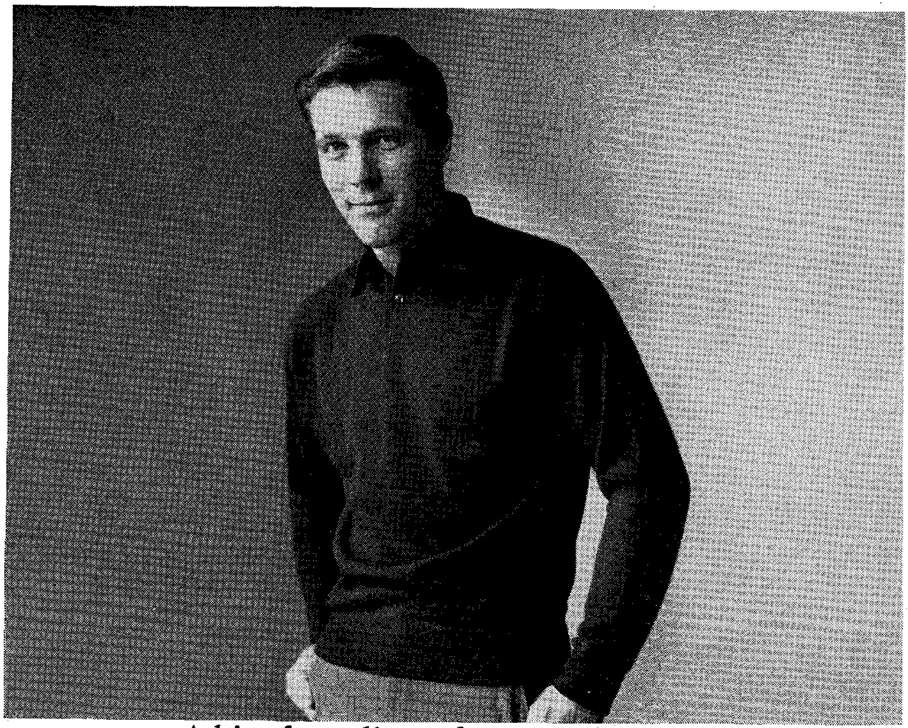
In Sawtelle itself, I found the Japanese dominating some streets and the Mexicans dominating others, but nearly always the two were close together, and often they were interlarded. Their ways of life now blended, now contrasted. The gardens of the Japanese were carefully manicured, and their lawns were watered to a deep green, like those of the rainy homeland. The Mexicans' flowers were well watered, but their lawns turned rather brown in summer. They turned less brown than the summer lawns of East Los Angeles, though—these seemed to have a true Old Mexico dryness—and I felt that the Japanese influence might have been at work here. On the other hand, the Mexicans seemed to draw the Japanese toward their own style of outdoor living. Mexican houses often had neat little outdoor kitchens or barbecue pits in their yards, and sometimes I saw Japanese, too, cooking out-of-doors, on their traditional *hibachi*, which in Japan itself I have seen used only for heating the interiors of houses. In July, the Japanese Buddhist church near Sawtelle put on a fair to celebrate the festival called *Obon*. The fair was complete with paper lanterns and scores of kimonoed women dancing old Japanese dances, but at its food stalls Mexican *tacos* were sold along with Japanese delicacies like *sushi* and chicken *teriyaki*. Mexicans of all ages came to it, and so did some Anglos or Caucasians, and an air

"My husband bought one of their polo coats 10 years ago. He can't seem to wear it out."

Same thing happened to our brother, Mrs. Spurdle. He told us this Imperial polo coat was so soft and lush it would thread through, here, at the elbow in no time. That was 10 years back. Lucky thing Malcolm Kenneth tailors this classic — with easy set-in sleeves — traditional back belting, swagger styling, hand detailing. Double-breasted or single. Camel color wool. $195.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH
NEW YORK A&F CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO

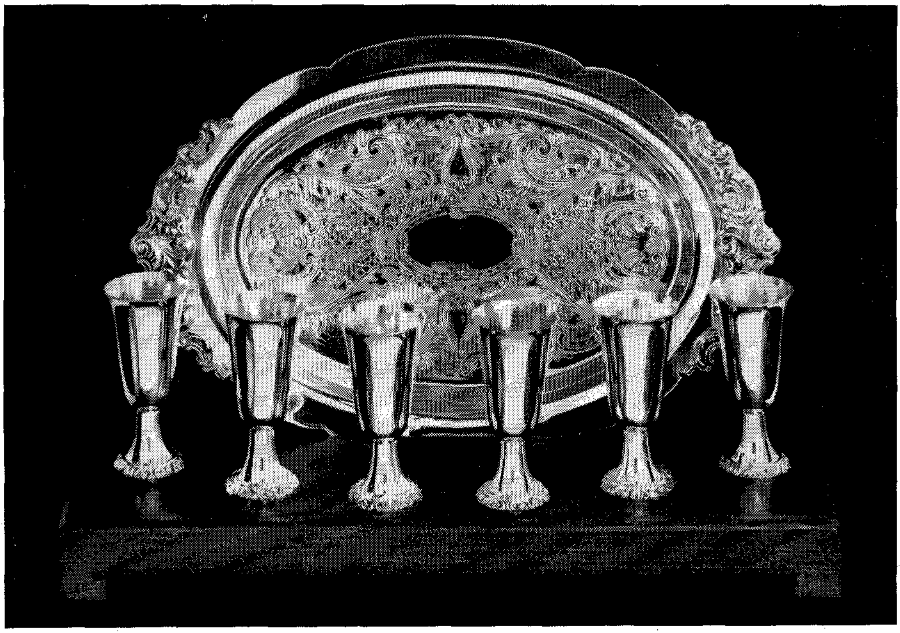
Madison Ave. at 45th St., N.Y. 10017—MU 2-3600



A bit of excellence from another shore.

Our extremely well styled sweaters are superbly crafted in Scotland of the very finest yarns. From the collection, the Cashmere sport shirt, in 22 colors, about $40 at distinguished stores everywhere.

Peter Scott & Company Limited of Hawick, Scotland
A member of the Scottish Cashmere Association
Two West Forty-fifth Street, New York, N.Y.



Only Wallace does it this way.

The Baroque Cordial Set. An extraordinary sparkle in after-dinner conversation. The set of six cordials and tray in Wallace's heavy silverplate with cherry wood stand, $45. Individual cordials, $5.75. At fine stores.

Wallace Silversmiths
Wallingford, Conn.

of intercultural friendliness prevailed.

Economically, the Mexicans seldom do as well as the Japanese. West Los Angeles abounds in Japanese contract nurseries, Japanese shops, Japanese restaurants, even Japanese oculists and dentists; there are Mexican counterparts of some of these, but they are not numerous or impressive. There are also lots of nisei landlords, who of late years have been building small two-story apartment houses, containing ten or twelve units each. The nisei landlords do much of the maintenance themselves and get a modest income while they wait for the adjacent high-rise city to gobble up their holdings.

The Japanese families of Sawtelle are not among the more sophisticated, highly educated ones, as their continued attachment to the soil attests; they are among the lower ones on the way up, but there is a good educational ladder at hand for them—a good high school in the neighborhood, and the University of California at Los Angeles within two miles. The young Sawtelle Japanese seem to be still working hard toward visible goals, for they haven't yet achieved the widespread doubts of American youth, and there is said to be little delinquency among them. There is delinquency among the Sawtelle Mexicans, though, this being a lower-class phenomenon in their community. One gang there is called the Sotelos (a Latinization of "Sawtelle"), a very sideburny lot, who are involved in endless war with a neighboring Anglo gang called the Surfers, each group attacking the other on slight provocation.

I WAS not aware of a single Negro living in Sawtelle, though I imagine many Negroes would have liked to, if only because a great number worked nearby—at a big veterans' hospital in a local municipal center there, and at U.C.L.A., in the neighboring community of Westwood. Hundreds of Negroes were employed by these institutions, and occasionally I would see some in a Sawtelle coffee shop in the early mornings; they would take the place over around 6 A.M., on their way to the veterans'-hospital day shift. A few of these Negroes came from a small ghetto in Venice and Santa Monica, two or three miles to the west, but most came from the main Los Angeles ghetto, south of the old downtown section, which means that they had an expensive, time-consuming drive of ten or more miles to get to work.

In number, the Los Angeles Negroes

If Edgar Allan Poe had really been up on his sherry, he might have written The Cask of Amontillado, The Cask of Oloroso, The Cask of Manzanilla, The Cask of Fino and 4 or 5 others.

Poor Poe.

There's good evidence he never knew amontillado was a type of sherry (if he had come to Pedro Domecq, we would have set him straight).

We're not blaming Poe. Or you, if you're in the same fix. After all, there are eight different types of sherry. And dozens of brands that have their own names for each type. Very complicated.

We think sherry should be a simple pleasure, as it's always been in Spain. So we'll try to clear things up a bit.

Sherry is Spanish, much as scotch is Scotch.

There are only four important sherry types—from very dry to very sweet. Generally, the driest sherries are served at cocktail time, the sweetest with dessert. All other types are super subtle variations (we make those, too, for people with super subtle taste).

The Four Sherry Types

Manzanilla is the driest sherry type of all, and may be the driest wine in the world. It can make your lips pucker, and many find this an advantage. Ours is called, simply enough, Pedro Domecq Manzanilla.

Fino is a less dry variety, and is often served as an aperitif. We've named our fino Pedro Domecq La Ina, after a place near our winery (the Spanish are very sentimental). We have reason to believe that La Ina is the world's favorite fino—a small honor in the larger scheme of things, but a great victory in the sherry scheme of things.

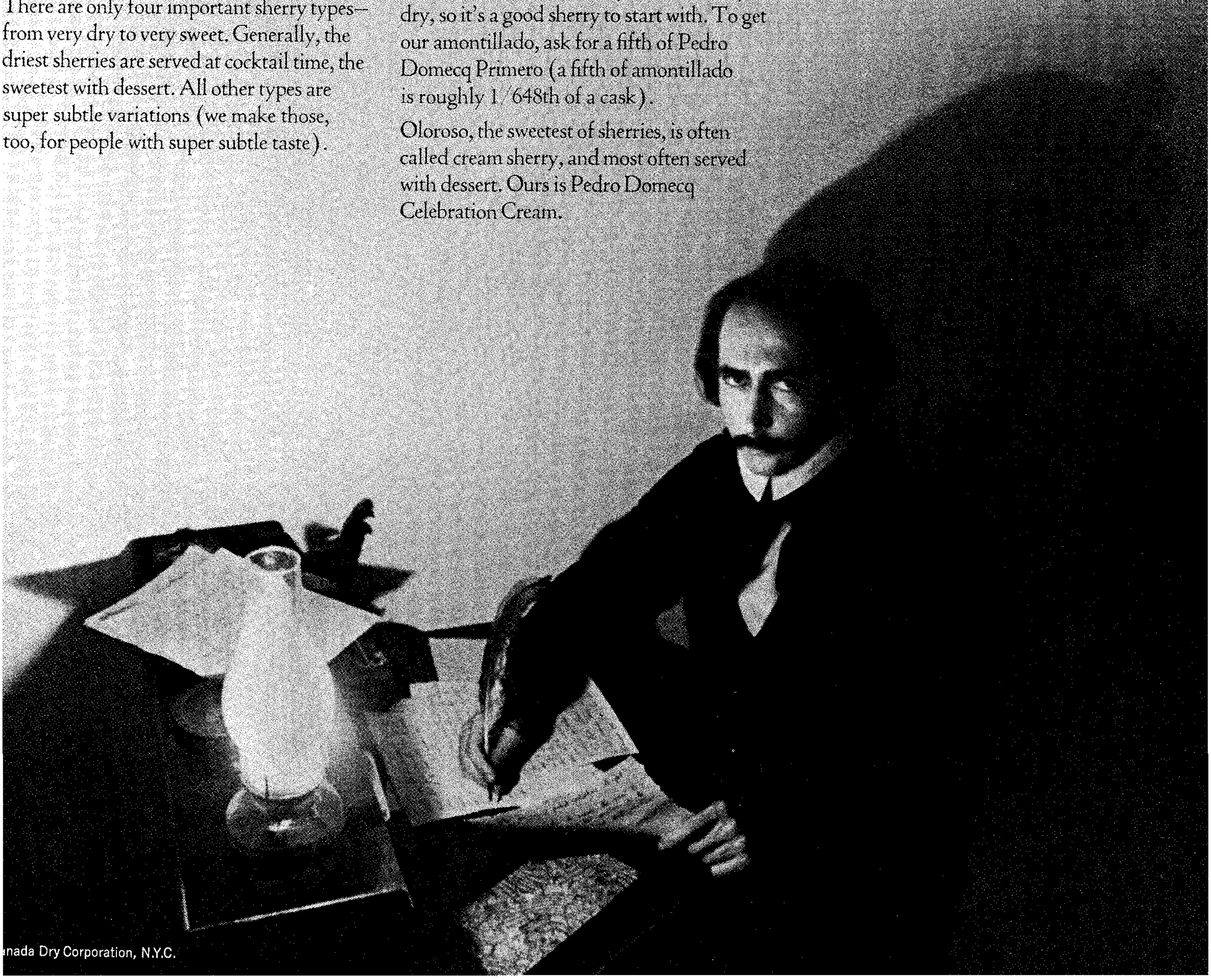
Amontillado is neither very sweet nor very dry, so it's a good sherry to start with. To get our amontillado, ask for a fifth of Pedro Domecq Primero (a fifth of amontillado is roughly 1/648th of a cask).

Oloroso, the sweetest of sherries, is often called cream sherry, and most often served with dessert. Ours is Pedro Domecq Celebration Cream.

Although some Americans prefer the sweeter sherries, the Spanish have a taste for the drier types. The Spanish are born knowing all about sherry, and they know what they like. Pedro Domecq sherries are the largest selling in Spain, as well as the largest selling in the world.

Very often, Americans get their first taste of sherry when they get their first taste of Spain. If you visit our country, please plan to tour the Pedro Domecq bodega—the winery. We've been showing people around since 1731. We'll even show you a cask of amontillado.

In fact, we insist.



nada Dry Corporation, N.Y.C.

This is Carla's and Kevin's card.
Their ski lodge has a view like this.

Original Painting by Adolf Dehn.

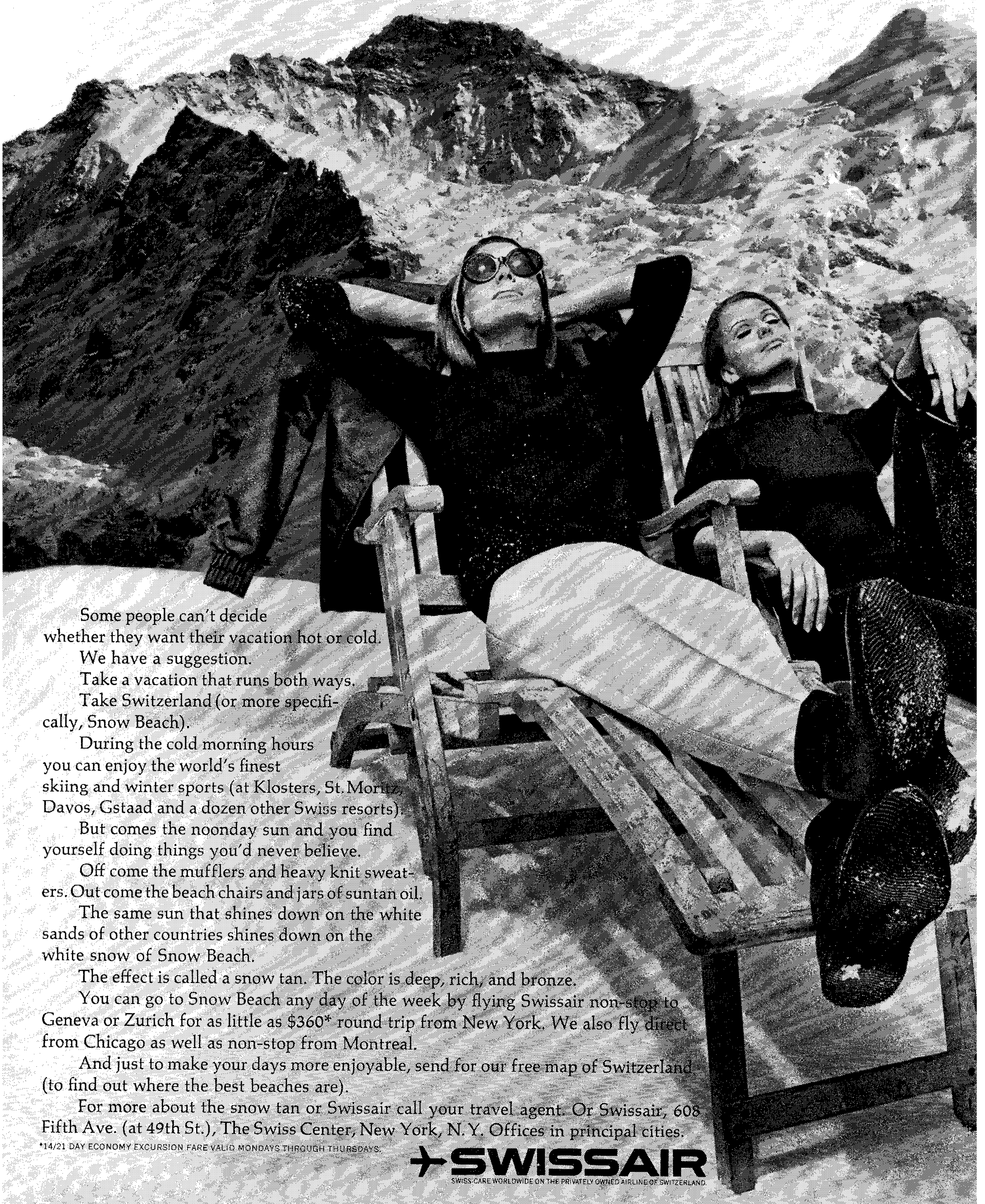
One of the 426
American Artists Group Christmas Cards.
At B. Altman & Co.
and at other stores, too, where you'd expect to find them.

JUNGLE GARDENIA BY TUVACHÉ
Jungle Gardenia
by Tuvaché
favorite
fragrance
of the world's
most beautiful woman

are about equal to the Los Angeles Mexicans, but their pattern of settlement is very different. The 1960 census reported Los Angeles County to contain 461,546 Negroes and 576,716 people with Spanish surnames—the only way that people of Mexican origin are identified. (It is an imperfect way, because it takes in thousands of Cubans, Puerto Ricans, and other Spanish Americans, and because it leaves out Mexican Americans who have acquired Anglo names through marriage or by choice.) Besides these two groups, there were 123,359 "other non-white," more than half of them Japanese. These minorities added up to nineteen and a quarter per cent of Los Angeles County's population in 1960, and they were all growing faster than the Anglo-Caucasian majority. The Negroes were increasing faster than the Spanish-surname people (111.8 per cent since 1950, as against 100.5), although the latter are still believed to be more numerous. In any event, the Negroes tend to live much more in the urban parts of the county than the Mexicans, with their bent for farming and the open country.

Although the Negroes have a slightly higher educational standing than the Mexicans, they have lower family incomes and a higher percentage of unemployment. In addition, their choice of places to live is infinitely more limited. According to the County Commission on Human Relations, Los Angeles, at the time of the last official census, was more strictly segregated than any Southern city in the United States and had fewer Negroes living in the suburbs than any big Northern city except Chicago or Cleveland. Los Angeles has five small, peripheral Negro ghettos, but the main one stretches for ten miles south from the center of the city. The heartland of this ghetto is the subcommunity of Watts, where last year's rioting started. The population of Watts is at least ninety per cent Negro; some of its schools have a nearly hundred-per-cent Negro enrollment. The population is fluid, though. The more successful members of it depart when they can, leaving the less successful behind, and these have been joined by influxes of Negroes from the Southeast, many of them of the unsophisticated field-hand type that has had trouble in the Northern cities. Such trouble is especially bad in this technologically oriented city, with its insistence upon literacy in jobholders, and, besides, there is the automobile question. Watts is about seven miles south of downtown L.A. and almost

Introducing Snow Beach.



Some people can't decide whether they want their vacation hot or cold.

We have a suggestion.

Take a vacation that runs both ways.

Take Switzerland (or more specifically, Snow Beach).

During the cold morning hours you can enjoy the world's finest skiing and winter sports (at Klosters, St. Moritz, Davos, Gstaad and a dozen other Swiss resorts).

But comes the noonday sun and you find yourself doing things you'd never believe.

Off come the mufflers and heavy knit sweaters. Out come the beach chairs and jars of suntan oil.

The same sun that shines down on the white sands of other countries shines down on the white snow of Snow Beach.

The effect is called a snow tan. The color is deep, rich, and bronze.

You can go to Snow Beach any day of the week by flying Swissair non-stop to Geneva or Zurich for as little as $360* round trip from New York. We also fly direct from Chicago as well as non-stop from Montreal.

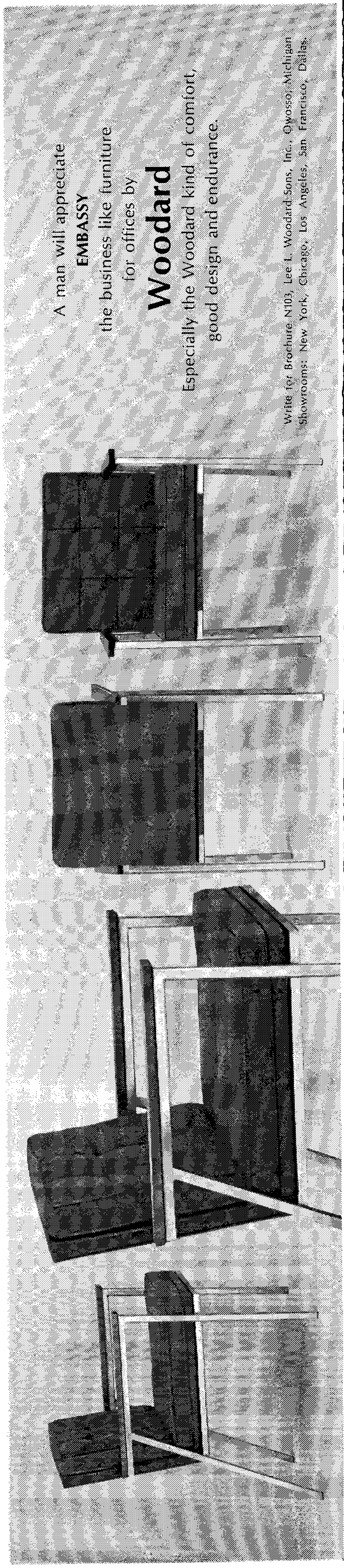
And just to make your days more enjoyable, send for our free map of Switzerland (to find out where the best beaches are).

For more about the snow tan or Swissair call your travel agent. Or Swissair, 608 Fifth Ave. (at 49th St.), The Swiss Center, New York, N. Y. Offices in principal cities.

*14/21 DAY ECONOMY EXCURSION FARE VALID MONDAYS THROUGH THURSDAYS.

SWISSAIR

SWISS CARE WORLDWIDE ON THE PRIVATELY OWNED AIRLINE OF SWITZERLAND.

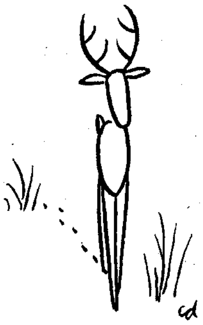


A man will appreciate
EMBASSY
the business like furniture
for offices by
Woodard
Especially the Woodard kind of comfort,
good design and endurance.

Write for Brochure N103, Lee L. Woodard Sons, Inc., Owosso, Michigan
Showrooms: New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Dallas.

ten miles north of Long Beach, the other main center of employment nearby. There is bus service to both places, but it is time-consuming and tedious—far less efficient than the use of private cars, which are beyond the means of many Watts residents. For these reasons, and others, the ghetto has much unemployment, and its people suffer from strong feelings of frustration. Many of them were impelled to come West by negative motives—dislike of the Southeast, and displacement by farm machinery there—rather than drawn by any demand for labor. They are not economically needed or wanted in L.A., and they are remarkably unintegrated into its life. One sees far more fraternization between Negroes and whites, and more variety in Negro jobholding, in New York than in Los Angeles.

The big ghetto is less unpleasant than the ghettos of our Northeastern cities, thanks mainly to L.A.'s sprawl. It has no tenements, like Harlem's or South Boston's, and at its best, on the northwestern edges, it takes in some of the finest Los Angeles residences of a generation or two back. Even at its worst, in the Watts heartland, it takes in single bungalows that, however run down they are now, were inhabited by whites as recently as the fifties. The section is hot and smoggy on bad summer days—a fact that has had much to do with the recent troubles. These came at a time of record high temperatures and humidity, which made life miserable during both the days and the nights.



The dominance of automobiles in the culture of Los Angeles also played its part in the Watts disorders, during which there was much dashing about in cars by rioters bearing arms and inflammables, and also much running down of roadblocks by motorized rioters, and much shooting up of these rioters and their vehicles by police and National Guardsmen. This continued a pattern of Negro violence that had been traditional in L.A. for some years. During those years, there were relatively few reports of pedestrian muggings, their place being taken by the more typical local offense of motorized assault. In such assaults, cars bearing white people were overtaken, crowded to the curb, and perhaps shot at by carborne Negroes, who sometimes cried out, according to the press, to ask what the driver and his passengers were doing in a Negro neighborhood.

White Anglo-Caucasians have often, in their thinking, lumped the L.A. racial minorities together, but the minorities don't see things that way. The Japanese keep aloof from the Negroes, and, one Mexican American has told me, so do the other Orientals. The Mexicans are a "buffer" between Negroes and whites. "Mexicans discriminate against the Negroes but at the same time can live alongside them," he says. Mexicans here sometimes look on the Negroes—and on the Japanese, too—as Anglos of another kind, because the two groups are so much closer to the Anglo culture.

In Sawtelle, I think, it is the Japanese—especially the landlords—who have taken the lead in keeping the Negroes out, but the Mexicans there evidently coöperate, and so do the Anglos. Indeed, a big segment of the Mexican community seems to favor ghetto restrictions. The main racial issue in the 1964 California elections was Proposition 14, a proposed amendment to the state constitution that aimed at, among other things, repealing the Rumford Act, a Negro-sponsored law forbidding race discrimination in housing. Most Mexican leaders in Los Angeles, in a display of minority solidarity, came out against Proposition 14, but a large number of the voters in the East Los Angeles Mexican precincts supported it. Some of this vote could be laid to confusion, but a good deal of it must have represented the actual sentiment of these Mexicans. On the negative side, it seems that Mexicans do not see housing discrimination as a threat to themselves. On the positive side, it seems that they perhaps want a legal weapon for use in discriminating against Negroes. (Mexicans were rarely molested, as Anglos were, in the Watts disorders, but, even so, many began moving away from the fringes of the Negro ghetto right afterward.)

The Mexicans and the Negroes in Los Angeles, rather like the Puerto Ricans and the Negroes in New York, are constantly competing for places on the lower rungs of the economic ladder. The census, as I've said, reports higher earnings and lower unemployment for the Mexicans than for the Negroes, and it is generally recognized that Mexicans are favored over Negroes in certain private industries, like the building trades. But there are other fields, notably government employment, where the positions are reversed. If you go into a post office or a government bureau in Los Angeles now, you

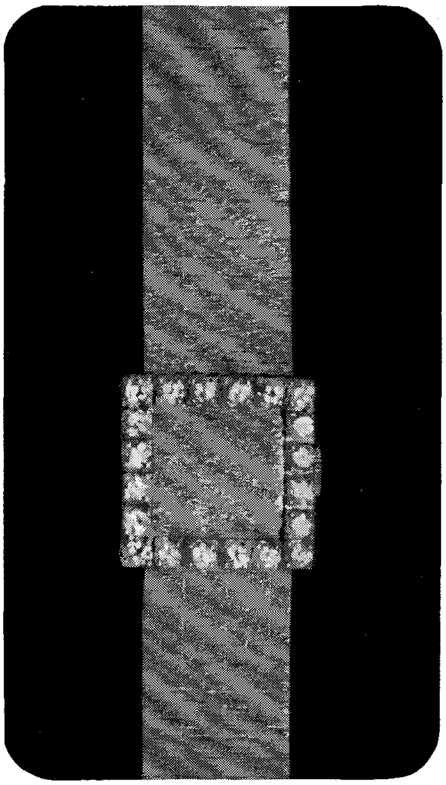
From top:
Strasbourg $34.75
NEW Chelsea $34.75
La Scala $39.50
Sea Rose $34.75

Prices for 4-piece place setting.
©1966 Gorham
THE GORHAM COMPANY
PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

orham Sterling.
ich, lustrous, solid silver.
n designs so exacting
nly our craftsmen
ould attempt them.
ake your choice.
fter all, one place setting
osts less than
little nighttime lace.

ou're entitled to
njoy Gorham Sterling.

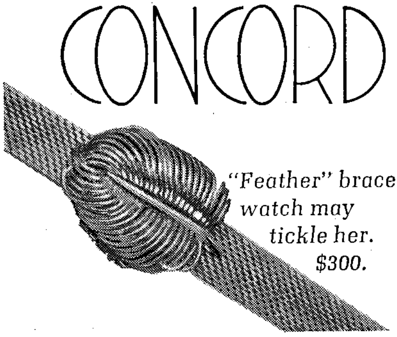
GORHAM



It's a fabulous $1,060 Concord diamond watch. Only-er-what time is it?

Many women think one pretty face is enough, and prefer their watches to look like fine bracelets. A stunning example: this Concord with twenty full-cut diamonds and florentine textured 14K gold. Flip the cover, and voila! Underneath, a superb Swiss precision watch. Advantage: no one will pester you for the time. They'll merely say, "What a gorgeous bracelet! Where did you get it?" Answer: at only the finest jewelers in your city. Concord Watch Company, 720 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

CONCORD



"Feather" bracelet watch may tickle her. $300.

can expect to see many Negro clerks and office boys but relatively few Mexicans, and this goes for other big institutions, too, like colleges and hospitals. While the over-all Negro unemployment situation creates discontent in places like Watts, the Negroes' inside track when it comes to institutional jobs makes many Mexicans uneasy and jealous. Of course, the Mexican cultural-linguistic disadvantage is a factor in giving the Negroes their inside track, but Mexican leaders claim that there is a "reverse discrimination" at work in the post office and similar establishments. They say that Negroes have been favored as the civil-rights movement has gathered momentum, and they fear that more Negroes will be hired and more Mexicans displaced. One Mexican-American leader, deploring the indifference of American liberals toward the Mexicans, told me, "Not much help is coming to us from the business and professional people—the silk-stocking people." Another such leader, whom I saw just after he had attended a national conference on poverty, told me he was appalled by the naïveté of Eastern do-gooders in relation to Southwestern poverty. "They have no idea of how the Mexicans and the Indians have to live," he said. These grievances, compounded and complicated by the Mexicans' characteristic withdrawal and non-aggressiveness, may well grow worse.

Despite local features like the sprawling ghetto and the special severity of the Watts riots, the plight of the Negroes in Los Angeles is really part and parcel of the Negroes' national plight. Yet L.A.'s Negro-white relations *have* some peculiarities, and these arise from the city's external geography—its position in the Southwest corner of the United States. To begin with, in regard to Negroes, Los Angeles is less like our Southeastern cities than like our Northeastern ones; it never had Negro slaves, and, in fact, it had few Negroes of any kind until a great many were brought in by the labor migrations of the Second World War. Thus, its problem of the sudden influx has been a quasi-Northern one. On the other hand, its reception of the influx has not been in quite the Northern manner. For one thing, Los Angeles has few of the Abolitionist memories that have helped move Northern consciences (if not hearts) to give Negroes a tolerant welcome. For another, the white American stock migrating to L.A. through the years has included many Southern families (though these have been fewer than the Midwestern ones). There is

"CHATEAU"

bedspread at these and other fine stores

Abilene, Texas	Thornton's Dept. Store
Akron, Ohio	Polsky's
Albuquerque, N. M.	American Furniture Co.
Allentown, Pa.	Hess's
Allentown, Pa.	H. Leh & Co.
Allentown, Pa.	Zollinger-Harned Co.
Arcadia, Calif.	Hinshaw's
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's
Austin, Texas	Dillard's
Bakersfield, Calif.	Malcolm Brock
Baltimore, Md.	Hecht Co.
Baltimore, Md.	Hochschild, Kohn & branches
Beaumont, Texas	Fair Stores
Binghamton, N. Y.	Fowler, Dick & Walker
Birmingham, Ala.	Pizitz
Brooklyn, N. Y.	Abraham & Straus (all branches)
Buffalo, N. Y.	Adam, Meldrum & Anderson & suburban stores
Casper, Wyo.	Casper Commissary
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Armstrong's
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Killian Co.
Charleston, W. Va.	Diamond Dept. Store
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Miller Bros. Co.
Chicago, Ill.	Carson Pirie Scott
Cincinnati, Ohio	McAlpin's
Cincinnati, Ohio	Shillito's
Cleveland, Ohio	Higbee Co.
Cleveland, Ohio	May Co.
Columbus, Ohio	Lazarus
Davenport, Iowa	M. L. Parker Co.
Dayton, Ohio	Elder-Beerman's
Dayton, Ohio	Rike's
Des Moines, Iowa	Younker Bros.
Detroit, Mich.	Hudson's
Durham, N. C.	Thalhimers
El Paso, Texas	American Furniture Co.
El Paso, Texas	Popular Dry Goods Co.
El Paso, Texas	Stehling's
Elgin, Ill.	Jos. Spiess
Fairmont, W. Va.	J. M. Hartley & Son Co.
Fort Worth, Texas	Monnig's
Fort Worth, Texas	Stripling's
Glendale, Calif.	Webb's
Green Bay, Wis.	H. C. Prange (all stores)
Hammond, Ind.	E. C. Minas
Harrisburg, Pa.	Pomeroy's
Houston, Texas	Joske's
Huntington, W. Va.	Anderson, Newcomb Co.
Huntington, W. Va.	Huntington Dept. Store
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. S. Ayres
Indianapolis, Ind.	Wm. H. Block
Jackson, Mich.	Jacobson's
Jackson, Miss.	S. P. McRae Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.	May-Cohen Co.
Kansas City, Mo.	Emery, Bird, Thayer
Little Rock, Ark.	Gus Blass Co.
Little Rock, Ark.	Pfeifers
Long Beach, Calif.	Buffums (all stores)
Los Angeles, Calif.	Broadway (all stores)
Los Angeles, Calif.	May Co. (all stores)
Los Angeles, Calif.	Robinson's (all stores)
Louisville, Kentucky	Kaufman's (all stores)
Memphis, Tenn.	Goldsmith's
Memphis, Tenn.	John Gerber Co.
Miami, Fla.	Jackson Byron Stores
Milwaukee, Wis.	Milwaukee Boston Store
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Nashville, Tenn.	The Harvey Co.
New Orleans, La.	Maison Blanche
Oakland, Calif.	Capwell's (all stores)
Oakland, Calif.	Rhodes (all stores)
Oklahoma City, Okla.	John A. Brown Co.
Omaha, Neb.	J. L. Brandeis
Omaha, Neb.	Orchard & Wilhelm
Omaha, Neb.	Phillips Dept. Store
Omaha, Neb.	Thomas Kilpatrick Co.
Peoria, Ill.	P. A. Bergner & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.	Gimbel's & suburban stores
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker & branches
Philadelphia, Pa.	Lit's & branches
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Kaufmann's
Portland, Oregon	Meier & Frank
Richmond, Va.	Miller & Rhoads
Rochester, N. Y.	Sibley, Lindsay & Curr
Rock Island, Ill.	McCabe Dry Goods
Rockford, Ill.	Chas. V. Wiese
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous-Barr
St. Louis, Mo.	Stix, Baer & Fuller
St. Louis, Mo.	Vandervoort's
San Antonio, Texas	Joske's
San Diego, Calif.	Walker-Scott
San Francisco, Calif.	Emporium (all stores)
Santa Barbara, Calif.	Trenwith's
Savannah, Ga.	Levy's
Schenectady, N. Y.	Carl Company
Scranton, Pa.	The Globe
South Bend, Ind.	Robertson's
Spokane, Wash.	The Crescent
Springfield, Mass.	Albert Steiger, Inc. & branches
Springfield, Mo.	Herr's
Syracuse, N. Y.	*Dey Bros. & branches*
Tacoma, Wash.	Rhodes
Tampa, Fla.	Maas Bros.
Toledo, Ohio	LaSalle & Koch
Tulsa, Okla.	Brown, Dunkin Co.
Tulsa, Okla.	Froug's
Washington, D. C.	Hecht Co. & branches
Washington, D. C.	S. Kann's
Washington, D. C.	Woodward & Lothrop & branches
West Palm Beach, Fla.	The Pioneer Co.
Wheeling, West Va.	L. S. Good & Co.
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Davis, Inc.
York, Pa.	Bon Ton
Youngstown, Ohio	McKelvey's
Youngstown, Ohio	Strouss Hirschberg

Morgan-Jones

SPRINGS MILLS, INC./104 W. 40TH STREET, N.Y., N.Y. 10018

MORGAN-JONES

bedspreads...color-cued to you

A secret kingdom of your own. Warmed by a great blaze of color—Morgan-Jones' "Chateau." King-size, of course. Magnificently sculptured. Machine-washable, machine-dryable. And the perfect setting for a sleeping beauty. About $25. At fine stores.

"Chateau" comes in flame (shown), snow, plum, sand, avocado, curry, pumpkin, jade, charcoal and cornflower. Also in single, full and queen sizes, from $16.

Morgan-Jones

SPRINGS MILLS, INC./104 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10018.

When the delivery boy begins calling you "M'am" instead of "Miss."

You can begin to feel old, or you can begin a simple skin plan designed expressly for the "Almost Young" woman.

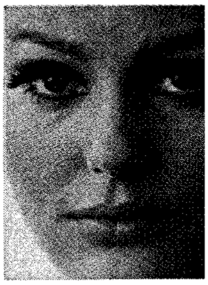
Created Only For You. It Does Everything For You. Because it concentrates on your needs, this plan does everything to hold the line against wrinkles, to coax back the tone and color that skin starts to lose as it leaves the twenties.

Your Skin Laps It Up—And Beams. Flowing Velvet, the remarkable invention of Jacqueline Cochran, is a buttery-colored rich-as-country-cream liquid that weighs about what a whisper does. Light and absolutely non-greasy, you stroke Flowing Velvet on and don't wipe it off because it is instantly absorbed by your skin. It "plumps out" skin. Quenches dry wrinkles. Relaxes strain lines. Turns a tight, drawn skin into a moist, younger looking one.

Wear It Out To Dinner, Or To Sleep. Instead of a beauty ritual you have to perform behind closed doors, Flowing Velvet can go anywhere. It's an invisible, perfect basis for (and protection from) makeup. It's also splendid solo—to wear when you're in an anti-makeup mood, or wear it to bed to let work while you sleep.

Habit Forming. Flowing Velvet is so pleasurable to use, you'll so like the way it looks on you that wearing it will quickly become one of your good habits. Keep it close at hand. Apply it morning and night and any time in between (consistency is one of the secrets of its great success).

Women Have Been Waiting For This For Ages. You're the lucky one to have it happen in time for your skin. Flowing Velvet is $3.50 at stores who know beauty.



Flowing Velvet
Jacqueline Cochran

Jacqueline Cochran

a horizontality to the United States migration map in this regard: Northerners tend toward San Francisco, Southerners toward Los Angeles, and one hears a surprising number of Southern accents in and around L.A. One also hears a surprising number of whites speak bluntly of Negroes as inferior people who must be kept in their place. This attitude accords very well with the frontiersman's approach to minorities. The nisei scholar I have quoted on this subject had more to say about it. "In the past, American racism was closely identified with American liberalism," he told me. "This goes back to the time of Andrew Jackson, though Frederick Jackson Turner doesn't mention it. Organized labor was racist, the Democratic Party was racist, and the Socialists were racist—even Eugene V. Debs didn't try to eradicate the racism. The combination didn't change until the time of the New Deal and, especially, the rise of the C.I.O., with its emphasis on mass movements rather than craft monopolies. Then pressure from the churches began to help, and here the Protestants got a better start than the Catholics. In California, the Catholic lag goes back to the Irish-Chinese rivalry in railroad building, which began during the Civil War period in San Francisco and spread to the rest of California from there. In recent years, the formation of Catholic interracial committees has helped a lot, and then, of course, prosperity makes things easier. But the old feelings linger."

Long before the Watts riots broke out, some Los Angeles Negroes—the local leaders of CORE, for instance—were stating flatly that Los Angeles had a worse record of police brutality than such other American cities as San Francisco and New York. And it is true that some striking instances of quick shooting of Negroes by Los Angeles police were reported even before the big riots—most notably in a scrape in 1962 between police and Black Muslims, in which one Muslim was killed and five Muslims and three policemen were injured. The blame for that fracas was placed on the Muslims, a number of whom were convicted in the subsequent trial. Of course, no outsider can be sure what emotional strains a white policeman is under in the huge Los Angeles ghetto, where he himself belongs to a minority. Yet to anyone who has lived of late years, as I have, in Los Angeles, New York, Boston, and San Francisco, it is bound to seem that—with the possible exception of Boston, which has a wretched police force, allied to the most ignorant white ele-

from top

Redecorated! Refurnished!! Reforma Inter•Continental!!! A million-dollar face lifting has just made Mexico City's famed Reforma its newest-looking luxury hotel. The superb service, food and location remain the same. But now the rooms and restaurants are more beautiful than ever. Seeing is believing—Call your Travel Agent or Inter•Continental for reservations by Panamac. Axel Hochkoeppler, General Manager.

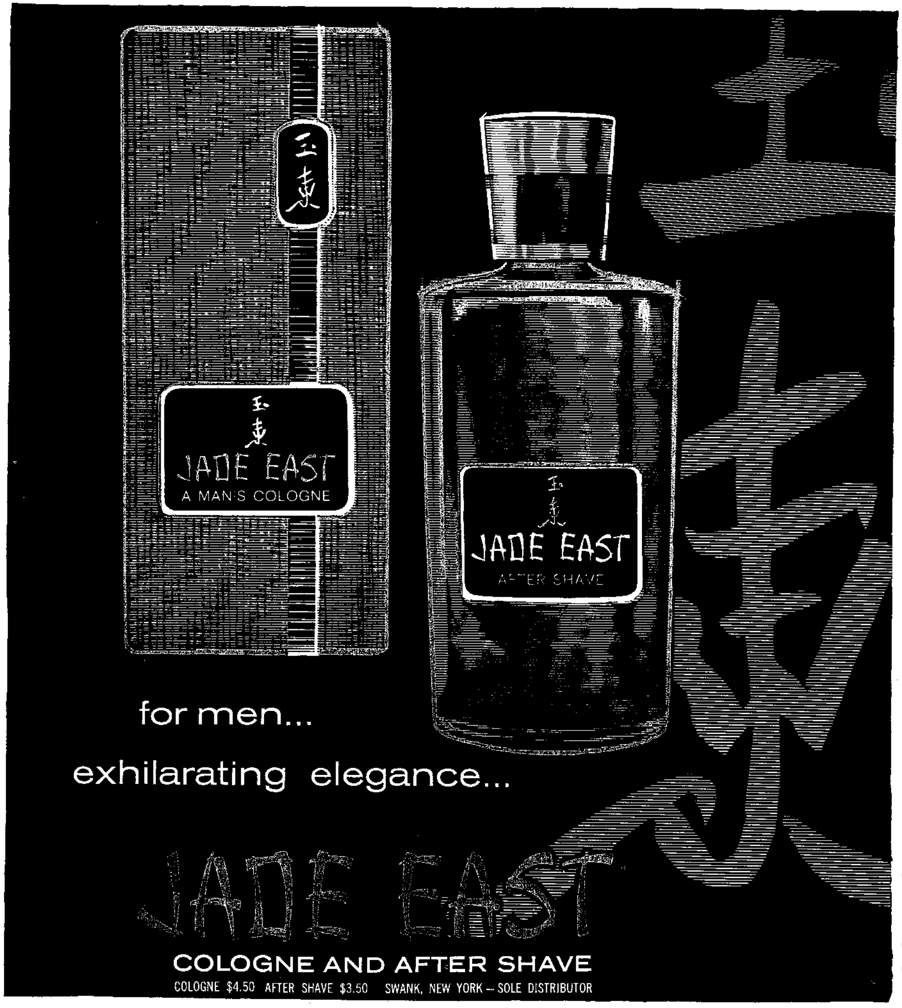
HOTEL REFORMA
INTER•CONTINENTAL

to bottom

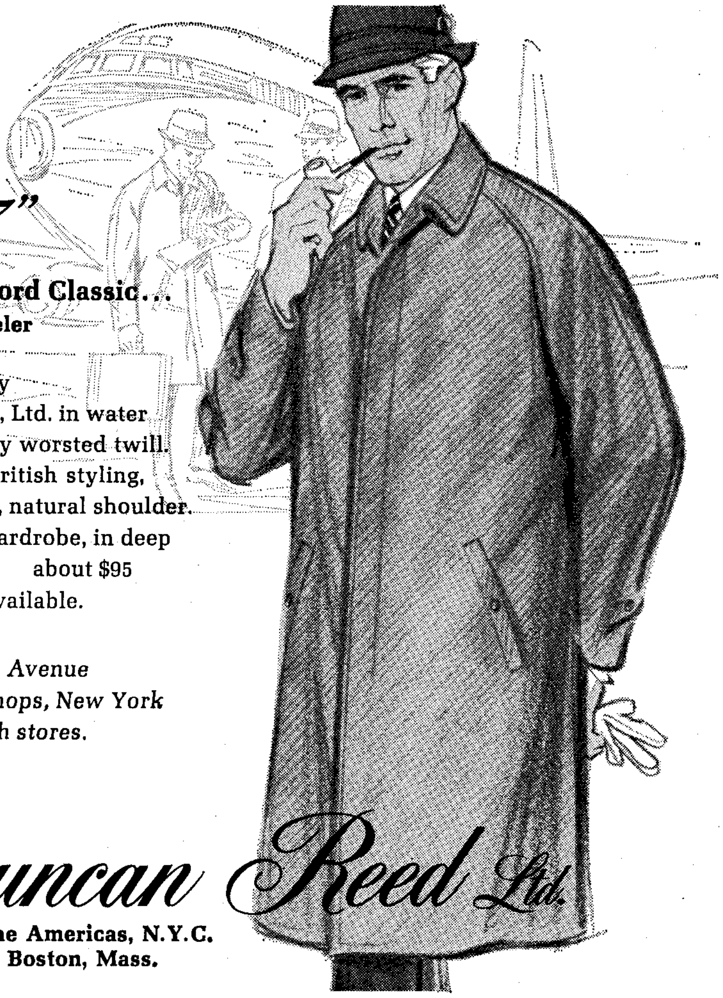
ments—Los Angeles is the one of the four where the use of force, rather than sympathy, has been most in accord with the local white Anglo-Caucasian racial view. Even the Episcopal Church, so racially tolerant elsewhere in the country, was badly split on Proposition 14; much of the diocese objected strenuously—withdrawing millions of dollars in promised support of the civil-rights movement—when its bishop and other clergy came out against the measure.

In the 1964 election, Proposition 14 got far more general support in Los Angeles than in San Francisco, and, although President Johnson carried L.A. County by a million and a half votes to a million one hundred thousand for Goldwater, the triangle of racism, Republicanism, and southern California became glued together so firmly in the Goldwater excitement that moderate Republicans have not yet been able to take it apart. Just as L.A. was Goldwater's main base in 1964, so this year it is the main base for the actor Ronald Reagan in his quest for the governorship. Reagan, who has been linked with Goldwater and with conservative causes generally, has so far been fairly noncommittal about the race issue—and, for that matter, about most issues—but it is thought that race riots last month in San Francisco, although they were less serious and more expeditiously handled than the earlier ones in L.A., will probably further Reagan's cause and damage that of the incumbent Democratic Governor, Edmund (Pat) Brown, a liberal in racial matters.

Anyone trying to understand Los Angeles cannot overlook its compatibility with Goldwater and Goldwaterism. Goldwater's father was born in Los Angeles, and one of his daughters married an Angeleno. For years, the Goldwaters spent their summers just down the coast from L.A., and recently they have been staying at the Balboa Bay Club, near Newport Beach, in Orange County, which is some thirty-five miles from the heart of Los Angeles. One commonly hears that much of the strategy leading up to Goldwater's 1964 candidacy was planned on a yacht in Balboa waters. At any rate, it was really Los Angeles that got him the Republican nomination, and during the campaign he kept returning to the region, sometimes for speeches and meetings, and sometimes for a vacation and rest. More broadly, Goldwater belongs to—and Reagan aspires to—our Southwestern upper class, a group whose style owes much to the American frontier mystique. The rich



JADE EAST A MAN'S COLOGNE
JADE EAST AFTER SHAVE
for men...
exhilarating elegance...
JADE EAST
COLOGNE AND AFTER SHAVE
COLOGNE $4.50 AFTER SHAVE $3.50 SWANK, NEW YORK – SOLE DISTRIBUTOR



"707"
The Whipcord Classic...
an ideal traveler

As tailored by
Duncan-Reed, Ltd. in water
repellent 2 ply worsted twill.
Traditional British styling,
raglan sleeve, natural shoulder.
A one coat wardrobe, in deep
Classic Clay. about $95
Zip-in liner available.

At Saks Fifth Avenue
University Shops, New York
and all branch stores.

Duncan Reed Ltd.
1290 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y.C.
15 Federal Ct., Boston, Mass.

I didn't want to kiss the bride.

Brides are girls. Who wants to kiss girls?
I don't.
Please, Susie, don't kiss me.
You're a girl.
Girls get so silly about stuff.
I heard you.
You got so silly when mom said she was giving you Waterford.
There were so many oohs in your mouth.
Ooh, Waterford crystal. Ooh. Ooh.
You sounded like an owl.

(Note: You can't blame a girl for getting silly over Waterford crystal. Every facet is cut by hand, with love, in Ireland. You will find many historic pieces of Waterford in famous homes and museums all over the world. Write for free brochure to Waterford, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.)

Stop, Susie.
Stop telling me you're my sister.
Sisters are girls. Who wants to kiss girls?
I don't.
Stop.
Stop.
I'm warning you.
You'd better stop.
If you get lipstick on me, I'll break the Belleek china Aunt Betty gave you.

(Note: Susie stopped. Her brother, that little devil of an angel, knows her weak spots. Each piece of Belleek Parian China is a work of art, created not by an assembly line, but by hand. As in Waterford, the love of the artist is poured in to each piece. If you want to know more, write for free brochure to Belleek, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York 10010.)

I'm sorry, Susie.
I didn't mean it.
You can kiss me.
I'll live.

© 1966 Waterford

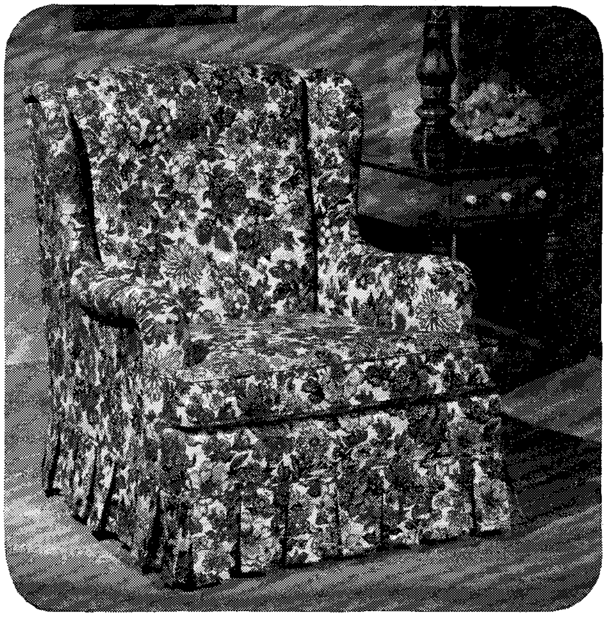
DON'T WEAR ONDINE UNLESS YOU MEAN IT.

Ondine is as
personal as an unlisted
phone number.
Save it for the real men
in your life.
Men who want you
all to themselves.
Who hold your coat for you.
Who open taxi doors.
And keep you out too late.
Ondine is flirtatious as a wink.
Don't wear it unless you mean it.

Suzanne Thierry, Paris—Parfum $30 an ounce plus tax.

©Suzanne Thierry Parfums, Inc. 1966.

Chair by FUTORIAN. At F & R LAZARUS, Columbus, and other fine stores.



beauty guaranteed to last

...fabric by EVERFAST® protected with DU PONT ZEPEL® FABRIC FLUORIDIZER from watery and oily spills. EVERGLAZE® easy care cotton

THE EVERFAST COLOR GUARANTEE: We unreservedly guarantee that should a fabric by EVERFAST fade for any reason during the life of the fabric, we will refund not only the cost of the fabric, but also any reasonable making up cost. EVERFAST FABRICS, INC., 70 W. 40TH ST., N.Y.C. 10018

Southwesterners make up a "short-range jet set," as one friend of mine has put it, which moves back and forth between the California beaches and the Texas oil fields. The set's members fly to each other's parties, and they live a luxurious imitation-frontier life—camping out, hunting, fishing, and ranching arduously, though with the latest in technological equipment, a method that is itself in keeping with the frontier ethos.

America has actually had no frontier—no line beyond which lay wild lands open to settlement—since 1890, at the latest, but the frontier mystique lingers on vigorously in the Southwest, and perhaps nowhere more vigorously than in Los Angeles itself. The great prophet of the mystique was, of course, Frederick Jackson Turner, whose role in American thought has been compared to Emerson's, to Thoreau's, and to Walt Whitman's, and whose paper "The Significance of the Frontier in American History" created a furor when it was delivered before the American Historical Association in 1893. Many critics have since assailed Turner's theories, and now they are considered incomplete at best, yet their indirect influence remains great, since finding expression in Western movies, in Goldwaterism, and in other ways. At their heart is the argument that the American character was reborn through the frontier experience—that the newcomers at first were overwhelmed by the wilderness, then adapted themselves to it, and eventually developed means of subduing it. The frontier is the line of "most rapid and effective Americanization," Turner wrote in his paper. He went on to explain:

> The wilderness masters the colonist. It finds him a European in dress, industries, tools, modes of travel, and thought. It takes him from the railroad car and puts him in the birch canoe. It strips off the garments of civilization and arrays him in the hunting shirt and the moccasin. It puts him in the log cabin of the Cherokee and Iroquois and runs an Indian palisade around him. Before long he has gone to planting Indian corn and plowing with a sharp stick; he shouts the war cry and takes the scalp in orthodox Indian fashion. In short, at the frontier the environment is at first too strong for the man. He must accept the conditions which it furnishes, or perish, and so he fits himself into the Indian clearings and follows the Indian trails. Little by little he transforms the wilderness, but the outcome is not the old Europe.... The fact is, that here is a new product that is American.

Individualism is the principal feature of the new product, Turner wrote in a later passage:

> As has been indicated, the frontier is productive of individualism. Complex so-

Pianola is the player-piano for people who can't always play piano. People who sing-along, people who dance along, or people who are all wrapped up in their own instrument. They put their best feet forward–

Express yourself with your hands on Pianola's tempo and tone controls. Or flick a finger and add a honky tonk sound.

You can get Aeolian music rolls in everything from fugues to frugs.

Electric play with sensitive volume control is an optional extra — for those who would rather dance or sit across the room and just listen.

he Transposer Bar ets you dial the right ccompaniment key, hether you whistle, um, sing or ousaphone.

Pianola has style, seven kinds of it, for your choice of mood and finish. And, Pianola is bigger than a bread box, small enough to go just about anywhere.

on Pianola player pedals -and out comes piano music, in style. In key, too, because Pianola has the right key for every music roll you play. Go ahead, and express yourself. Play it with foot pedals. Play it with hand controls. Or plug in Pianola and it plays itself. You can even play it as a regular piano. What more can we say?

When panels are closed, Pianola looks like a piano. It plays like a piano. In fact, it is a piano, but so much more than just a piano. It's a Pianola. Starts at $985.

A letter or postcard will get you all there is to know about Pianola free: full color, full-of-fashion booklet *and* the words of "Morton Gould on The Player-Piano" and how it helps piano students learn more, faster. Write:
PIANOLA, 33 West 57th Street, New York, N.Y. 10019

BONWIT TELLER

THE LATE DAY SUIT FOR MISS BONWIT

Wonderfully elegant for the theatre, dinner in an intimate bistro... our glowy suit in worsted and silk, the skirt quite slim, the shell small sleeved, the jacket loop-and-knob buttoned. By Lester Paul in black or pearl gray, 6 to 16 sizes, 90.00 Mail and phone orders filled.

MISS BONWIT SUITS

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

ciety is precipitated by the wilderness into a kind of primitive organization based on the family. The tendency is anti-social. It produces antipathy to control, and particularly to any direct control. The tax gatherer is viewed as a representative of oppression....

The result is that to the frontier the American intellect owes its striking characteristics. That coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic but powerful to effect great ends; that restless, nervous energy; that dominant individualism, working for good and for evil, and withal that buoyancy and exuberance which comes with freedom—these are traits of the frontier....

Just about every word in this last paragraph could be applied to Goldwater and to his sympathizers in Los Angeles and its hinterland, who are individualistic to the verge of believing, or thinking they believe, that all government is bad, and who are men of action, or anti-intellectuals, who fight doctrines not so much with other doctrines as with organization. Goldwater was notably outspoken about his dislike of the East and Easterners, and this is in line with another part of the Turner thesis. "But the attempts to . . . deprive the West of its share of political power were all in vain," Turner wrote. "Steadily the frontier of settlement advanced and carried with it individualism, democracy, and nationalism, and powerfully affected the East and the Old World." This picture of Westerners escaping the jealous interference of the East and then returning to save the East from itself seems to be firmly imprinted in the minds of well-to-do conservative Angelenos. Aversion to New York is about as strong in L.A. as aversion to San Francisco. In 1964, the press reported Goldwater as having said, before his nomination, that he had heard, and had never heard it disputed, "that the Eastern money interests—the large banks and the financial houses—have most always been able to control the selection of the Republican candidate." His statement continued, "They want to be able to control not the foreign policy as *you* and *I* think of foreign policy, based on peace and war, but the foreign policy of this country relative to interest rates, gold balance, values, etc. And in my case they don't have this control and they are getting quite frantic in their efforts to have somebody get me out." There speaks the Turner frontiersman, both in the expression of distrust and in the reduction of foreign policy, essentially, to the simplicity of Indian fighting.

Turner had penetrating insights, and

BONWIT TELLER

BONWIT'S WITTY YOUNG WOOL

This wonderful little whip of a wool jersey for a busy season in town shows signs of the times in the small dolman sleeves, the slash pockets, the chimney collar. Exquisitely seamed by Claret in navy or heather gray for 6 to 14 sizes, 50.00 Mail and phone orders filled.

SPORTS FLOOR

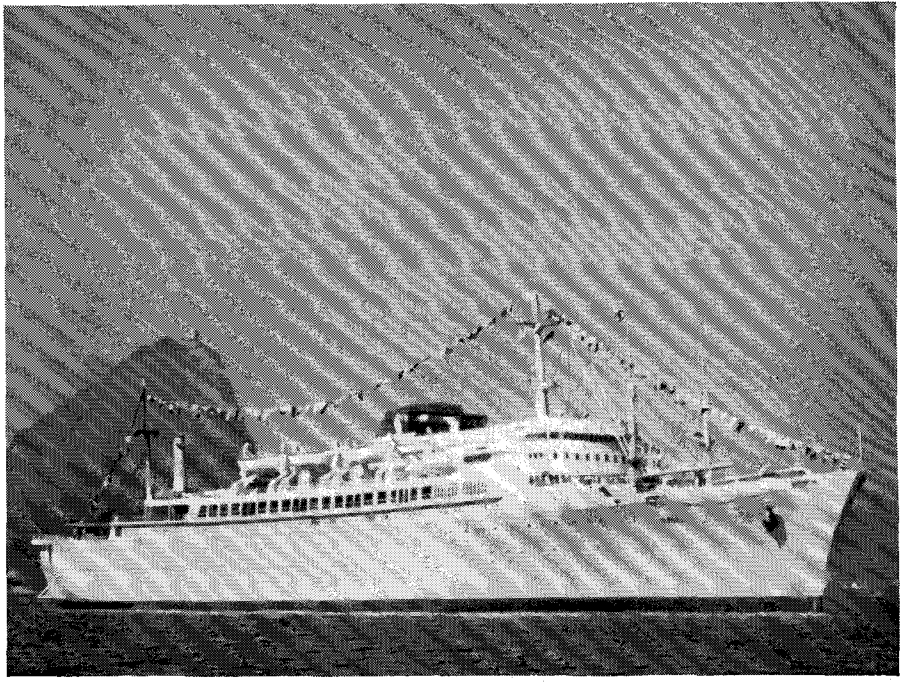
Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York
Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills
Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

"The Significance of the Frontier" explains a great deal about Los Angeles. Yet on the question of individualism he did not have the whole answer, as many of his critics have pointed out. In and around Los Angeles, the last frontier, one cannot escape the fact that social coöperation is of utmost importance in the larger undertakings. This goes back to Spanish days. It was through public policy, not private initiative, that the Spaniards settled what was then Alta California by means of missions, run by the Church; presidios, or military posts, run by the Army; and pueblos, or towns, run by the civil authorities. Soon after Mexico broke off from Spain, in 1822, the missions and their huge lands were secularized, and ever since then landholding by the civil government has been a main feature of California life; even today almost half of California's land is publicly owned. Early in the nineteenth century, Turner-style Yanqui frontiersmen began appearing in California and disrupting the Spanish or Mexican arrangements, and ultimately they took the state over. But this event was less individualistic than romantic historians might make it seem. The main Yanqui force in the takeover was a body of men under Captain John C. Frémont, who had been sent west on an exploring trip by the federal government. Frémont had with him Kit Carson, one of the greatest embodiments of the frontier mystique, and he had other frontier scouts as well, but they, too, were paid with federal money and were subject, through Frémont, to federal command. The Yanqui incursion was further supported by a naval force under Commodore Robert Stockton and an Army force under General Stephen W. Kearny; without such help it would have failed. This kind of support was typical of the winning of the West in general. Whereas settlers of the East had done their own Indian fighting, for the most part, those in the West put much reliance on units like the 7th Cavalry. Then later the West's overland transport was heavily subsidized by Washington: the railroads were subsidized, the highways were subsidized, and the airlines were subsidized as well. And at the beginning of this century, when L.A. decided to bring supplies of water from afar, the city went about it through social coöperation, which was the only possible way. For one thing, it launched a big bond issue, and thereby engaged in public ownership. For another, it lobbied in Washington and got men like Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford

MOORE-McCORMACK
(because you like the American way of life)

ss ARGENTINA ss BRASIL

America's newest luxury liners...built and sailed under U.S. Coast Guard safety standards, the highest in the world...first class throughout... all staterooms outside with private bathrooms and individually controlled draft-free air conditioning...stabilizers for all-weather comfort.



Take a 31-day break to see a fascinating world

The world of South America...and the Caribbean ...lands of romance, gayety and charm. Do things you've dreamed of doing...sun bathe on Rio de Janeiro's famous Copacabana Beach...marvel at Brasilia, the ultra modern capital city...stroll through Montevideo's rose-blooming El Prado Park...enjoy the cosmopolitan atmosphere of Buenos Aires, the "Paris of the Americas." And visit San Juan, Barbados and St. Thomas—Caribbean ports of pleasure and romance, caressed by eternal breezes and surrounded by the bluest sea in the world. Throughout the cruise, live as an American, enjoying good food, cheerful service and the friendship of people who, like you, think of Moore-McCormack ships as their home away from home.

SOUTH AMERICA CRUISES: 31 days from NEW YORK ...Nov. 19, Mar. 3*, May 12, June 23, Aug. 25, Sept. 14*. Calling at St. Thomas, Rio de Janeiro, Santos (São Paulo), Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Barbados, San Juan.
*34-day cruises

CHRISTMAS-NEW YEAR SOUTH AMERICA CRUISE: 35 days from N.Y. Dec. 22...from Pt. Everglades, Fla. Dec. 24.

CARNAVAL-IN-RIO CRUISE: 35 days from N.Y. Jan. 25, from Pt. Everglades, Fla. Jan. 27.

63-day SEA-SAFARI CRUISE: Feb. 8...ss BRASIL...from New York...**Feb. 10***...from Pt. Everglades, Fla. Visiting Barbados, Bahia, Rio de Janeiro, Santos (São Paulo), Cape Town, Durban, Lourenço Marques, Mombasa, Suez, Alexandria, Beirut, Piraeus, Dubrovnik, Venice, Messina, Palma, Barcelona, Lisbon.
*This cruise terminates in New York.

See your Travel Agent or
write for colorful literature on these cruises

MOORE-McCORMACK LINES
Two Broadway, Dept. N-10, New York 10004

All Moore-McCormack ships are registered under the Flag of the United States of America.

Why The Walking Burberry Swaggers

The easy swagger of this redoubtable weatherproof isn't all pride. The Walking Burberry literally *umbrellas* the body while allowing a brisk pace. Great pockets—almost a foot square each—hold parcels neatly, button down against the wet. The staunch and legendary cotton gabardine, woven only by Burberrys in Britain, has sheltered kings, prime ministers, Parliament (both houses). The Walking Burberry. About $65.

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WEATHERPROOFERS BURBERRYS LTD. 18, THE HAYMARKET, LONDON S. W. 1

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER WEATHERPROOFERS BURBERRYS LTD. 18, THE HAYMARKET, LONDON S. W. 1

Burberrys®

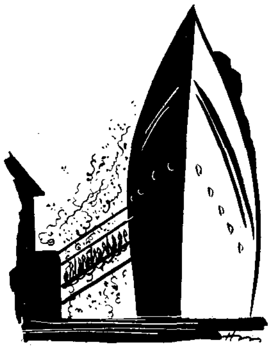
London Paris New York

Join The Walking Burberry Club.
Send for free booklet, *"Rough Weather Notes,"*
Department B, Burberrys Ltd.
14 East 38th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016

Pinchot to use various federal powers, notably those connected with forest conservation, in helping it to wrest the Owens Valley waters away from the farmers who lived in the place. Still later, it obtained much federal help in getting Colorado River water for itself, and so on. L.A.'s growth would have been impossible without these Socialistic aids. And L.A.'s current prosperity would be impossible without massive federal support of the aerospace and other industries. It is estimated that a quarter of the California "wage dollar" now comes directly from government, and that much of the rest comes indirectly from government sources. To inveigh against creeping Socialism under these circumstances, as many L.A. conservatives do, seems hypocritical, if not plain silly.

Recently, an elderly Californian, now an L.A. resident, was explaining this subject to me. "Around 1912," he said, "many California communities adopted a form of Socialism, though it was not so called. Berkeley, where I was living then, had a Socialist mayor. The Berkeley Socialists were honorable and respectable, not I.W.W. people [the indigenous radicals of the Industrial Workers of the World, whose activities helped to produce our first great Red scare], though these, too, were common on the West Coast at the time. I remember that Berkeley built a municipal incinerator then, which was thought very advanced, and it did other things in that line. Here in Los Angeles the movement was checked by the bombing of the *Times* in 1910, which was blamed on labor elements, and the reaction to it. Had it not been for that bombing, Los Angeles, too, might have elected a Socialist mayor. In 1913, more than eighty per cent of the land in California was owned by the federal government, and even today there is a strong sentiment in favor of such ownership. The Sierra Club, which interests itself in the California mountains, is run by some of the most conservative Californians, yet it fights hard to maintain public ownership or control of the wilderness. It doesn't say, 'Let's have public control;' it says, 'Let's keep California clean.' But the effect is the same. The idea of public enterprise also permeates California's education. I believe only one-fifth of the high-school graduates in Massachusetts have a chance to go on to a state institution, but in California everyone has that opportunity."

For most of the period since V-J Day, Los Angeles has moved toward the kind of social-democratic, cosmopolitan philosophy that characterizes the maturer cities of the East. During this period, San Pedro, the L.A. harbor, has become the leading seaport on the West Coast, surpassing San Francisco. Statisticians estimate that one worker out of every four in L.A. is now dependent on foreign trade, which, of course, inclines the city toward internationalism. The aerospace industry, especially, has strong foreign interests, and it is sophisticated anyway; unlike the leaders of the old aviation industry, the new aerospace leaders are intellectually oriented (many of them supported Lyndon Johnson for President in 1964, which the old-line aircraft manufacturers might not have done). The L.A. *Times* has also gone very international, and it now has correspondents at most of the leading capitals and war fronts; it is coming more and more under urban influences like department-store advertising; and its owners and staff are increasingly involved with urban developments like the L.A. cultural boom. The *Times* used to be comparable to the Hearst press as a spokesman of reaction, but now it approaches the stand of the big Eastern liberal papers. These things are signs that L.A. is becoming more and more like an American city in the usual sense. Many Angelenos may still dream that they are frontier individualists, but actually they are parts of a complex socioeconomic system with ties to other regions that cannot safely be broken.



MOST observers in L.A. think that, given peace and prosperity, the social-democratic tendency will ultimately predominate. Without peace and prosperity, L.A. and southern California are open to right-wing extremism in a thousand forms. A year and a half ago, California's Attorney General made a report on five armed vigilante or subversive groups active in the state; he noted that there were other such groups as well, but he concentrated on the five as a sample. One of them was the Black Muslims—a special case. The others were the American Nazi Party (the outfit headed nationally by George Lincoln Rockwell, whose "Western Division" recently took up

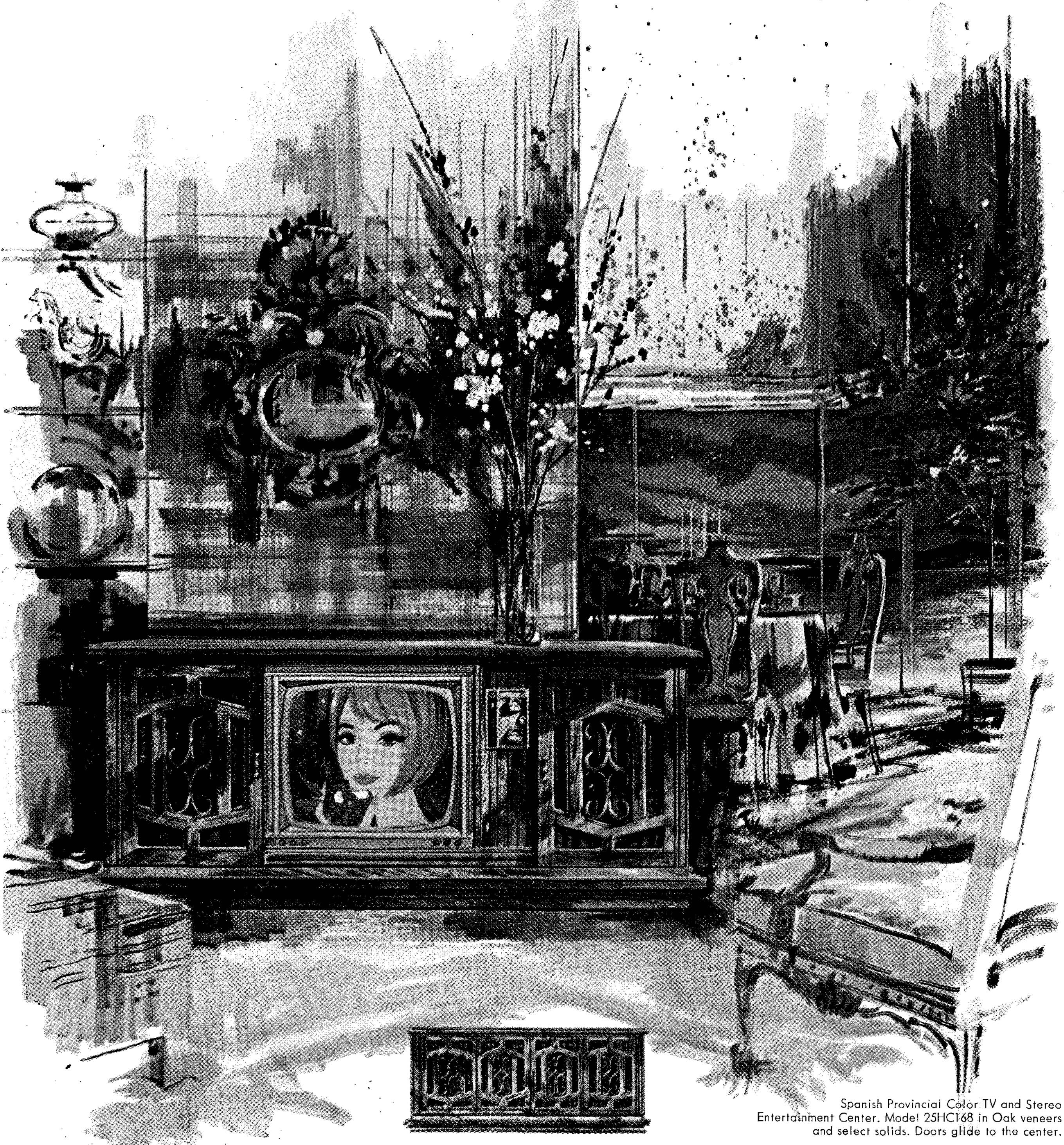
We think it's the world's finest stereo console, too.

Today's most important advances in color TV and stereo are encased in elegant furniture. Authentically handcrafted to express a period mood in the bench-made furniture tradition.

In stereo, music is unsurpassed. A 100-watt EIA (160-watts peak power) all-transistor amplifier is matched to Sylvania's air-suspension speaker system. Audible distortion is eliminated and music has the presence of a concert hall performance. In color, Sylvania is in a class of its own. The famous *color bright 85®* picture tube and Sylvania's own Color Bonus Chassis show you beautifully bright colors unmatched on TV.

Look for uncompromising quality in TV and stereo inside a beautiful selection of period furniture. At your Sylvania dealer's. Suggested list prices for color TV home entertainment centers range from about $390 to $1295. For a guide to Sylvania TV and Stereo, send 50¢ to: Sylvania, Dept. ST, Box 7, Station C, Buffalo, N.Y. 14209.

25" diag. meas.; 295 sq. in. overall viewing area.



Spanish Provincial Color TV and Stereo Entertainment Center. Model 25HC168 in Oak veneers and select solids. Doors glide to the center.

SYLVANIA

SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E

Oh, those Bazazz eyes, those great big beautiful Bazazz Age Eyes!

EYES
MAX FACTOR

Bazazz is crying the blues.
Fair Blue Shadow Play

Bazazz is having more
than one pair of...
Fashion Lashes

Bazazz is doing mad things with...Cake Eye-Liner

LOUNGING PAJAMAS BY DONALD BROOKS·

They're Uninhibited. Unlimited. Unresistible. Very Max Factor.

Bazazz is having a brush with adventure.
Shadow Fling

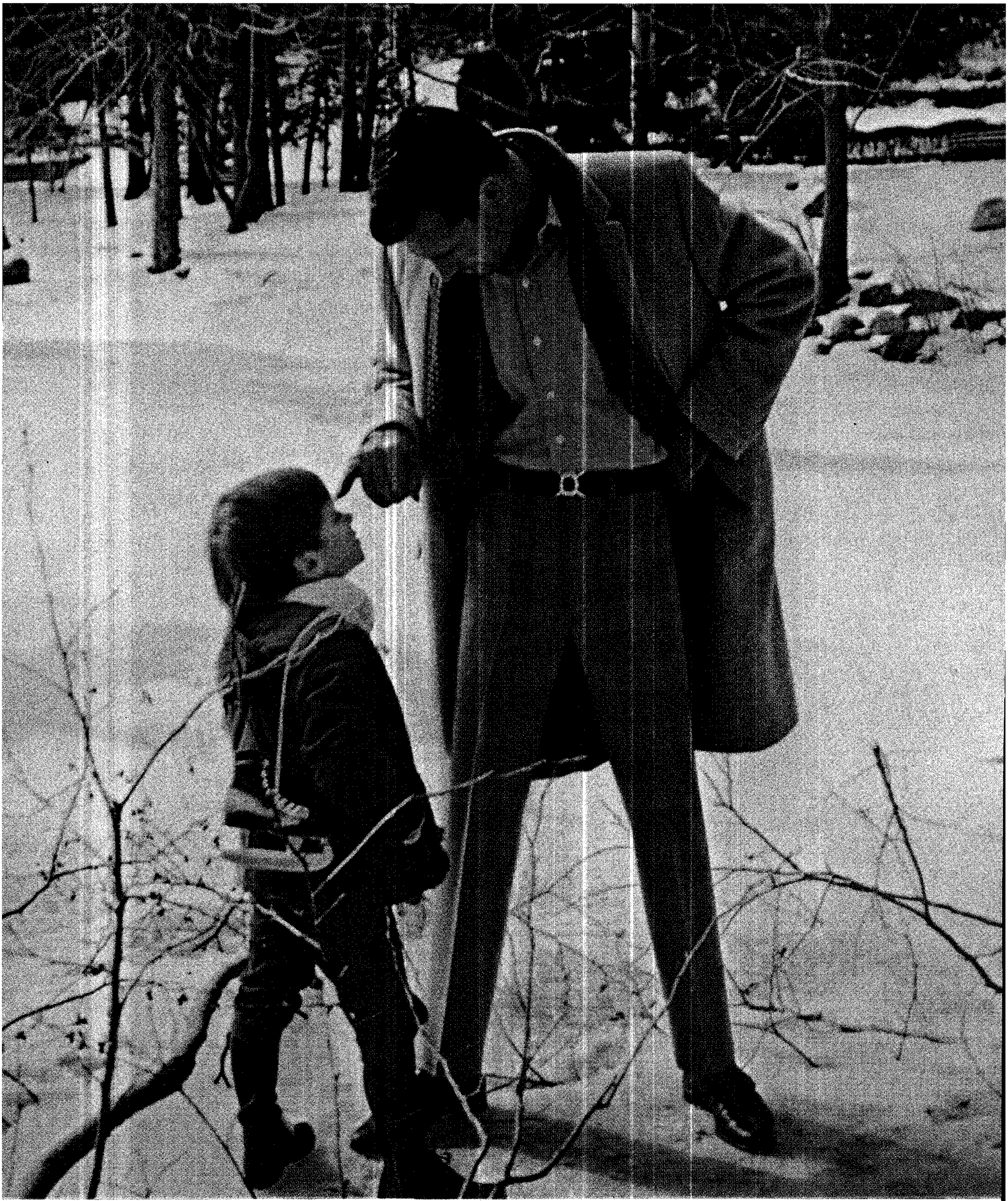
Bazazz is the latest tip in the great Lash Race.
Brush Tip Mascara Wand

Bazazz is giving your eyebrows
the br-r-rush! Brush & Brow

A flick of a lash, the hush of a shadowed lid, a clear-eyed pow of color…and Shazam. Eye make-ups come of age. The Bazazz Age! Max Factor's eye make-ups work wide-eyed wonders on your eyes. And the colors are loaded with fashion Bazazz (sshhh to shiny, mild to wild). And oh my. Once the world sees you in Eyes Bazazz, heaven knows what might happen. That's why Bazazz is. Everything else was.

EYES BAZAZZ by MAX FACTOR

© 1966, MAX FACTOR & CO. AVAILABLE IN CANADA



Not everybody understands odd trousers.

There are those who feel that a pair of pants is a pair of pants. Suitpants match the jacket. Slacks don't. And that's that.

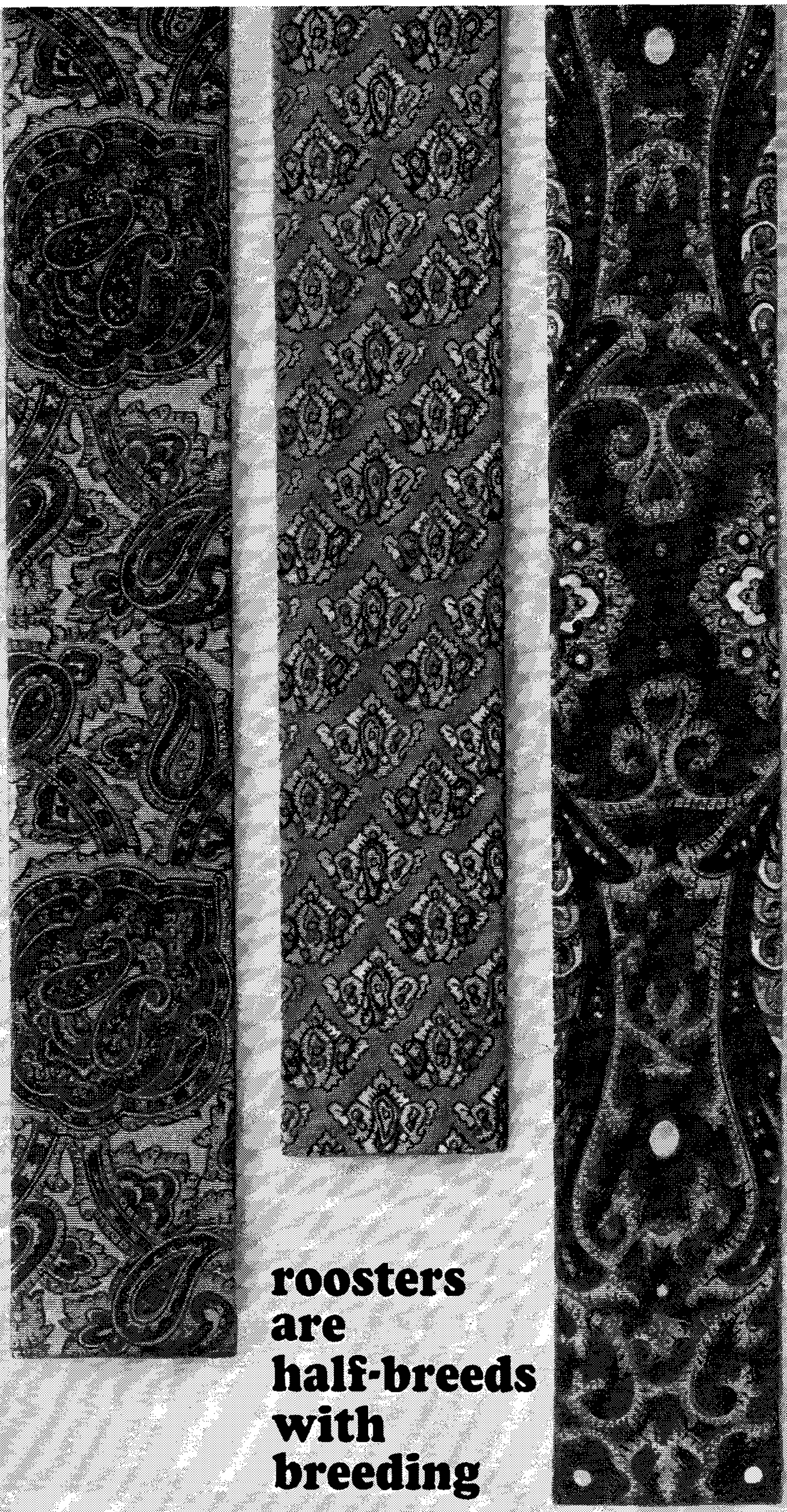
There are others who insist that trousers are the item in a man's wardrobe that must be right. With no surplus fabric flopping about. But no sausage look either. Clean-limbed. And not a little self-assured.

For such men we make odd trousers.

In 55% Dacron* polyester and 45% wool, they start at $22.50 for plain colors. $25 for patterns. Tailor's Bench, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York. *REG. T. M. DU PONT

Tailor's Bench®, odd trousers, with Dacron®

headquarters in the nearby community of El Monte), the National States Rights Party (an outfit run from Birmingham, Alabama), the Minutemen (run from Norborne, Missouri), and the California Rangers. Only the last organization is strictly indigenous, but the Minutemen came into California by absorbing a local group—the Loyal Order of Mountain Men, centered near San Diego. Other than the Black Muslims, the groups mentioned by the Attorney General are apt to be interconnected, their often unsavory leaders passing from one to another according to where the money can be found at the moment. All the groups, not excluding the Muslims, are violently racist, and the report defines all five as "paramilitary," that is, they have been known to prepare actively for guerrilla warfare in the field. Their members have bought arms, have practiced using them, and have been coached in the arts of setting explosives, laying booby traps, and obtaining military intelligence. The presence of these paramilitary outfits has made for lurid news items. For instance, a private cache of three hundred and seventy-three machine guns was impounded in the L.A. subcommunity named City of Industry. About fourteen hundred pounds of stolen dynamite and other explosives, not to mention many firearms, were found in the house of a Glendale man who was awaiting trial on charges of attempting to murder a Negro. Two trucks filled with arms, including mortars and anti-tank weapons, were found parked on a street in Eagle Rock, near Glendale. In the house of a poultry farmer at Cucamonga, east of here, eight machine guns and nearly a hundred other firearms were found, along with Confederate flags and bundles of political literature, and in the man's barn was found an ammunition dump containing rockets, incendiary bombs, smoke bombs, flares, and blasting caps. Many smaller caches have been reported, too, and heaven knows how many remain undiscovered. In short, southern California is well stocked with privately owned firearms and explosives, and more such armament, up to and including flame-throwers, can easily be bought on the open market. There is much talk here of outlawing private arms and impounding them, but any such action would be difficult, if not impossible, in a region where, thanks to the frontier mystique, the bearing of such arms is looked upon as an inalienable right. So a realistic concept of the Los Angeles hinterland must



roosters are half-breeds with breeding

Half silk, half worsted poplin. How can you beat that background? Innately elite. The way these new silken Roosters express their elegance. With exclusive hand screened prints, richly resonant in tones. Hence. Highbrows collect half-breed Roosters. And all backgrounds look better. Available at very good stores. 3.50.

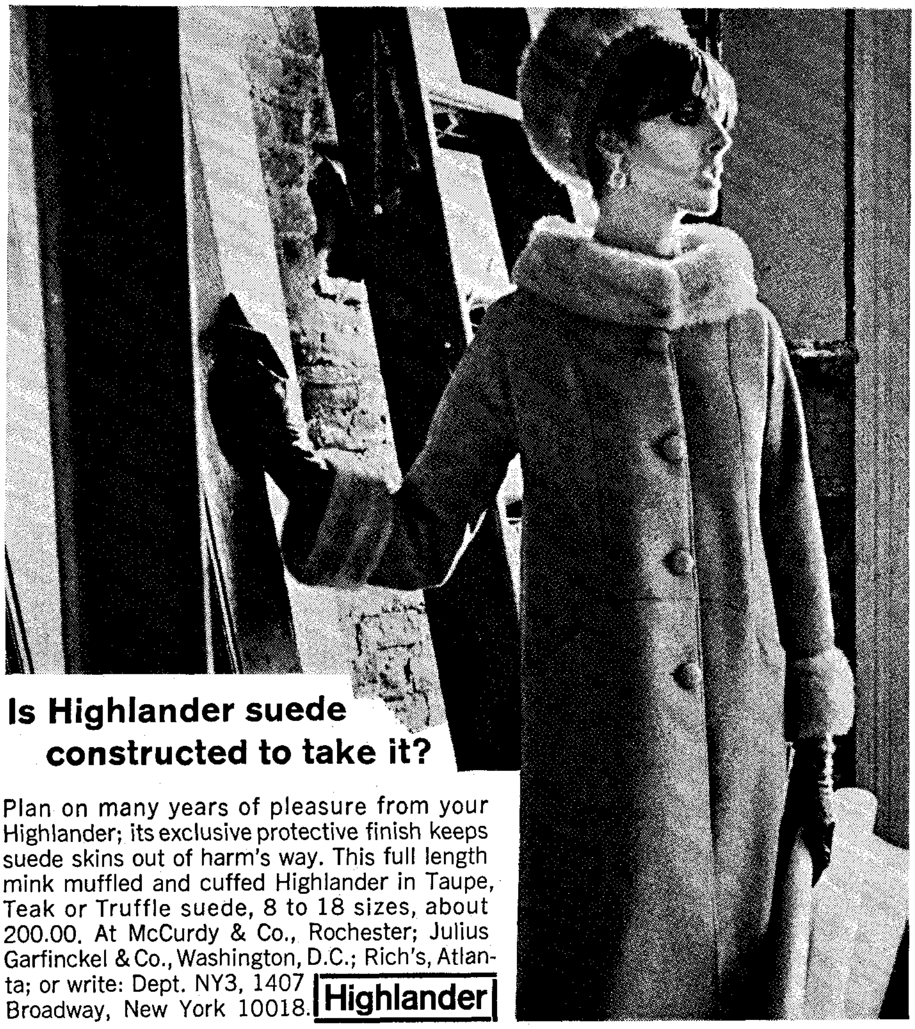
rooster

ROOSTER, INC. 17 EAST 37 STREET, NEW YORK

necessarily include a great many armed men, some of whom have been practicing guerrilla tactics in the hills on weekends. If the national life remains calm, these men may tire of playing soldier, but if it becomes more chaotic, they may speed their activities up, in anticipation of repelling a "Communist takeover."

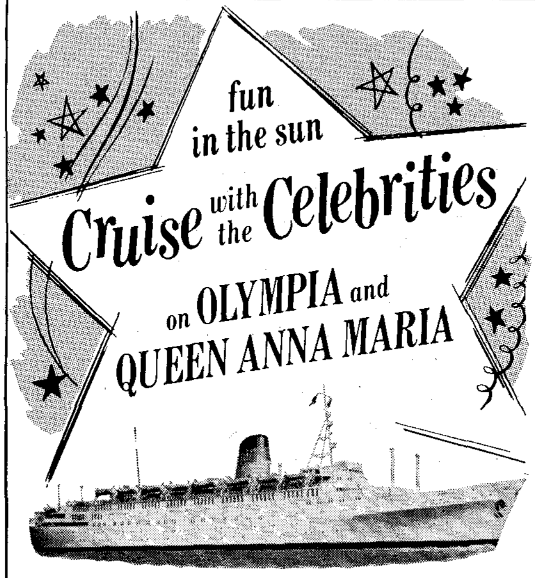
The John Birch Society doesn't go in for armaments, but some of its members have been known to contend, by illegal or extra-legal means, against what they see as the Communist threat. While the Birch Society (which Reagan, incidentally, has refused to criticize) as a whole needn't be dwelt on at length here, some of its members have been doing some peculiar things in southern California. (The Society's headquarters are in Belmont, Massachusetts, but it has found southern California an alluring field, and its leader, Robert Welch, recently decided to spend a third of his time in the Los Angeles subcommunity of San Marino.) The scene of one undertaking was the police department of Santa Ana, in suburban Orange County, where some Birchers on the force set out to make life unbearable for their chief, a professional policeman who had been recruited from Youngstown, Ohio, at the height of a reputedly distinguished career. It is not quite clear what the Birchers had against the chief, but they began to harass him. They telephoned him in the small hours. They sent fire trucks and taxis to his house. They sent flowers to him collect, and even ordered a diaper service for him. They put ads in the paper that he had dogs for sale. They distributed leaflets inveighing against him, run off on the police department's duplicating machine, and in a publication of the Police Benevolent Association, which they had evidently taken over, they printed cryptographic threats against him. The chief had first become a policeman in Erie, Pennsylvania, in 1936, and had subsequently worn the badges of eight cities and various ranks. He had had these badges framed together and hung on his office wall, and the Birchers got in and substituted children's toy badges for all but one of them—the badge of his present office, which they apparently thought sacrosanct. What with all these pranks, plus the circulation of charges against the chief, the Birchers nearly got him out, but at last report he was standing firm, and Santa Ana's city manager was backing him up.

Birchers in the Santa Ana police were said in 1964 to have played a role in the false arrest of a candidate for the



Is Highlander suede constructed to take it?

Plan on many years of pleasure from your Highlander; its exclusive protective finish keeps suede skins out of harm's way. This full length mink muffled and cuffed Highlander in Taupe, Teak or Truffle suede, 8 to 18 sizes, about 200.00. At McCurdy & Co., Rochester; Julius Garfinckel & Co., Washington, D.C.; Rich's, Atlanta; or write: Dept. NY3, 1407 Broadway, New York 10018. **Highlander**



In addition to the regular social and entertainment functions programmed daily by a professional cruise staff, you will enjoy performances on West Indies Cruises by such stars as:

BARBARA McNAIR ★ BILLY DANIELS
JANUARY JONES ★ JIMMY DEAN ★ RUTH OLAY
GEORGE JESSEL ★ MITZI McCALL & CHARLIE BRILL
PAUL GILBERT ★ RUDY VALLEE
ALLAN SHERMAN ★ DELLA REESE
CHARLES GOREN

For your leisure and pleasure, two luxury liners fully air conditioned and stabilized for your comfort. Spacious cabins. Continental-American cuisine. Friendly service. Ballrooms, nightclubs, bars and lounges for festive parties, Swimming pools, vast sun and sports decks for games and relaxation.

All departures from New York.

Hand-picked ports for sightseeing, shopping, swimming and night life. A complete vacation at a resort afloat included in your fare.

QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Dec. 22 ...12 days...4 ports...$330 up
QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Jan. 3 ...10 days...4 ports...$275 up
QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Jan. 14 ...13 days...5 ports...$360 up
OLYMPIA
Jan. 21 ...13 days...5 ports...$335 up
QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Jan. 28 ...13 SOLD OUT ...$360 up
OLYMPIA
Feb. 4 ...13 days...5 ports...$335 up
QUEEN ANNA MARIA
Feb. 11 ...12 days...4 ports...$330 up
OLYMPIA
Feb. 17 ... 7 days...2 ports...$175 up
OLYMPIA
Apr. 24 ... 9 days...3 ports...$275 up

7-day BERMUDA "STAY-ABOARD" CRUISES
4 days in Bermuda with specially planned activities plus full cruise programs on board.

OLYMPIA • Sailing Friday night • July 28, Aug. 4, Aug. 11, Aug. 18......$175 up

WEEKEND CRUISES TO NOWHERE
3 fun-filled days, $75-$80 up. Sail Friday 6:30 p.m., return Monday 7 a.m.

Oct. 21, Nov 4, 1966; Aug. 25, Sept. 8, Dec. 1, 1967.

Countries of Registry: Liberia/Greece

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
GREEK LINE
32 Pearl St., New York, N.Y. 10004
WH 3-9140
Boston • Chicago • Cleveland • Detroit • Los Angeles
Miami • Philadelphia • San Francisco • Canada

It's all a woman needs to wear
Calèche
HERMES-PARIS

CROCODILE BAG HERMÈS/PARIS

Calèche

PARFUMS HERMÈS/Paris

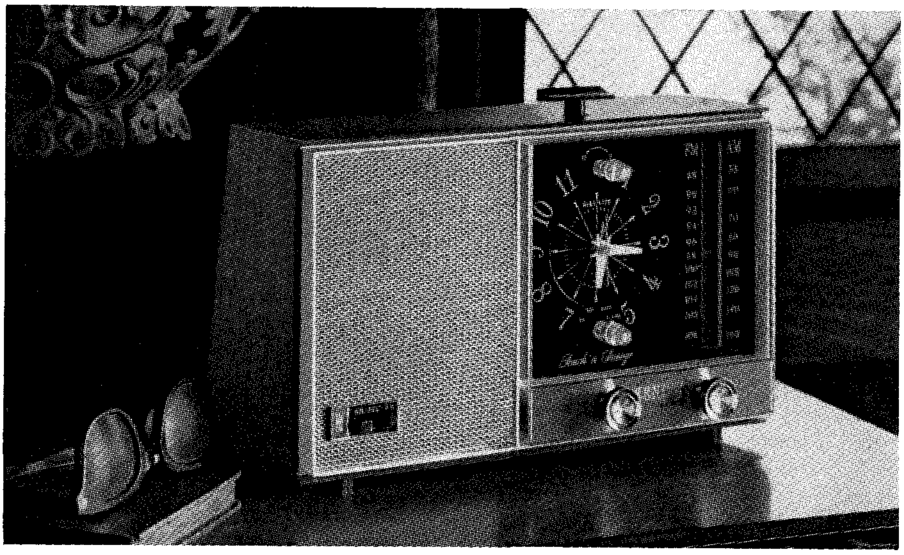
Mock shell re-fillable spray. 1 oz. 32.50. Purse size 12.50. Made, packaged and sealed in France. Dist., U.S.A. © Hermark Corporation 1966.

BONWIT TELLER

California State Senate. This candidate, Robert Battin, was running as a Democrat against John Schmitz, a Republican and an avowed Bircher. Several days before the election, various people began warning Battin that he would be arrested. He took what precautions he could, short of leaving town, but even so a man came to his house on the Sunday evening before Election Day, accompanied by two policemen, who, Battin charged, in a later action for false arrest, were Birchers, and put him under "citizen's arrest" on the charge that he had tried to run the man down with his car. The policemen took Battin off to the station house, where photographers had been assembled with suspicious efficiency, and he was booked there by another officer, who, he claimed in his lawsuit, was likewise a Bircher. The case against Battin was dismissed at the instigation of the Orange County District Attorney's office, and Battin sued the three policemen and the zealous citizen for two and a half million dollars, on a charge of false arrest and conspiracy, but meanwhile he lost the election to Schmitz, who thus became the only known Bircher in the State Senate.

These spectacular ploys are exceptional, however. In the main, the Birchers here have been confining their nuisances to the harassment of librarians, schoolteachers, ministers, and the like. They do these things elsewhere, too, but they do them more in southern California—an indication of their big membership here. Non-Birchers speculate sometimes about the makeup of this membership, but few details are known. Certainly it includes many retired people—most notably retired Army and Navy officers and retired wealthy people. Many of the rich establish Shangri-Las for themselves in southern California, and to them any encroachment of Negroes or Mexicans is almost as bad as the encroachment of sharks that has lately been alarming people along the California coast. These older people naturally see taxes as bad; often they feel they have nothing to gain and everything to lose, so they oppose all change. But there are many young people in the Society as well. A Congregational minister in the Los Angeles subcommunity of Diamond Bar recently had a bad time with right-wingers—they had infiltrated his congregation and were trying to substitute their doctrines for those of the church—and he was especially struck by the number of young people in the movement. "It was really amazing to see these well-trained, well-educated young people so

WHEN YOU BUY AN FM/AM CLOCK RADIO...WHY NOT GET THE BEST



Zenith announces a new solid-state FM/AM clock radio with 1000 milliwatts undistorted power!

New Zenith Clock Radio lulls you to sleep, then shuts off—automatically. Wakens you with 10 minutes of superb FM or AM music before buzzer calls. Touch 'n Snooze control lets you doze 7 minutes more, repeating up to 5 times. Solid state for instant play, cooler operation, longer life. See and hear *The Celeste*, Model X480, $74.95*—and other Zenith Quality FM/AM Clock Radios as low as $49.95*—at your Zenith dealer's now.

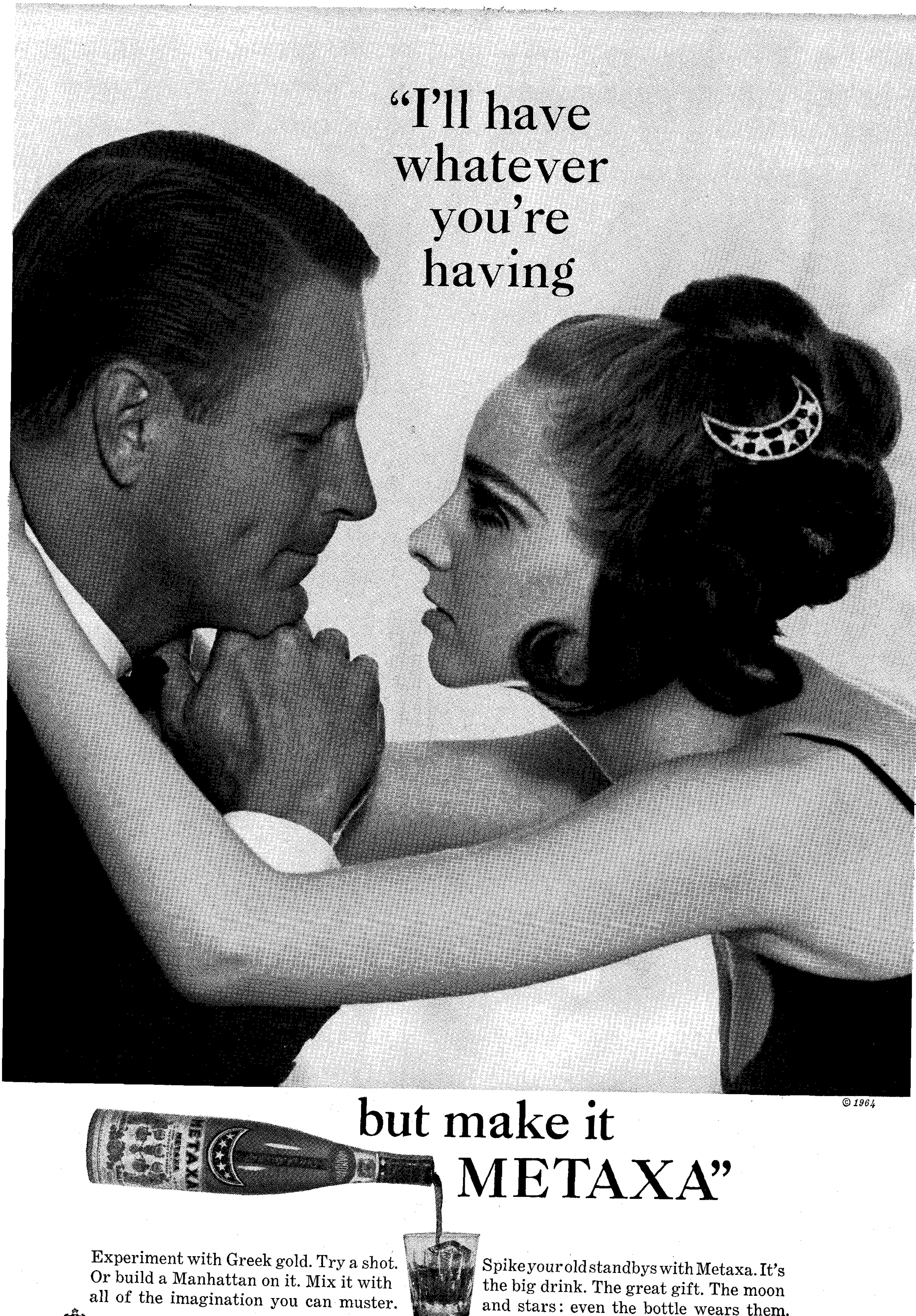
ZENITH®
The quality goes in before the name goes on

*Manufacturer's suggested retail price.

Countess Mara designs for "one man in a million."

These new leisure shirts exemplify Countess Mara's genius for quiet perfection. Every detail is faultless. The fabric is an imported cotton of consummate luxury, in grey, navy, red, gold, Bahama blue and white. Fly-front styling. Short sleeves, $18.50; long sleeves, $19.50. Each shirt is embroidered with the famous CM coronet. Countess Mara, 110 East 57th St. at Park Avenue, New York

Countess Mara®



"I'll have whatever you're having

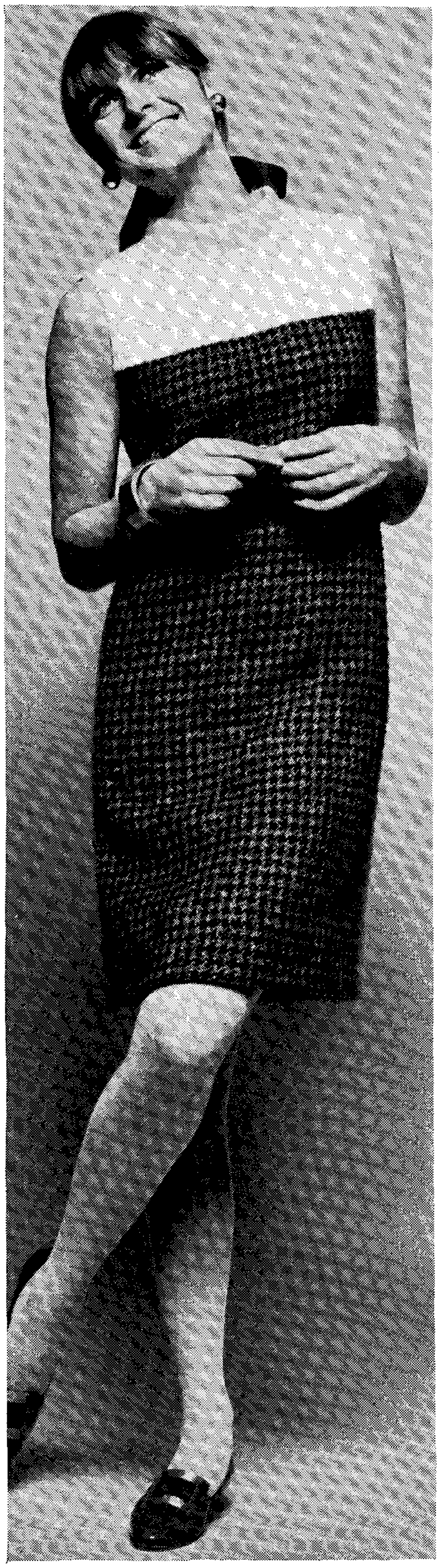
© 1964

but make it METAXA"

Experiment with Greek gold. Try a shot. Or build a Manhattan on it. Mix it with all of the imagination you can muster. Spike your old standbys with Metaxa. It's the big drink. The great gift. The moon and stars: even the bottle wears them.

by appointment to the Royal Greek Court. 92 proof Greek liqueur imported to the U.S. solely by Austin, Nichols & Co., Inc., N.Y.

Abbe Rabiner



Si Bonne lined textured soufflé tweed
in Blush Blonde, Samoan Coral and
Graphite with white. Also in solid colored
wool herringbone, in pale blue, pale pink,
and blonde. Sizes 6 to 16. $33.

At B. Altman & Co., New York;
Woodward & Lothrop, Washington, D.C.;
I. Magnin, California.

Abbe Rabiner Inc., 512 Seventh Avenue, N.Y.

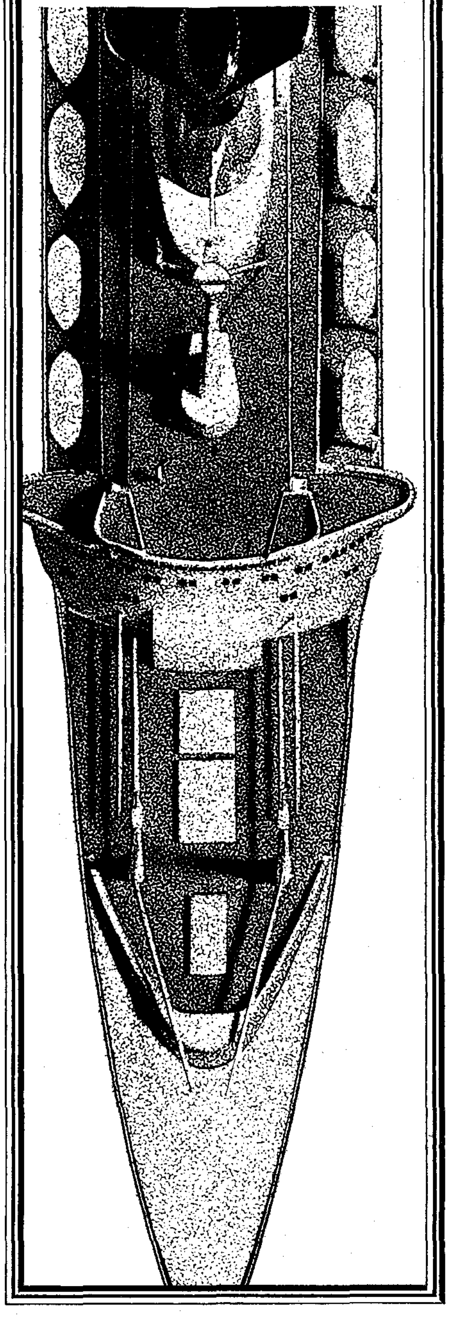
engrossed in this," he said. "Would that this passion might be devoted to the service of Christ!"

Attitudes that had their genesis in the Deep South enter into right-wing activities in southern California. As I've noted, Southeasterners have been migrating to Los Angeles and its vicinity for a long time—at least since Reconstruction days. One of the last big migrations was made up of the Okies and the Arkies, the dust-bowl refugees. At first, they worked as field hands, in the "Grapes of Wrath" manner, but later some could afford land of their own. They settled in places like Orange County, which was very rural until recently, and contributed a reactionary taint, racially and otherwise, to its atmosphere. The Middle West, which has sent so many emigrants to California, has its conservatism, too, of course, and this is expressed in, for instance, the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, which, under its present minister, Dr. James W. Fifield, Jr., has become "the largest Congregational Church in the world." Dr. Fifield, who is active on radio and television as well as in the pulpit, has a movement he calls Freedom Under God, which fits in well with the mystique of the Birch Society and other right-wingers. There has also been a recent attempt to start a California Ku Klux Klan; a high point of this effort was a cross-burning (in which an electric cross was used, because of fire laws) in Soledad Canyon north of L.A. last month. Many of the audience were merely curiosity-seekers, but some citizens indicated enthusiasm.

Right-wing extremism can be viewed as merely a facet of the general extremism that many people regard as endemic in Los Angeles. "Extremism is truly characteristic of southern California," a Los Angeles psychologist has told me. "Los Angeles attracts a lot of odd people, partly because living here can be so easy. Even a beachcomber can manage to live here, so there are tremendous possibilities for shifting elements, and any fad can get started. New psychiatric movements come and go here like wildfire, you know, and there are probably more religions in Los Angeles now than there have been in the whole previous history of mankind. Aimee Semple McPherson could hardly have made it anywhere else, but she made it here nicely. And now the religious fervor is turning into political bigotry. That's why the American Nazi Party can settle in this area. And that's why you can have a psychiatrist here who is a

Air France says:

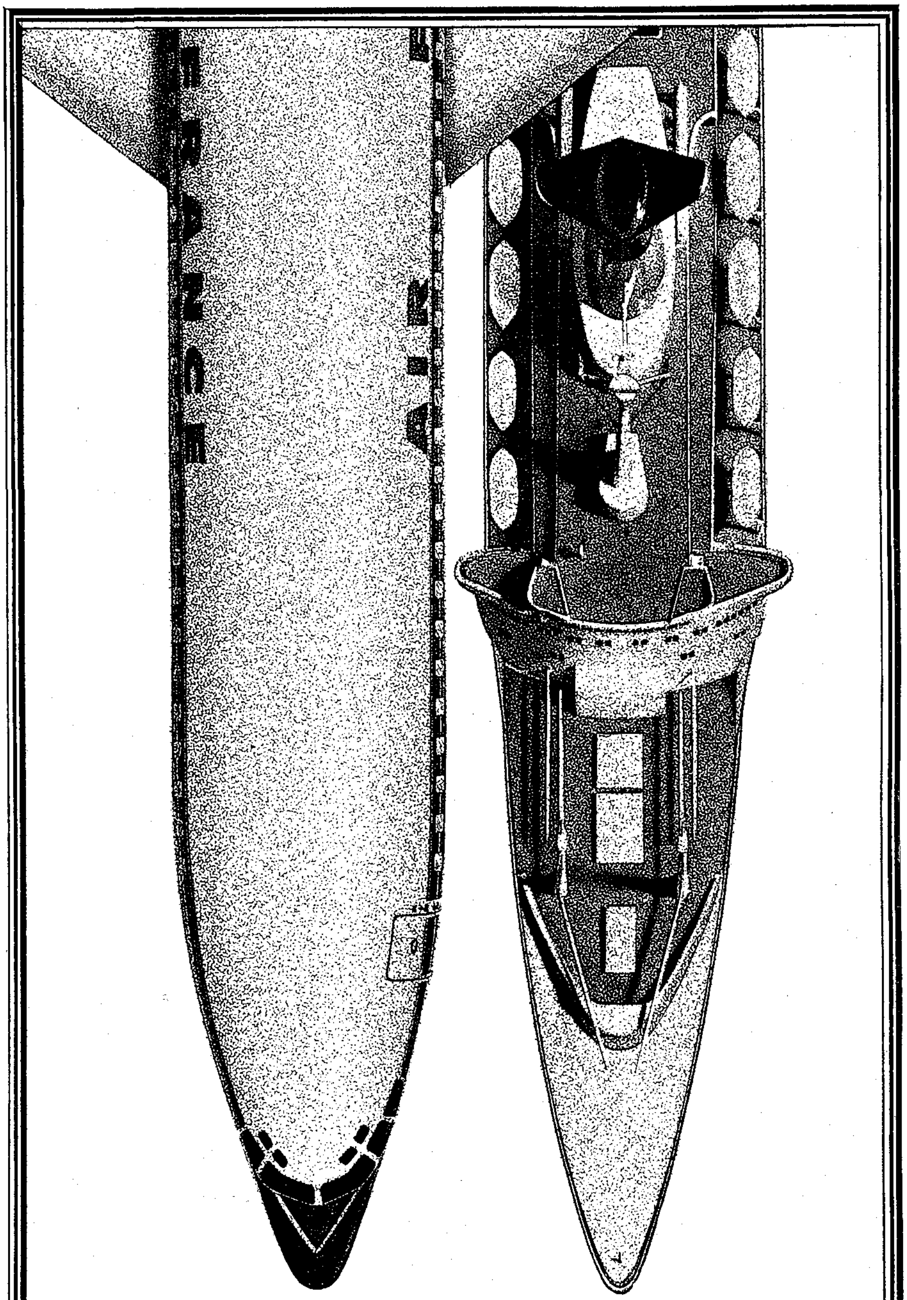
On your Caribbean or Mediterranean cruise this winter, add precious days in the sun:



member of the John Birch Society—I'm not kidding about that, either. You can have almost anything in Los Angeles."

FOR all their oddness and showiness, though, the extreme right-wing causes here seem to be held in check at the moment. The old frontiersmanship is gone, and, despite all the nostalgia for it and lip service to it, that seems to be that. Or so one concludes at first glance. But on reflection one wonders if technology itself may not be drawing Los Angeles—and, with it, America—into some strange kind of neo-frontiersmanship. Technology has been all-important in the frontier process, machinery having made possible the crossing and then the watering of the deserts, the felling of the timber, and the crushing of the native opposition. In almost every showdown with the Indians, the Mexicans, or any of the other minorities, the Anglos have been able to exert overwhelming force, and this has helped shape their unilateral way of dealing with such peoples. Our westward drive has been linked with technology throughout, and, indeed, has probably advanced America's technological development as much as any other factor, not excluding war. So Westerners embrace the technological life to a degree that can seem childish to an Easterner, and Los Angeles is steeped in this love of technology.

Anyone living in Los Angeles is bound to be impressed not only by the technological bias but also by the persistence of the westward drive. Phrases like "Go West, young man" and "Westward the course of empire" seem to have a strange hold here still. It is almost as if Los Angeles were moved by an unseen current, and from its viewpoint the sweep of our pioneers first across the Atlantic and then across the continent is wonderful to think of. Now the pioneers are at the edge of the Pacific, and they seem to want to go on. One Sunday morning, a friend and I were standing at the mouth of Newport Bay, down the coast from Los Angeles. That harbor is a great center of the powerboat craze in California, and as we stood there, boat after boat came down past us and went out through its mouth to the open water. The boats seemed to have an intentness to them. After we had been gazing at them awhile, my companion spoke. "They look like lemmings," he said. "Swimming out to drown." But lemmings don't intend to drown. When they reach the shore, they have been



Go by air to the sea.

Caribbean air/sea cruises. Jet nonstop to the beautiful French island of Guadeloupe. Then board a French Line luxury ship and cruise the carefree Caribbean, touching at nine popular islands, including Guadeloupe, San Juan, Kingston, Curaçao, La Guaira, Port of Spain, Barbados, Fort-de-France. All inclusive prices from New York start at $586.50.

Mediterranean air/sea cruises. Jet direct to Nice and the gay, sophisticated Riviera. Then on to Marseilles and a choice of sailing East to the fabled Coastal countries of the blue, blue Mediterranean, or West to Dakar and interesting, emerging Africa. All inclusive prices from New York start at $748.00.

Air France, Box 707, New York, N.Y. 10011
Please send me free ☐ Caribbean air/sea cruise folder ☐ Mediterranean air/sea cruise folder. NYO

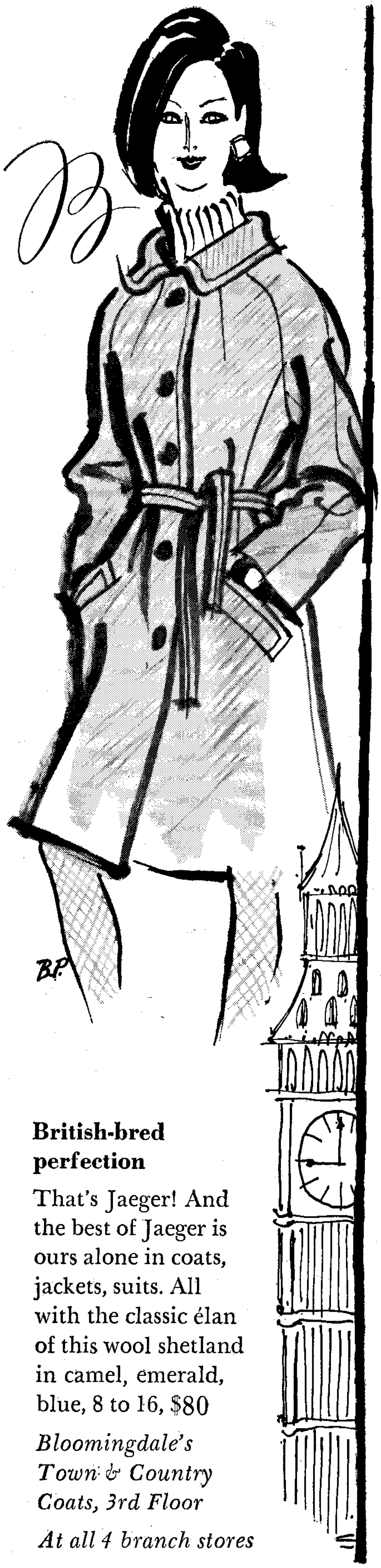
Name________________________
Address______________________
City__________State_____Zip_____

à Votre Service
AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE

migrating for some time—driven by whatever urge it may be—and in the course of their travels they have swum brooks and streams successfully. When they come to the sea, they can't tell that it is any different from a brook, and they try to cross it and are lost. Our American migratory urge really does seem to have something in common with theirs. It brought us across the continent successfully, and then we were checked by the ocean, but we have wanted to go on. Historically, this wish has been expressed in the slogan "Manifest Destiny," which has been closely tied to our westering. The link can be seen in the attitudes of Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt didn't coin the phrase "Manifest Destiny," but he was the greatest user of it. When it is placed after the phrase "The Winning of the West," which Roosevelt used as the title of his four-volume history of the American migration, it gives a good idea of the historical sequence involved. In realizing his vision of our Manifest Destiny, Roosevelt used the forces that had been so successful in Indian fighting—the guile, the technology, the westering urge, the unilateral outlook—in spreading our power beyond the last frontier to Asia, and, perhaps secondarily, to Latin America.

That was a long time ago, and since then the urge to realize our Manifest Destiny has now flowed, now ebbed. Today in Los Angeles, one feels, it is strong. In theory, Los Angeles is just another American city, thousands of miles from the nation's capital, but in actuality it is itself a secondary capital, for technological warfare. Our aerospace industry is focussed on Los Angeles, and so, to a considerable extent, are our Navy and our Air Force. When a destroyer was fired upon in the Tonkin Gulf two years ago, for instance, the newspapers revealed that its skipper, its executive officer, and the commander of the destroyer division it belonged to were all residents of southern California. Many of the fliers who have been in the Vietnam news have likewise been local residents, but such residents have been infrequent among Army men, whose homes are spread out through the interior and the East. In comparison with our Army, our Navy and our Air Force can be described as technological and abstract. The Army is closely bound to humanity; it needs great masses of non-professional soldiers on occasion, and in time of war it must fight its way through, or occupy, large and populous lands. The Navy and the Air Force are less bound. They work in or on impersonal elements, and they fight with impersonal, long-range weapons—submarines, missiles, and strategic bombers—and therefore rarely see the enemy's face. Aggressiveness against distant land masses comes naturally to these services, and so does the belief—even if it is disproved again and again—that bombing a hostile population will make it amenable. The Navy and the Air Force have been consistent in pressing us on toward Asia. The Navy has had much to do with our defense of Taiwan. It seems generally accepted that it was Admiral Arthur Radford, in coöperation with the Angeleno politician Richard Nixon, then Vice-President, who was responsible for our initial involvement in Vietnam in 1954. And the Air Force, of course, has been the prime mover in our present bombing of North Vietnam, which was so strongly advocated in 1964 by its ally and spokesman Goldwater. In short, right-wing Republican leaders have tended to team up with the admirals and the airmen for the influencing of foreign policy, whereas southern California Democrats, and moderate Republicans like Senator Thomas Kuchel, have stayed out of such combinations. The Nixons, Goldwaters, admirals, and airmen may never actually team up with groups like the Minutemen or Birchers, but that is beside the point, which is that such men naturally seem to combine in Los Angeles for the purpose of furthering a Manifest Destiny foreign policy. There are, of course, many Americans elsewhere who also urge a strong line in Asia, but we have no soil quite like L.A.'s for developing such an attitude in the public at large.

Our most famous technological think-factory, the RAND Corporation, whose headquarters are in Santa Monica, while it deals primarily with scientific and engineering problems concerning things like missiles, metals, and outer space, often looks into human problems as well, and in this area it is apt to display the dominant abstractness of this time and place. Bernard Brodie, the distinguished RAND thinker on missile strategy, has written that "it is mistaken to suppose there is anything very enigmatic or mysterious about Communist China," and another RAND expert specializing in Far Eastern politics has been heard to say in conversation that Vietnam poses exactly the same problem for our policy that Korea



British-bred perfection

That's Jaeger! And the best of Jaeger is ours alone in coats, jackets, suits. All with the classic élan of this wool shetland in camel, emerald, blue, 8 to 16, $80

Bloomingdale's
Town & Country
Coats, 3rd Floor

At all 4 branch stores

Lexington at 59th • EL 5-5900

The Petitt Chair

If you need an extra chair, try this one. An extra twenty of them go nicely around a conference table. An extra six do well in the dining room. An extra one or two take any small area of space and make it suitable for sitting. Don Petitt's new chair is made of a continuous curve of walnut that delights the eye from every angle. Knoll Associates, Inc., Furniture and Textiles, 320 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

Knoll International operates in 26 countries.

PINCH

did—generalizations that would appall many old Far East hands. Our Intelligence is coming to depend more and more on machines like U-2 planes and satellites (both in part Los Angeles products), and one wonders if this does not incline us toward an increasingly mechanistic view of the foreign scene. Such a view would certainly include misunderstandings, but our technological power would presumably save us from their consequences for some time, just as it saved us from the consequences of misunderstanding the American Indians. It is not altogether absurd to view our warfare in Vietnam as a continuation of Indian fighting. The guerrillas there are behaving very much like our old Indian adversaries, and we are behaving like technological frontiersmen, or neo-frontiersmen, whose firepower has been increased to an infinite degree.

Technological force is arbitrary. It doesn't conform to the Chinese yang-and-yin principle, which says that forces call forth their opposites and must eventually yield to them, for it gets no feedback from the great unarmed masses who dislike it, or at least it has ways of muffling any such feedback. So technological force, if it starts on a wrong path, may follow it blindly until it destroys itself, which is what happened to the technological force of Hitler and the Japanese. As our technological force manifests itself in Los Angeles, it seems to have many questionable things about it. The aerospace industry, for instance, seems surrounded by a cloud of false publicity; even those within the industry seem skeptical of its "image," and cynical about what they read concerning it. There is certainly much plain graft and corruption in the business—things like aerospace officials speculating privately in land near where they know their firm will soon put up a factory. This is in line with an honored Los Angeles tradition whereby insiders batten on public projects—as when fortunes were made at the turn of the century by land speculation in the San Fernando Valley, on the northern edge of the city, just before water was brought there. ("Individualism in America has allowed a laxity in regard to government affairs which has rendered possible the spoils system and all the manifest evils that follow from the lack of a highly developed civic spirit," Turner wrote.) If one stays in Los Angeles for a few months, he can expect to be told, on quite good authority, about cases of aerospace skulduggery in land speculation, but what

Mason & Hamlin

note worthy

The Mason & Hamlin. Just listen. The tone is rich, warm, smooth. For there's a *duplex scale* where even the non-singing portions of strings are tuned. And a *tension resonator* to preserve precious resonance. Plus the most sensitive of actions. And the kind of style you'd expect. Obviously, a piano to be seen and played. Most important: a piano to be heard. The Mason & Hamlin.

Mason & Hamlin, East Rochester, N.Y. A Division of Aeolian Corporation

Please send your brochure on console and grand pianos to:

Name____________________

Address____________________

City__________ State_______ Zip Code______

he may not learn about, at least in so short a time, is the extent to which aerospace publicity and aerospace lobbying may be working mischief that is harmful on a national scale. It seems at least possible that these means are used at times to foist inferior weapons on the government. Whether they are also used to create military alarms is hard to determine, but one does wonder about it when one becomes aware of the hand-in-glove relationship in Los Angeles of the politicians, the military, and the business entrepreneurs.

The public has scant means of penetrating these questions. The press is almost useless at it; the subject matter is not only incomprehensible but often secret, and the forces making the "images" are irresistibly strong. Nor is Congress much better. I have attended a number of congressional hearings in Washington on the Aerospace Corporation of Los Angeles, the non-profit concern that supervises missile design for the Air Force, and have read about others. Though the corporation lives on government money, it competes for personnel with private industry, and therefore it pays high salaries and provides pleasant offices and liberal expense accounts. The congressmen's contention was that it should get off this high horse and start paying—or letting some other agency pay—on the civil-service scale. In the hearings, the congressmen scored some cheap points by citing instances of extravagance on the part of the Aerospace Corporation but showed no grasp of the more fundamental issues involved, and I came away with the impression that our great new technology, with all its power to lead us along, is up to now really beyond the scrutiny and control of our democratic institutions.

Perhaps the main danger lies in the possibility that this unbridled technology will get us on a wrong path and keep us there. We are already engaging in technological violence abroad, and the great religious teachers, not to mention Sigmund Freud, tell us that violence begets a mood leading to more violence, which in this case could mean violence at home. Besides, wrong paths always lead to disappointment. One can easily imagine our disappointment if our military ventures should turn out less well than our militarists have promised. And if our militarists are like others, they would then keep saying that our fault lay in our not pursuing the wrong course vigorously enough, and so we might get drawn in deeper and deeper. Then the peculiar rambunctiousness of

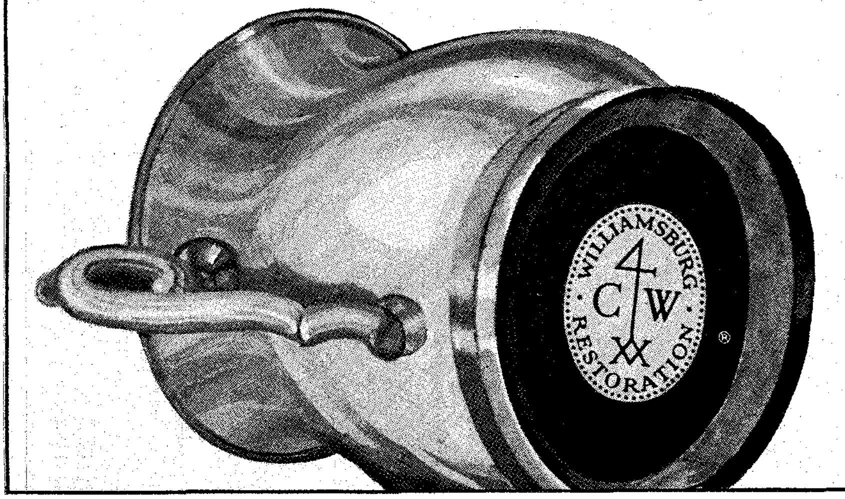
Only the pewter, wallpaper, brass and other fine articles bearing this famous Hallmark are true *Williamsburg*® Reproductions. Only a man with an eye for authenticity would care enough to show it off—bottoms up!

The Williamsburg line is the country's largest collection of colonial furniture and furnishings.

For colorful 144-page book full of *Williamsburg* Reproductions, send $2.50 to Craft House, Williamsburg, Virginia 23185.

A dapper gentleman we met turned his tankard so it'd show

®Identifies trademarks of Williamsburg Restoration, Inc., Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE HAT WITH A HEART

by Scott & Co.

Ever have a fight with a hat? Want it to look a certain way, but it refuses to cooperate? Fail to coddle it, and it punishes you by being unwearable? Take it on a trip, and it's a nuisance all the way? Try "Travelite" by Scott & Co., the hat with a heart. Understands that true friendship means accommodation. Conforms to the contours of your head. Let's you shape it any way you like. Likes to be crushed, packed, rolled, stuffed into your pocket. Comes up smiling every time. All in all, the lightest, softest, most pliable hat you'll ever wear. In fine smooth finish felt: London gray, Saber gray, Savoy brown, putty, black, black pine. Sizes 6¾ to 7⅝. $20

FRANK BROTHERS
FENN-FEINSTEIN

New York
9 East 57th Street
Chicago
633 North Michigan Avenue
New Haven
264 York Street
Palm Beach
Worth Avenue at County Road

Los Angeles might come into play—and the Angeleno nature, with its frontiersmanship, its technology, its fundamentalism, really *is* strange by Eastern standards. It is a deviant from the nature of the rest of the country; it tugs at the leash. ("The overmountain men grew more and more independent," wrote Turner. "The East took a narrow view of American advance, and nearly lost these men.") At the 1964 Republican Convention in San Francisco, a schism between East and West seemed to be foreshadowed. If the country gets badly troubled, one can imagine such a schism's opening up, perhaps over the issues of race and Manifest Destiny. And perhaps, in such a schism, the South might join the West—a course that also seemed to be foreshadowed at San Francisco.

This is mere speculation. If one sticks to facts, one can only say that America seems to be entering on great changes now, and that Los Angeles is somehow in the vanguard. Los Angeles seems fully equipped to lead us into something either very good or very bad. Recently, I was talking with a friend of the late Aldous Huxley's. "Huxley was very familiar with Los Angeles, of course, and he said it had the greatest potential of all the places he knew," this man told me. "But whether this was a potential for horrors or for fulfillment he said he simply couldn't tell." So there is a riddle in Los Angeles, and no one can say the final word on it. —CHRISTOPHER RAND

(*This is the last of three articles on Los Angeles.*)

•

QUESTION: What do you like to do on rainy days?

MRS. JARY JOHNSON, 23, of Oklahoma City, Okla., formerly of Des Moines, a housewife:

"Shopping is the most logical answer, I guess, since I'm here. I don't have a regular day for shopping, and the rainy days are good for that. Otherwise I like to sit home and listen to stereo and drink martinis. Our child is a little young to realize what a rainy day is, and I don't think he will be any problem when he's older."—*From a column called "What Do You Think?," in the Des Moines Register.*

Happy mother, happy child.

•

STRAIGHT THINKING AND SILVER LINING DEPARTMENT

[*From an article on parachuting in the Journal of the American Medical Association*]

Difficulties occurring during descent can be responsible for serious injuries, but these do not occur until the parachutist hits the ground.

GGG
CLOTHES
GGG expresses you and impresses all.

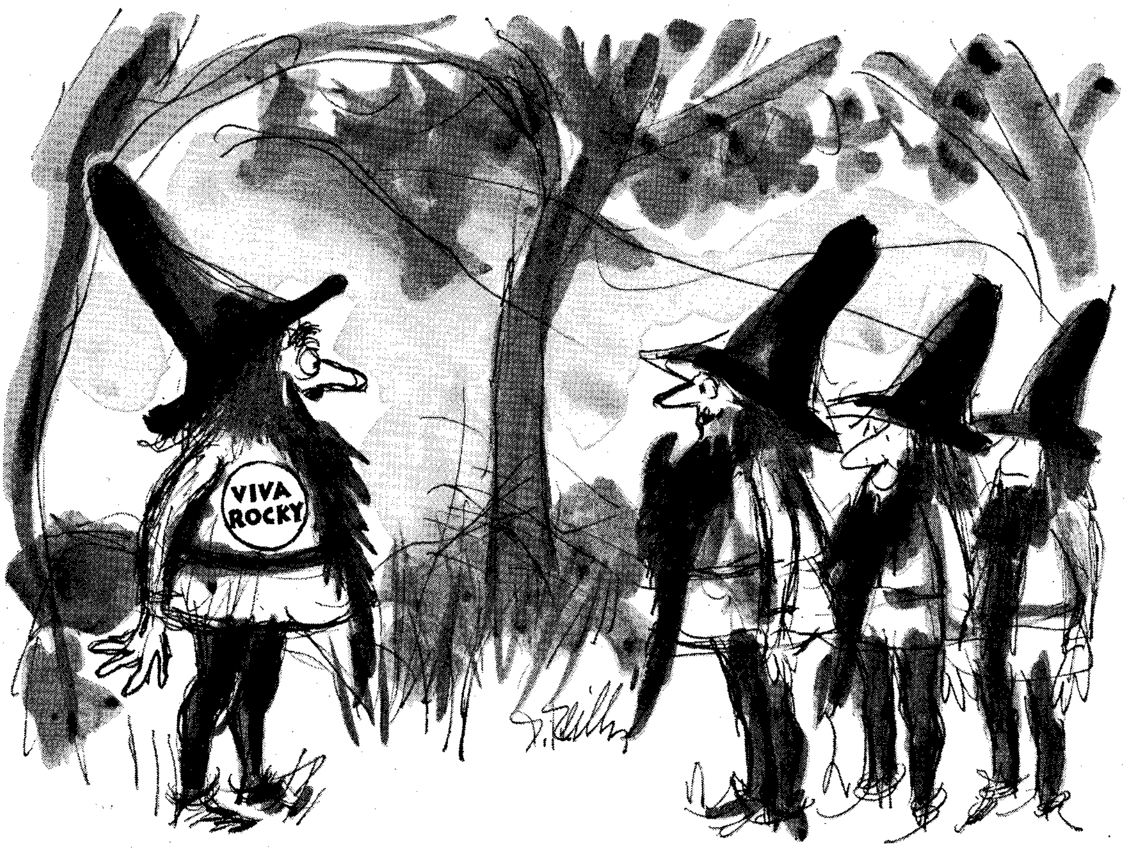
Write for free style booklet. Wm. P. Goldman & Bros. Inc., Dept. 3, 12 East 14th Street, New York 10003.

THE THEATRE

THE KILLING GROUND

"The Investigation," at the Ambassador, is a distillation of the court record of a trial held in Frankfurt, Germany, during 1964 and 1965. In the dock on that occasion were twenty-one Germans who took part in the annihilation of four million people at the Auschwitz concentration camp over a four-year period (1941-45). In arranging this compendium of the trial, the compiler, Peter Weiss, has selected from tons of testimony the material most pertinent to his purpose, which is to illustrate the awful and inhuman uses to which power can be put. But while he has compressed the dialogue of the trial, he has not taken liberties with it, and so what we have is not a drama but a documentary exercise. The stage for this endeavor is bleak. The performers, except for the judge and the prosecuting and defense attorneys, occupy four rows of raw wooden pews surrounded by raw wooden walls. Around the proscenium, a battery of floodlights is directed at the audience, and in the glare the terrible facts of Auschwitz are recited. Among those in the pews are thirteen defendants, two witnesses for the defense, and five witnesses for the prosecution. The defendants, predictably, smugly insist that they are innocent on the ground that all they did in carrying out their obscene chores was to obey orders. The witnesses for the prosecution, mostly without dramatics, describe the workings of the camp, which, as a machine for killing, reduced to automata not only its operators but also its victims. As the methods of murder at Auschwitz—shooting, starvation, and, in particular, gassing—are outlined, the mind begins to boggle. Nevertheless, with material like this there are inevitably moments that galvanize the proceedings, and if Mr. Weiss hasn't given us a drama, he has assuredly given us a compelling theatrical entity. The twenty-three actors on view in "The Investigation" are uniformly competent; prominent among them are Vivian Nathan and Graham Jarvis, who make highly effective prosecution witnesses. "The Investigation" was directed by Ulu Grosbard, who, in collaboration with Jon Swan, is responsible for the translation from Mr. Weiss's original German. Within the static limitations imposed by Mr. Weiss, Mr. Grosbard has done well.

In "The Loves of Cass McGuire," a play by Brian Friel at the Helen Hayes, Ruth Gordon is introduced as a randy, rowdy seventy-year-old Irishwoman, lately come home to a town in Eire after half a century of exile in the United States. The Irish idiom, temperament, and manner are regrettably not Miss Gordon's forte, and as a result she frequently appears to be doing a solo vaudeville routine while the others in the cast are portraying their Irish folk more or less the way the author intended them to. The drama is a fragile affair in which Mr. Friel tries to demonstrate that home is where you have your dreams. It takes quite a while for Miss Gordon, as Cass McGuire, to agree to this proposition, and before she finally comes around she has not only become intolerable to the family of the brother she has moved in on but busted up a pub, told a lot of off-color jokes, and taken the audience into her confidence every now and then to explain her notions about the comedy in which she is involved. Eventually, it develops that over the years she has been sending five dollars a week back to her brother from her job as a barmaid in a Bowery joint, but instead of spending the cash the brother, doing right well for himself in business, has banked it in her name. Thus, instead of being a sister of charity poor Cass has been simply an incidental noise in the family circle. When that noise shatters the peace of the brother's house, she is shipped off to a rest home, where she meets a strange pair, far gone in fantasy, who urge her to join them in dreaming life away. One of these is a gentleman who used to be an organist and who dotes on reading "Tristan" aloud; the other is a lady who has never been out of Ireland but likes to talk at length



"He stopped his motorcade on the Thruway, got out, slapped me on the back, and said, 'Hiya, fella,' and gave me this thing."

THIS IS THE SPELL OF CHANEL FOR THE BATH

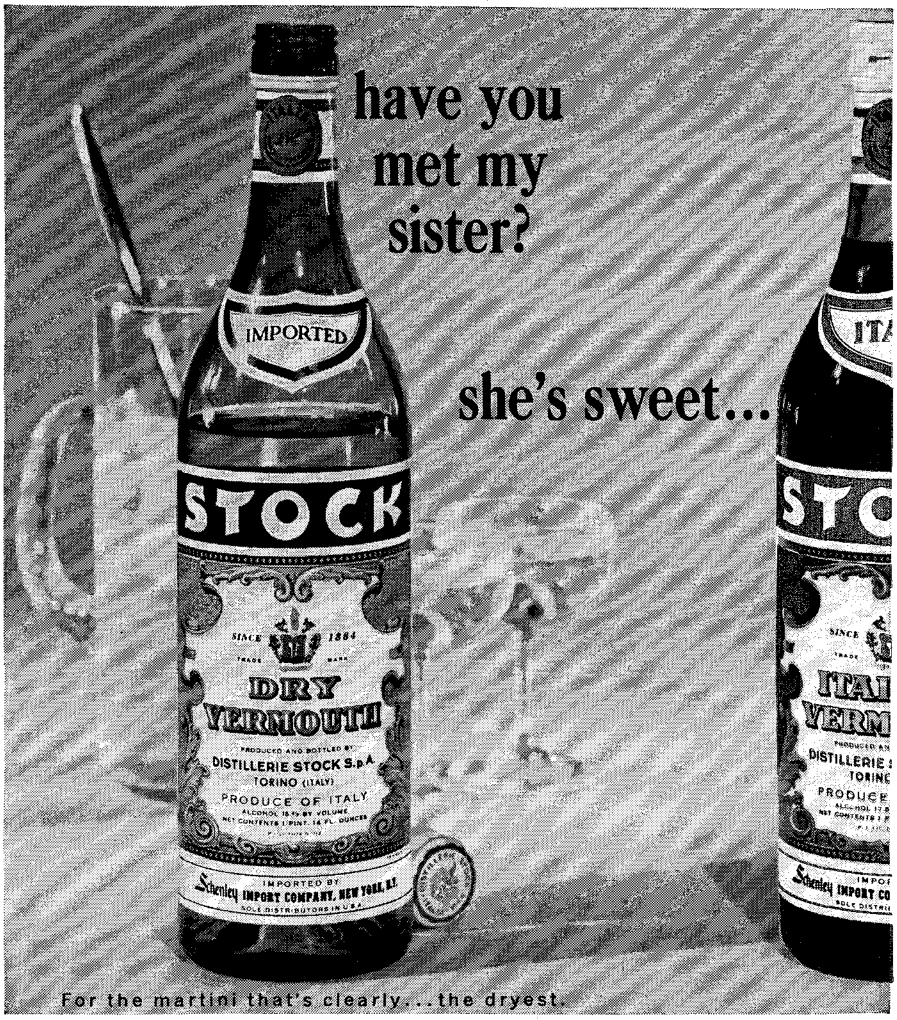
Go ahead. Give in. Feel the silkiness of Chanel Nº 5 Oil For The Bath. Let Chanel After-Bath Oil Spray whisper over your skin. Then exhilarating splashes of Eau de Cologne and a soft cloud of Bath Powder. This is the spell of Chanel Nº 5. Eau de Cologne, from 3.50. Oil For The Bath, 3 oz., 5.00; 8 oz., 10.00. After-Bath Oil Spray and Bath Powder, 5.00 each.

EAU
DE
COLOG
N°5
CHAN
OIL
FOR THE BATH
N°5
CHANEL

CHANEL

©1966 Chanel, Inc., 1 West 57th Street, New York

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In Trinidad, chase the ghost of Jean Lafitte at the upside-down Trinidad Hilton.

Sounds pretty wild, but then everything about Dave Hoffman's beautiful hotel is. It's built on the side of a hill and you go *down* to your room. His pool is shaped like the island, just for kicks. And it's on the roof. So's the dance floor. But why not? The Trinidad Hilton is for fun. For calypsos, carnival, and chasing pirates' ghosts in Port of Spain. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

trinidad hilton

Go international— with all the comforts of Hilton

about imaginary travels. Also in the rest home are a hardheaded old schemer awaiting the day when his family will spring him, and a bouncy young attendant, full of extravagant ideas about the success she is going to have when she and her fiancé, an apprentice bricklayer, are bound in matrimony. As directed by Hilton Edwards, the subsidiary members of the cast—Dennis King, Liam Redmond, Arthur O'Sullivan, Sylvia O'Brien, and Brenda Forbes—are all plausible and frequently effective. But "The Loves of Cass McGuire" is too loosely wrought to amount to much dramatically.

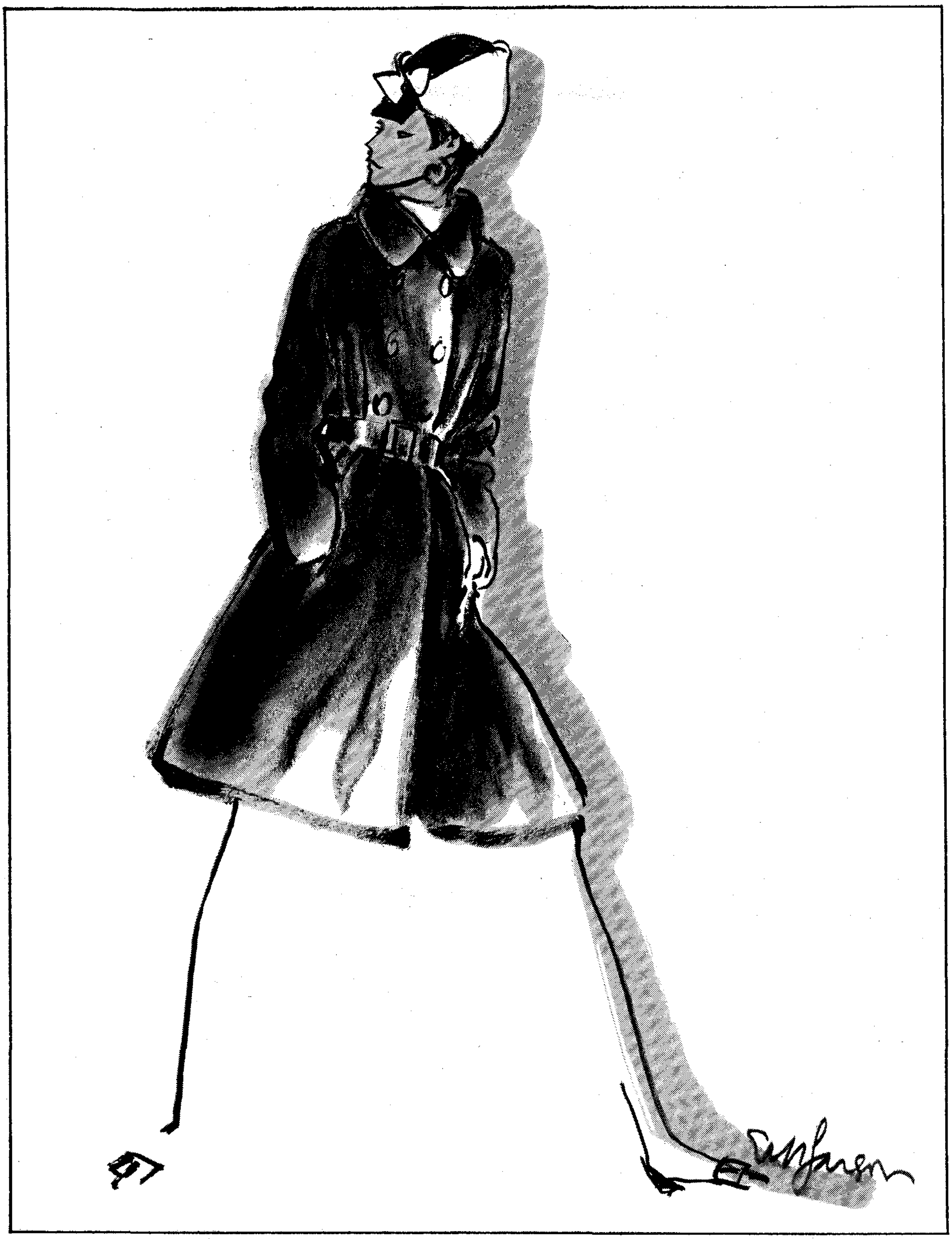
NO men appear in "The Killing of Sister George," at the Belasco, which is probably just as well, since the Sister George of the title is a ferocious Lesbian who abhors masculine company. Described as a comedy, this play, by Frank Marcus, is an addlepated business about a B.B.C. radio actress who is famed as a kindly district nurse on the airwaves but is a sadistic, cigar-smoking old horror off-mike. The irony of this is hardly staggering, but Mr. Marcus runs it into the ground as he relentlessly tells us about Sister George's affair with a thirty-four-year-old female moron and her indignation with a formidable female representative of the B.B.C., who not only informs her that the network has decided to kill off Sister George in the soap-opera world but also makes advances to George's girl friend. In this vulgar mélange, anything goes, and at its conclusion, after Sister George has been done in on the radio, Mr. Marcus changes the whole tone of the thing and attempts to get us to sympathize with his dreary, mixed-up protagonist. He fails. The role of Sister George is played by Beryl Reid, who is appropriately obnoxious. The others on display are Eileen Atkins, as Sister George's benighted chum; Lally Bowers, as the B.B.C. woman; and Polly Rowles, as a mystically inclined neighbor.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

THE THEATRE ABROAD: FRANCE

Ten years ago I read the announcements of Paris theatres with vivid curiosity; now I would hardly cross the street to witness the bepuffed sensation of the hour.

FRANK HARRIS wrote that in 1924, and there are many who would echo him today. For the first time in my recollection, Paris is facing a cri-

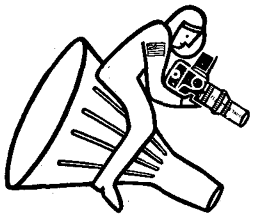


Emeric Partos and the come-closer coat—arrived at via
FOUKE-DYED BLACK ALASKA FUR SEAL.
Buttoned twice-over, beneath a high round collar.
Pulled snug by a shiny black leather belt. The whole thing,
warm as a hug on a winter's day.
Have the come-closer coat,
but have it only at Bergdorf's, where all is
accomplished-to-order in our own fur workrooms.

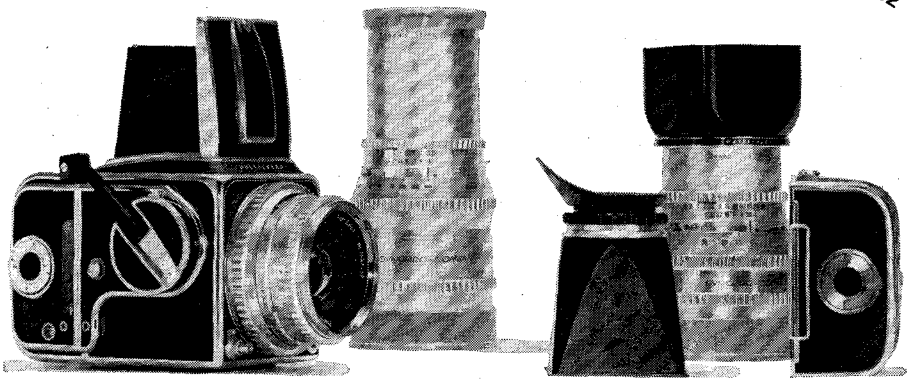
ON THE PLAZA • NEW YORK
BERGDORF
GOODMAN
5TH AVENUE AT 58TH STREET

sis of confidence in the drama as a dominant art form. The panic is on, and no one who cares about the health of Western theatre can safely ignore it. Paris, New York, and London are the only great theatrical centers where the box office is still the paramount criterion—where the vast majority of plays must either make money or die. Last season, a hundred and thirty commercial productions reached the Paris stage, of which thirteen ran long enough to show a profit. If Paris can stumble so direly, it seems fair to assume that a trip wire at least as perilous lies in wait for Broadway and the West End. Neither London nor New York, after all, is a theatre town on the same gargantuan scale as Paris, where the thirst for live drama is traditionally so insatiable that fifty playhouses exist to slake it. Four of these are owned and subsidized by the government—the Comédie-Française, the Théâtre de France, the Théâtre National Populaire, and the Théâtre de l'Est Parisien. The rest are in private hands, and the hands are trembling.

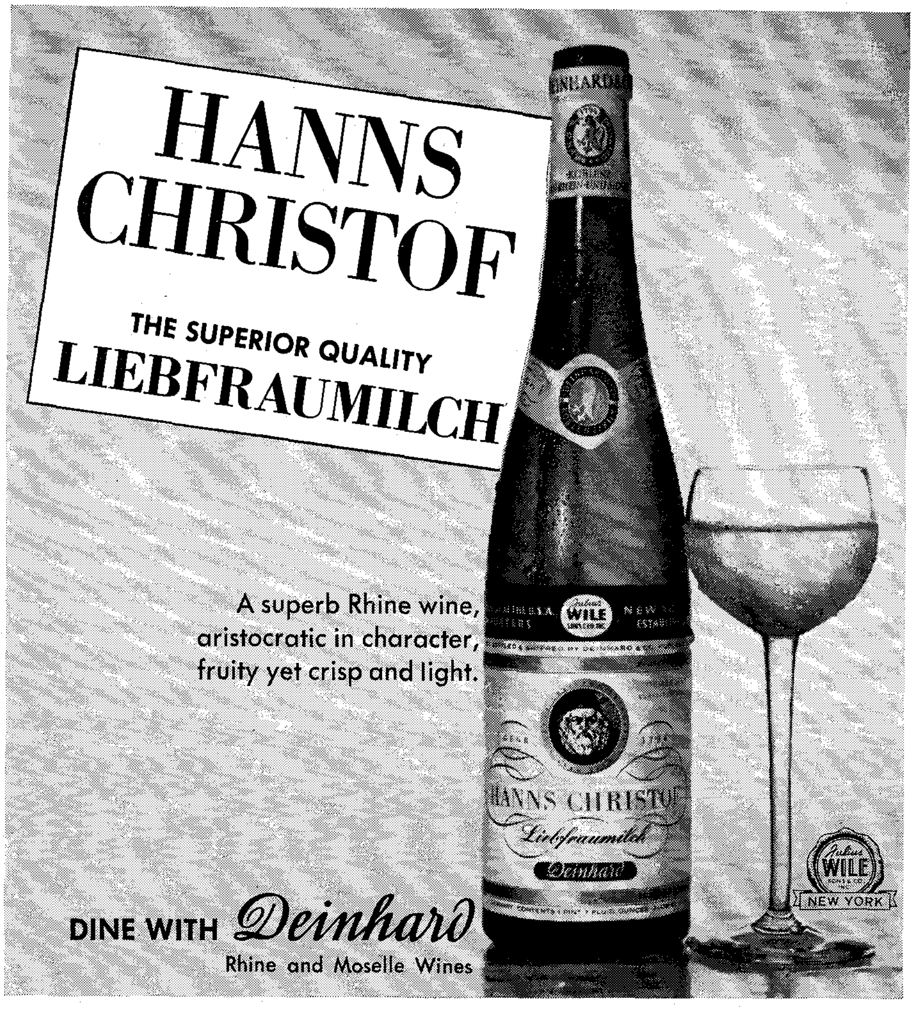
The slump is artistic as well as commercial. Ten years ago, we all stared agog at the French avant-garde and the breakthrough it was making. Samuel Beckett, Eugène Ionesco, and Jean Genet were the commanding trio. Their work crossed frontiers and oceans, and the phrase coined to define it—the Theatre of the Absurd—passed into the vocabulary of international criticism. Nowadays the key names are the same, though their owners are well advanced into middle age. The première of "Les Paravents," Genet's play about Algeria, caused a resonant scandal last spring at the Théâtre de France, but the text was completed seven years ago, when the political situation was so explosive that nobody dared to put the play on. Since 1959, Genet has written nothing for the theatre. Ionesco's double bill of "La Cantatrice Chauve" and "La Leçon" is in its tenth year at the tiny Théâtre de la Huchette, and—sure proof of cultural canonization—his latest full-length play is in the repertory of the Comédie-Française. As for Beckett, there's usually a revival of "En Attendant Godot" (first staged in 1952) somewhere on the Left Bank, and one hears talk of a new piece, still awaiting performance. According to rumor, it lasts precisely sixty seconds and, apart from a few recorded moans of inarticulate grief, dispenses altogether with actors. If accurate, this bleak synopsis may be a portent. From the actorless play it is only



THE HASSELBLAD SYSTEM HAS BEEN USED IN 11 MANNED SPACE FLIGHTS SINCE 1962



—including the thrilling "space walk" flight. It is the most rugged, reliable 2¼" x 2¼" single lens reflex camera in the world. You'll find Hasselblad invaluable for your own picture taking—with over 100 combinations of interchangeable lenses, camera backs and accessories, you build as advanced a system as you wish...Explore new worlds of sight and photographic expression as only "the system" can offer you. Begin your exploration with the Hasselblad catalog—it describes the complete system. Write: Paillard Inc., 1900 Lower Road, Linden, N.J. 07036. **HASSELBLAD**

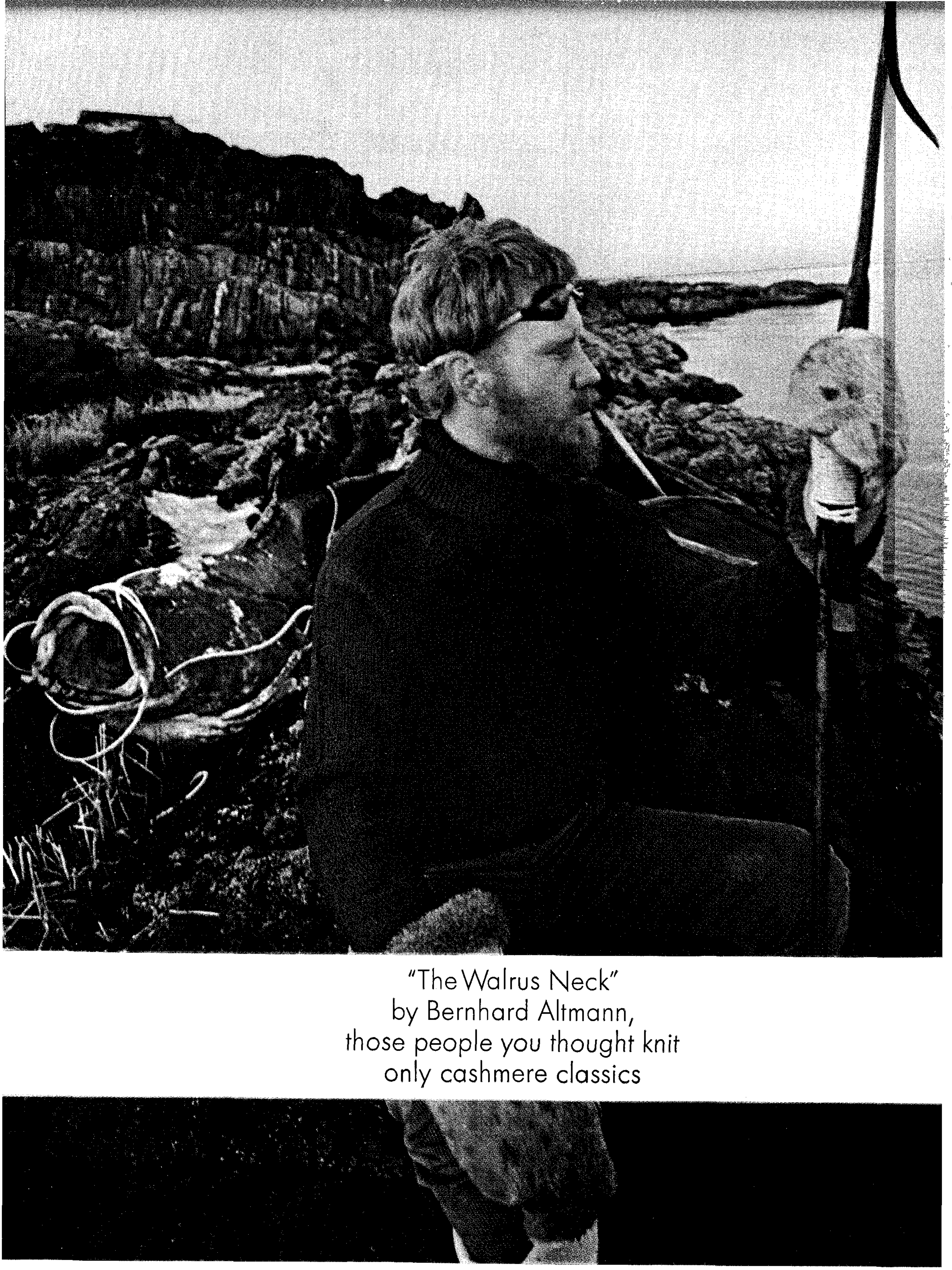


HANNS CHRISTOF
THE SUPERIOR QUALITY
LIEBFRAUMILCH

A superb Rhine wine,
aristocratic in character,
fruity yet crisp and light.

DINE WITH Deinhard
Rhine and Moselle Wines

Julius WILE SONS & CO. INC. NEW YORK



"The Walrus Neck"
by Bernhard Altmann,
those people you thought knit
only cashmere classics

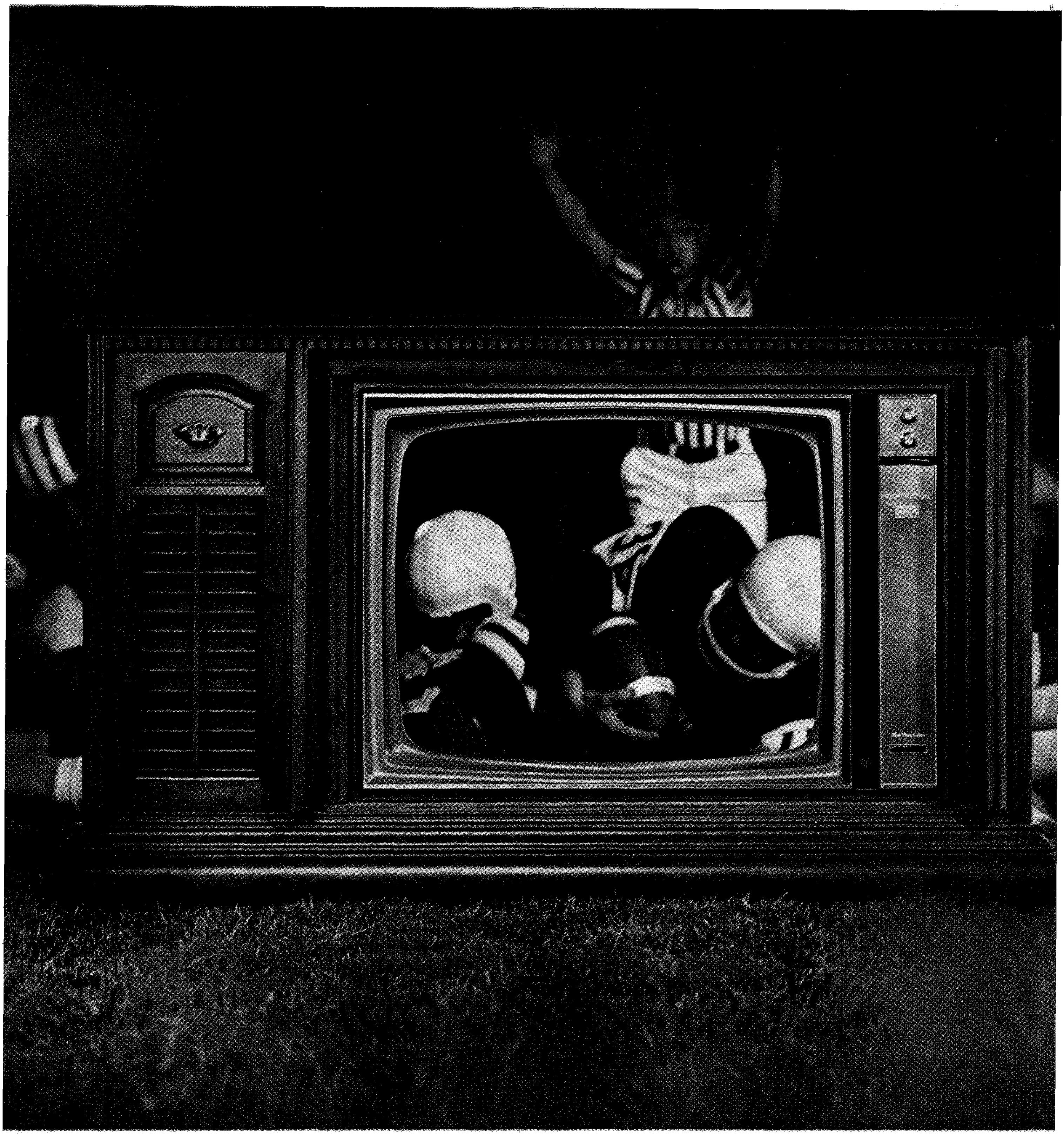
A DIVISION OF McGREGOR DONIGER, INC., N.Y., N.Y. 10019

For exploring the Arctic, the local ice skating pond, or skiing the Nose Dive, slip on the Walrus Neck sweater and keep warm right up to your ear lobes. Terrific instead of a jacket or under one, in half a dozen plush Shetland wool shades. About 19.00 at a good store, or write Bernhard Altmann, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019.

Bernhard Altmann
THE LEGEND OF A GREAT KNITTER

PURE VIRGIN WOOL

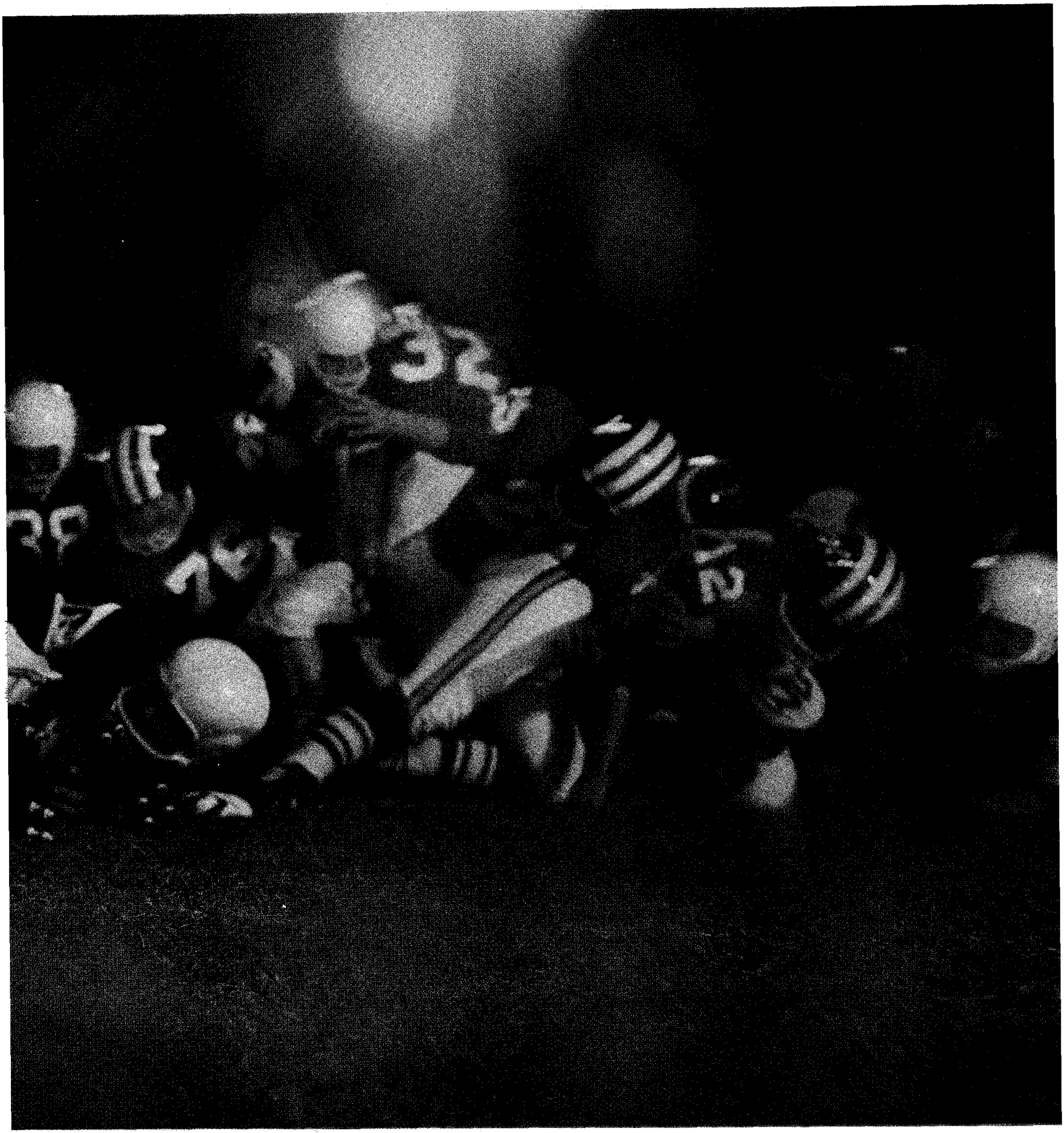
RCA Victor–for color so real



Now with Automatic Color Controls

New RCA Victor Mark I Color TV for 1967 is almost as simple to tune as a push-button radio. Just turn it on—and electronic controls take over immediately. RCA Victor Automatic Frequency Control tunes precisely and locks the signal in place—*automatically.* And RCA Victor Automatic Chroma Control keeps the color level constant even when you change from channel to channel—*automatically.* All you have to do is adjust the color tint . . .

you'll think you are there!



Shop early for wider selection. All models may not be available at every dealer. Shown above, The Lexington.

sit back . . . and enjoy yourself. What else? A new remote control for all VHF and UHF channels (an RCA Victor exclusive!) And an ultra-reliable solid integrated circuit in the sound system. It's one more reason why RCA Victor is the most dependable Color TV you can buy. Sound good? It looks even better. See for yourself at your nearby RCA Victor Dealer's soon—it's the most colorful place in town. "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" RCA Victor—the Color TV pioneer.

RCA

Tmk(s)®

The Most Trusted Name in Electronics

Would Hertz ever stoop to bribing its customers?

Only $50 worth, that's all. We call it Certified Service.

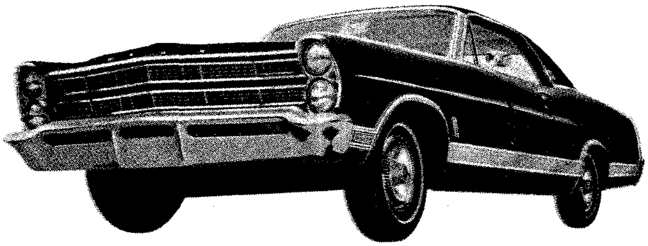
It's your guarantee that the new Ford or other car you rent from Hertz will be in such perfect condition you won't even have to think once about it.

Or we pay you $50 in car rental certificates. (And with $50 at stake every time we rent a car, we make sure it's in apple-pie operating condition.)

Not a big deal, maybe. But wouldn't you think all rent-a-car companies would guarantee your satisfaction this way?

No one else does, you know.

Hertz



Let Hertz put you in the driver's seat. (Isn't that where you belong?)

© HERTZ SYSTEM, INC. 1966

a short step to the spectatorless theatre.

At all events, the ferment of the nineteen-fifties has subsided, and no new playwrights have come along to challenge the Big Three. These days, to be young, French, and excited by the narrative arts almost inevitably means to be engrossed in movies. In May, 1966, a long interview between Jean-Luc Godard and the veteran director Robert Bresson appeared in *Cahiers du Cinéma.* It included this significant exchange:

> **Bresson**: It seems to me that the arts—the *fine* arts, if you will—are on the decline and approaching their end. They are in the course of dying.
>
> **Godard**: I think so, too.
>
> **Bresson**: Already very little remains of them. Soon they will not exist. But, strangely enough, if they are killed by cinema, radio and television, the very arts that kill them will end up by making art anew.

If a vote were to be taken, the intelligent sector of French youth would probably endorse the Bresson-Godard line. The problem is not so much that young people don't go to the theatre (they never did, except in school parties or on family outings) as that they do go, devoutly and repeatedly, to the cinema, which they regard as the art that speaks most directly to their generation. They dislike the expense and inconvenience of playgoing. This was made brutally clear in a recent survey of the leisure habits of Paris teen-agers. It revealed that if the theatre hoped to attract them, it would have to carry out a lot of reforms. Among their demands were: (a) Cheaper seats. The top theatre price is twenty francs (about four dollars), or more than twice the cinema maximum. (b) The abolition of tips for cloakroom attendants and usherettes. (c) Free programs. The normal charge is two francs (about forty cents). (d) A booking system allowing for last-minute decisions, instead of insisting on reservations weeks in advance. (e) Curtains rising not later than 8 P.M. In Paris, as in New York, you eat before the show, which seldom starts earlier than 8:45 P.M. In London and Berlin, the curtain goes up around 7:30 P.M., and you eat afterward. On this issue my sympathies are all with the teen-agers. Theatre is best absorbed on an empty belly; food and drink are great sleep inducers, and numb the critical faculties. A generalization suggests itself: Where curtains rise late, drama tends to languish.

Youthful disaffection is merely a symptom of the French theatre's sickness. The causes lie elsewhere. One of them—often invoked by the commercial producers—is the crippling tax on receipts, which was first imposed in the Middle Ages and is still enforced today. Eight and a half per cent of all box-office takings goes straight to the government, and the percentage increases with the length of the run. A typical victim of this invidious levy was "La Grosse Valise," a musical extravaganza devised by Robert Dhéry, the director and star of "La Plume de Ma Tante." When it closed last winter after playing to capacity for a year and a half, it had made a profit of less than eighty-five hundred dollars. Some of the local critics blame censorship for the present state of theatrical stagnation. France has no Lord Chamberlain to whom scripts must be submitted before they can be produced, but the police are empowered to forbid any stage performance that in their opinion is likely to cause a breach of the peace. Although this power is rarely used, the threat is always there, and it is formidable enough to deter anyone from putting on a play that might be construed as a seditious attack on de Gaulle. Whether it deters people from writing such plays is another matter. The characteristic mood of French drama since the war has been one of introspection and solipsistic fantasy, and it seems improbable that playwrights in any great numbers are burning to knock the regime.

The writers, in their turn, blame the critics, whom many of them dismiss as blinkered, bourgeois, and essentially frivolous. My own experience confirms the blinkered part. French critics seldom travel, and when they do, their minds remain home-centered. In 1962, a Paris colleague interviewed me in London. Apart from a formal statement of polite (but unsurprised) regret that modern English plays were mostly flops in Paris, he did not mention the English theatre. He talked almost exclusively of Anouilh, Beckett, Ionesco, and Genet, framing his queries so neatly that he had only to remove the question marks to turn them into answers. For example:

Q. You would agree, would you not, that Anouilh could be described as a theatrical Poujadist?

A. Well, it's an interesting phrase, but I'm not sure that—

Q. Thank you. (*Writes furiously for thirty seconds.*) Now, do you feel, as I do, that there is a tendency on the

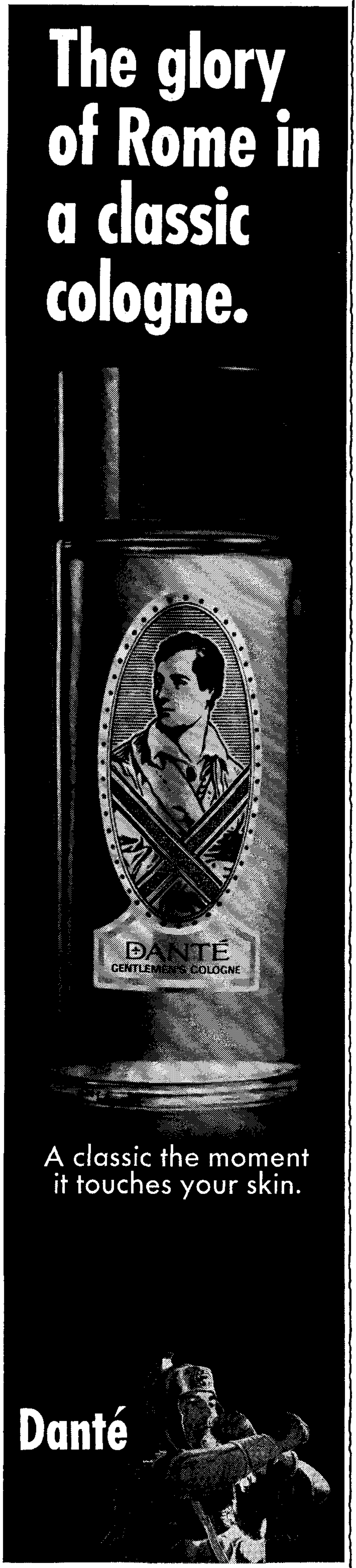
UNMISTAKABLE

Supple leather suede
deftly fashioned
in unerring good taste...
our fully rayon lined
sport jacket comes in
clay or brown... $100.

The hat. Suede, too...
with tweed band
and underbrim... $11.00.

Rogers Peet Co

Mail Orders Invited. Personal Shopper
479 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017
NEW YORK • HARTFORD
BOSTON • WASHINGTON


The glory of Rome in a classic cologne.

A classic the moment it touches your skin.

Danté

part of French critics to read too many philosophical implications into plays where the philosophical content, expressed or implied, is either minimal or irrelevant?

A. I see what you mean, but oughtn't we to—

Q. (*Holds up forefinger.*) One moment, please. (*Writes at length, then rises with radiant smile and hand outthrust.*) Thank you again. So generous of you to spare me so much of your time.

THE simplest way to dramatize the crisis is to look at the achievements of the 1965-66 season in Paris. I'll group under five headings my notes on the productions I saw.

(1) Grade B commercial theatre. This is as prevalent and as glib as ever: farces with titles like "Ta Femme Nous Trompe" and "Quand Épousez-Vous Ma Femme?" still dominate the hoardings. The Concert Mayol, an intimate music hall in Montmartre, offers "Paris Nu . . . York!," the fiftieth in an unbroken series of nude revues that began in 1934. The atmosphere is that of faded burlesque, lacking the raucous enthusiasm of the real thing. Parasols are twirled to simulate train wheels; an epicene tenor gives us "Singing in the Rain" in English ("I've a smeel on the face . . ."); and in one of the sketches a doctor is threatened with an enema by a mutinous patient. The smeel freezes on the face.

Enticed by its title, I sample "Les Escargots Meurent Debout" ("Snails Die on Their Feet"), a long-running comedy smash at the Théâtre Fontaine. It turns out to be a one-gag show, parodying publicity techniques through the ages; Napoleon, for instance, is asked to lend his name to a newly invented brandy. The author and star is a plump extrovert named Francis Blanche, whose talent is the only attribute he possesses that could hardly be slimmer. In accordance with Paris custom, the curtain rises impudently late—in this case, seventeen minutes after the advertised time.

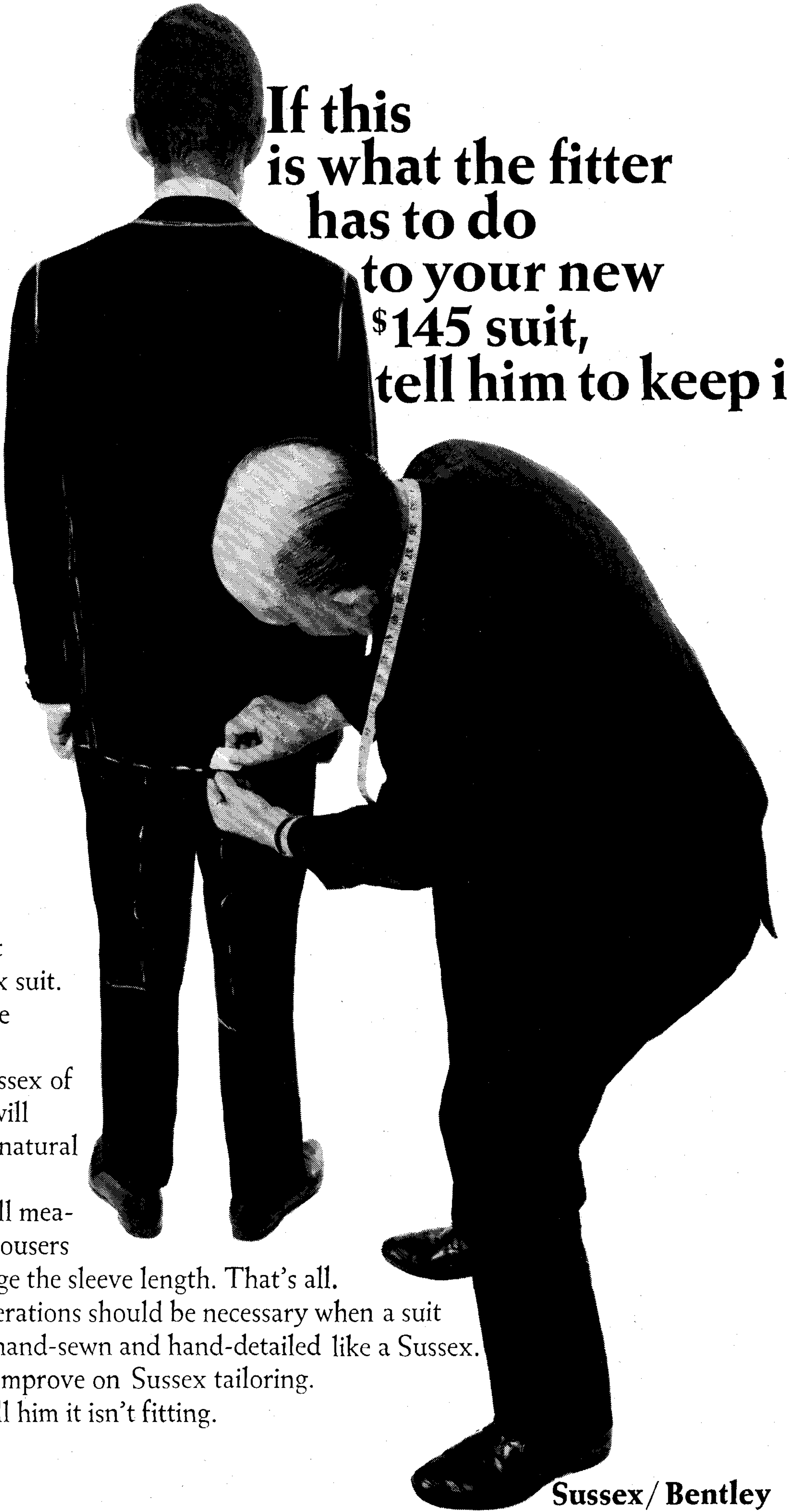
(2) Grade A commercial theatre. A couple of preliminary observations may be in order. First, one must not expect—either in this category of French theatre or in any other—to find plays about poor people. Paris audiences are predominantly middle-class, and they prefer drama to concern itself with people who, if not actually rich, at least have sound bankers' references. Second, there is virtually no chance of seeing a realistic play about contemporary French problems. The kind of

Look for the Sussex/Bentley store near you.

New York, N.Y.; Walker, Ltd.
New York, N.Y.; Finchley's
New York, N.Y.; Alvin-Murray, Ltd.
New York, N.Y.; Young-Robbins
Allentown, Pa.; Judd's, Inc.
Altoona, Pa.; Brett's, Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.; John Jarrell
Attleboro, Mass.; Floyd's
Bedford Village, N.Y.; Richard Oliver
Birmingham, Mich.; The Claymore Shop
Boston, Mass.; Arthur L. Johnson
Boston, Mass.; Louis
Boston, Mass.; Zareh, Inc.
Bridgeport, Conn.: David Miller
Carmel, Cal.; John Grissim
Chicago, Ill.; Murray Smikler, Inc.
Cincinnati, Ohio; Max Gentry Shops
Cincinnati, Ohio; Herb Rubel Squires Shop
Cleveland, Ohio; Harry Jacobson
Cleveland Heights, Ohio; Harry Jacobson
Coral Gables, Fla.; Furmly's
Dallas, Texas; Hoffman's
Danville, Va.; A. Newman Ltd.
Darien, Conn.; The Darien Sport Shop
Denver, Colo.; Squire Shop
Denville, N.J.; Gribbon's Gentry Den
Erie, Pa.; J. L. Cox
Fairlawn, Ohio; Alan Richard
Georgetown, D.C.; Georgetown Haberdashers
Greensburg, Pa.; Alan Berk
Hartford, Conn.; Stackpole, Moore and Tryon
Houston, Texas; William Richard
Irwin, Pa.; Berk's
Lawrence, Mass.; Kap's
Los Angeles, Cal.; Mr. Guy
Louisville, Ky.; Stag Shop
Lynchburg, Va.; Raby-Jordan, Ltd.
Lynn, Mass.; Town and Tweed
Malden, Mass.; Town and Tweed
Manhasset, N.Y.; Country Squire
Maplewood, N.J.; Peter Anthony
McKeesport, Pa.; H. B. Klein
McLean, Va.; Chase and Collier
Minneapolis, Minn.; Juster's
New Canaan, Conn.; English Shop
New Haven, Conn.; Enson's
New Orleans, La.; Brothers, Ltd.
Newton Centre, Mass.; Jack Lane
New York City, N.Y.; Halstan, Ltd.
Oakland, Cal.; Grodin's
Passaic, N.J.; Geismar-Kaplan
Philadelphia, Pa.; Al Berman, Inc.
Pittsburgh, Pa.; The Coach House
Pittsburgh, Pa.; Gentry
Portland, Ore.; Clothes Horse
Providence, R.I.; Hill House Ltd.
Quincy, Mass.; Milton's
Rego Park, L.I., N.Y.; Matty Young
Richmond, Va.; Jacobs & Levy
Ridgewood, N.J.; John Franks
Salem, Mass.; Giblee's
San Francisco, Cal.; Jay Briggs
San Marino, Cal.; Andover Shop
Santa Ana, Cal.; Guy Livingston
Sausalito, Cal.; Johnson & Gray
Shaker Heights, Ohio; Oxford Shop
Somerville, N.J.; Wendell, Inc.
Southfield, Mich.; Jerry Morse
Springfield, Ill.; Myers Bros.
Springfield, Mass.; Forbes and Wallace
St. Louis, Mo.; Stix, Baer & Fuller
Tempe, Ariz.; The Oxford Shop
Toledo, Ohio; The Cambridge Shop
Topeka, Kans.; Gerry's
Utica, N.Y.; Vitullo's
Walnut Creek, Cal.; Grodin's
Washington, D.C.; Farnsworth-Reed
Westfield, N.J.; MacHugh, Inc.
West Hartford, Conn.; Alan Collins
White Plains, N.Y.; Windsor Shop

If you didn't find the store near you write,
Sussex Clothes Ltd.
71 Fifth Avenue
New York, N.Y.

Sussex



If this is what the fitter has to do to your new $145 suit, tell him to keep it.

This couldn't happen to a Sussex suit.

Unless it's the wrong size.

Because a Sussex of your correct size will give you a superb natural fit for your $145.

The fitter will measure you for the trousers and possibly change the sleeve length. That's all.

No other alterations should be necessary when a suit is styled, shaped, hand-sewn and hand-detailed like a Sussex. And no fitter can improve on Sussex tailoring.

If he tries, tell him it isn't fitting.

Sussex / Bentley

71 Fifth Avenue, New York. (In some cities Sussex is called Bentley.)

FABLES FOR THE VERY RICH
(and those who would like to be)

THE PANDA AT THE PARTY

A prim Panda, scandalized at the weird dress worn by partying teen-agers, remarked, "Look at that young idiot. Can't tell whether it's a boy or girl." "That," said a bystander stiffly, "is my daughter!" "Oh," apologized the Panda. "Didn't know you were her father." "I'm not," said the other, "I'm her mother!"

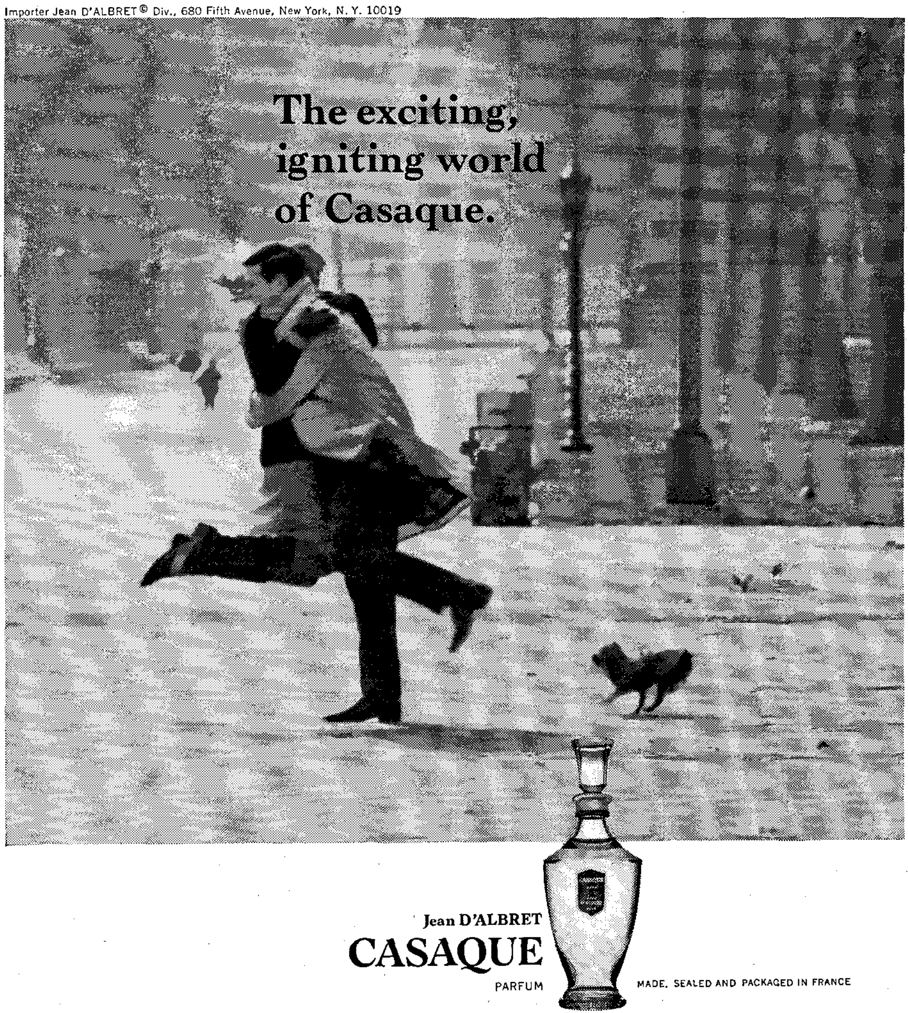
MORAL: easy, sometimes, to err . . .

Verily. Which is why, probably, our booklet "10 COMMON SENSE RULES FOR INVESTING" is so popular with beginner and seasoned investor alike. Packed with facts, figures and examples of what and what not to do, this handy little guide to sound investing could keep you on the profit side of the ledger.

Visit our nearest office for your free copy. Or write:

FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.
DEPARTMENT C, ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK 10005 • TEL.: 344-2000
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES · OVER 100 OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA AND ABROAD.

Importer Jean D'ALBRET® Div., 680 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10019


The exciting, igniting world of Casaque.
Jean D'ALBRET
CASAQUE
PARFUM
MADE, SEALED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

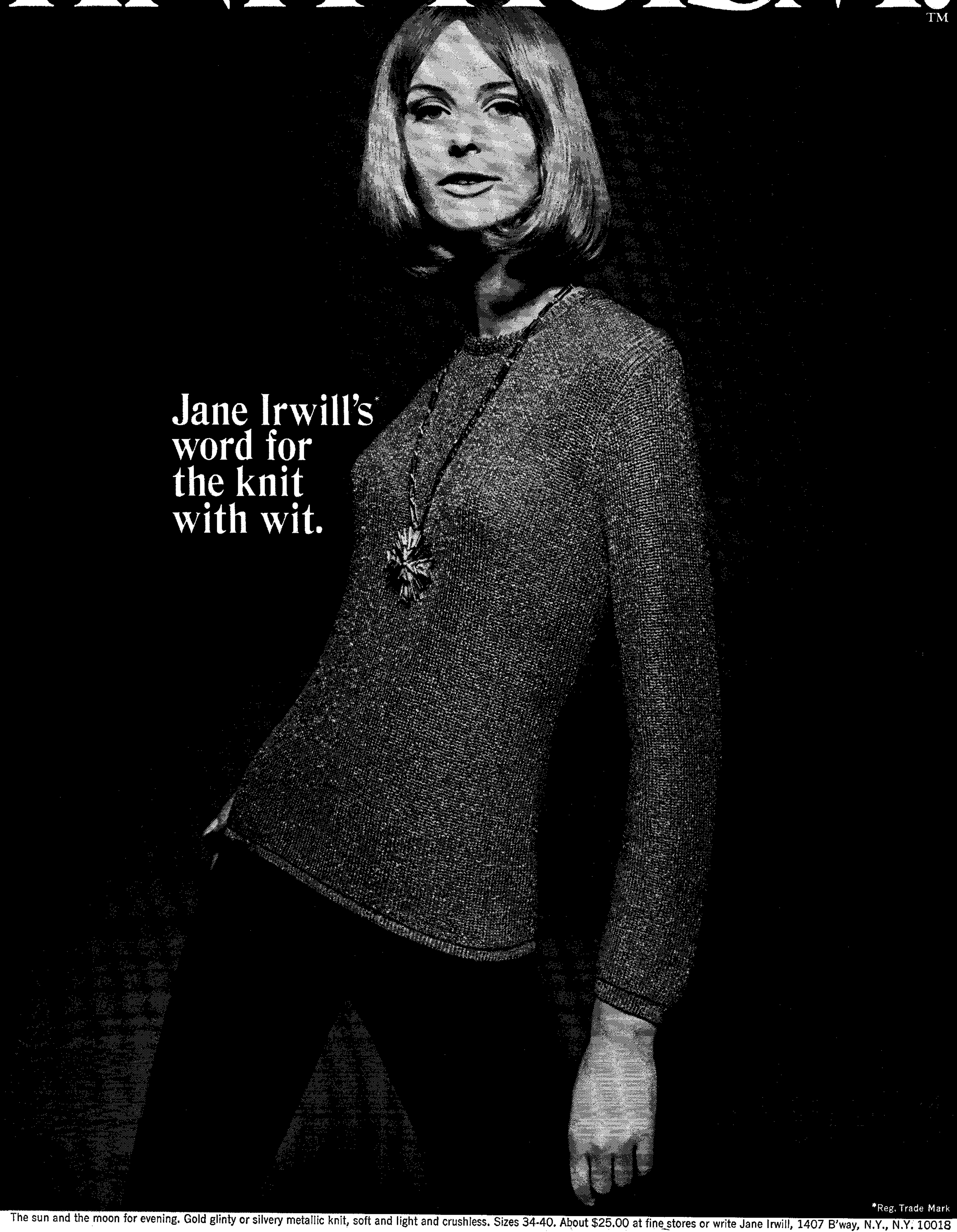
theatre that subjects everyday life to critical analysis goes against the national grain, partly because the French are too patriotic to relish self-criticism on the public stage but mostly because they do not regard everyday life, realistically handled, as a worthy theme for serious drama. The tradition of humanism, which maintains that the proper study of mankind is not just exceptional or representative men but men of all kinds, considered as individuals, has never exerted much influence on French playwrights. The clash of ideas and principles is what mainly excites them. Ordinary human behavior, in all its irrational variety, strikes them as petty and peripheral: reality is too untidy to suit their notion of art. It should not amaze us that France has produced no Chekhov, no Gorki, no Tennessee Williams, no John Osborne, no Harold Pinter.

At the Théâtre de l'Atelier we have "L'Idiot," adapted from Dostoevski by André Barsacq, who also directs. The production abounds in grandiose gestures and tremendous, swirling exits; one might almost be watching "La Dame aux Camélias." Catherine Sellers' Nastasia, a hoarse, wild-eyed gypsy, is at once a star performance and a full-blooded distortion of the original. As Mishkin, Philippe Avron is a model of pious restraint. The curtain goes up thirteen minutes late, to ironic applause.

Framed by the gilded caryatids of the Palais Royal, Feydeau's "La Dame de Chez Maxim" is a solid popular hit, with Zizi Jeanmaire in the role of a jolly cocotte who is mistaken for someone's respectable wife. She attends a country ball, where everyone accepts her as a Parisian hostess, and her verbal blunders (like Eliza Doolittle's) are thought to be glittering examples of the new small talk. I agree with Marcel Achard that Feydeau, who died in 1921, was the greatest master of French comedy after Molière, but here he is well below his quicksilver best. Jacques Charon's direction is camp in the strict and pristine theatrical sense; i.e., effetely flamboyant. Caustic cheers greet the rise of the curtain, twenty-one minutes overdue.

In times of recession, the small-cast play comes into its own. Producers suddenly recognize its artistic virtues, and reinterpret the famous dictum of Mies van der Rohe "More is less" so that it takes on a new significance: "More actors is less art." This, of course, is their quaintly euphemistic way of saying that more expenditure means less chance of breaking even. "L'Idée Fixe," at the Michodière, is a perfect

KNITTICISM!™


Jane Irwill's*
word for
the knit
with wit.

*Reg. Trade Mark

The sun and the moon for evening. Gold glinty or silvery metallic knit, soft and light and crushless. Sizes 34-40. About $25.00 at fine stores or write Jane Irwill, 1407 B'way, N.Y., N.Y. 10018

Jane Irwill recommends washing in CKC Cold Knit Compounds

I'M
WILD ABOUT
Cherry Marnier

. . . it's the gayest French after-dinner liqueur . . . in the very smart cherry velour bottle . . . distilled from wild cherries, the taste is flavor rich, the bouquet is tantalizing! To delight your guests, serve Cherry Marnier when entertaining in style.

. . . for delightful cocktail and gourmet recipes, write for our free Grand Marnier/Cherry Marnier Recipe Booklet.

Cherry Marnier
PRODUCE OF FRANCE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE
Cherry Marnier
LIQUEUR
MARNIER LAPOSTOLLE
PARIS-FRANCE
Carillon Importers Ltd.
NEW YORK

PRODUCT OF FRANCE/48 PROOF/CARILLON IMPORTERS, LTD./730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10019

The Pickard Leaf

Hand fashioned of exquisite, light weight china, in a delicate warm white color. Accented with 24 karat gold. An important gift that arrives in a Pickard presentation case. $8.95

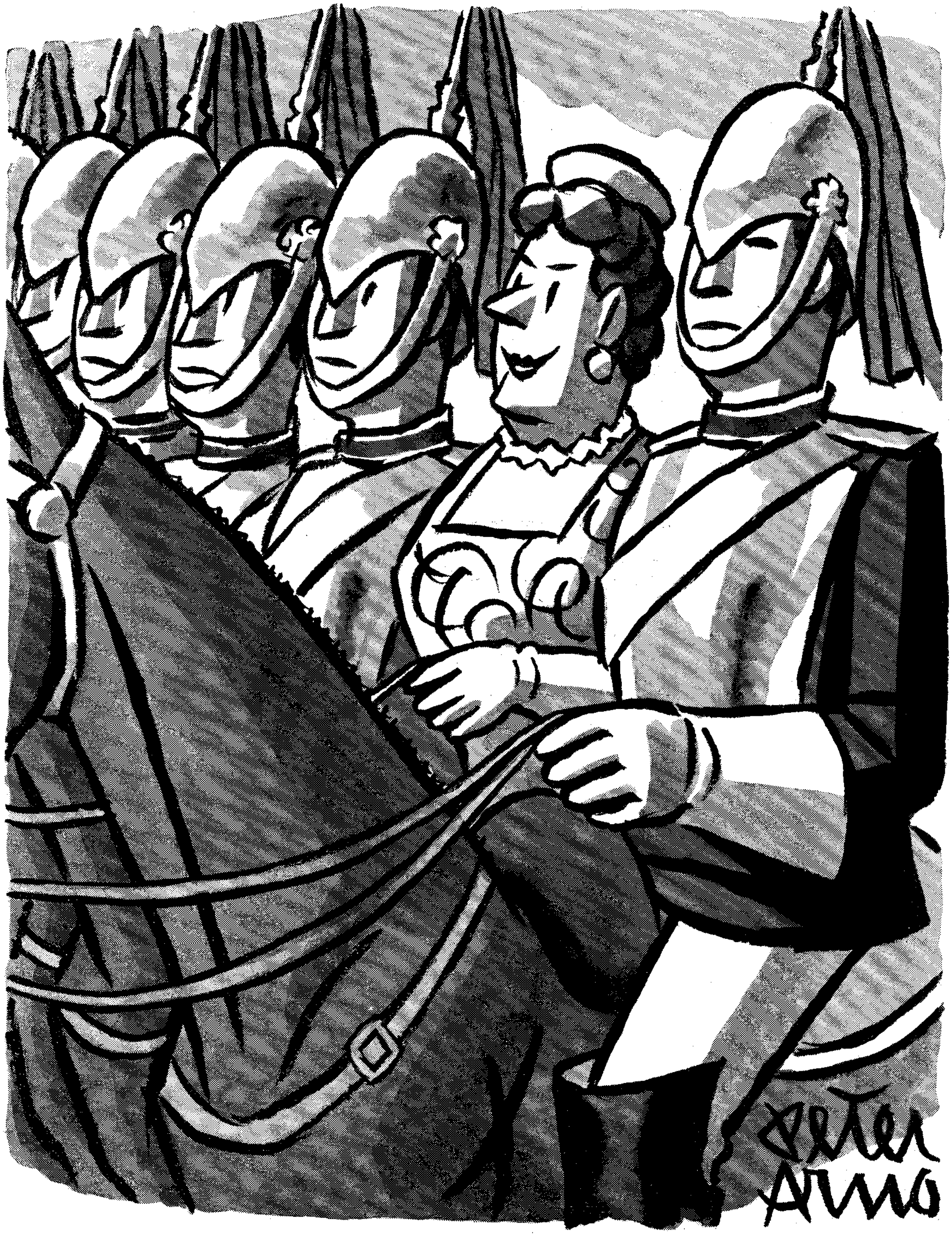
From the Gold Accent Accessory series by Pickard FINE CHINA

PICKARD, INC., DEPT. N-5 ANTIOCH, ILLINOIS • WRITE FOR OUR DESIGN FOLIO.

example of low-risk theatre with aesthetic pretensions. Written in 1931 by Paul Valéry, and never intended for stage performance, it's a prose duologue between two lonely holiday-makers—a psychiatrist and an artist—who meet on a rockbound Mediterranean shore and discuss their anxieties. It may be true, as the artist declares, that *"l'homme est fait pour causer,"* but the theatre was not created solely for conversation, and after two hours of abstract chat one longs for something non-cerebral to happen. The ideas are persuasively fleshed out by Pierre Fresnay and Julien Bertheau. All the same, a non-play derived from a book is not calculated to restore anyone's faith in the health of the French drama.

Summing up the season in *Le Monde,* a critic gloomily noted that it was heavily dependent on imports, revivals, and literary adaptations. The commercial theatre, he concluded, had its back to the wall, and he wondered why nothing new had emerged to save it. A possible answer can be found in a lecture that Jean-Paul Sartre delivered at the Sorbonne in 1960. Its subject was the stultifying effect of bourgeois audiences on the drama. The bourgeois (Sartre argued) wants to see people like himself onstage, in order to identify his troubles with theirs, but he cannot stomach the kind of play in which he is surveyed with scientific objectivity. He likes dramatists whose concept of human nature conforms to his own. To understand what that concept is, you must study his use of the word "human": it is "human" to cheat, to lie, to compromise, to envy. That is the condition of our species, and the bourgeois view is that we are stuck with it. But the fulcrum of all good drama (Sartre continues) is purposeful human action, and this often implies a desire for change—a desire for a differently ordered environment, in which life can be differently lived. It is here that the bourgeois calls a halt, since his picture of the world precludes the possibility of radical change. Having revolutionized the structure of society in the nineteenth century, he has no wish to see it altered again. To hang on to what he already possesses, he is ready, if pressed, to adapt himself, but further than that he will not go. There is no reason to be surprised by his willingness to tolerate plays like "En Attendant Godot;" they support his conviction that the human predicament is immutable. It is permissible for a playwright to condemn the bourgeois as a man but not as a bourgeois. Pessimism

(*Advertisement*)



Do you have to be in London early in the morning?

You do.

Fine with us.

We depart from Kennedy every night at 8:30. That's an ideal time to leave because you arrive in London with a full day in front of you.

Flying Air-India makes good sense, too.

We use Boeing 707 Intercontinental Jets. These dependable jets have carried over 100 million passengers.

Though the pilots of most major airlines fly 707's, we insist Air-India pilots return to their base headquarters, every 6 months, and fly the flight simulator. That machine makes flying in the atmosphere seem simple.

Our hostesses are Indian girls with soft voices and gentle manners whose serenity is contagious.

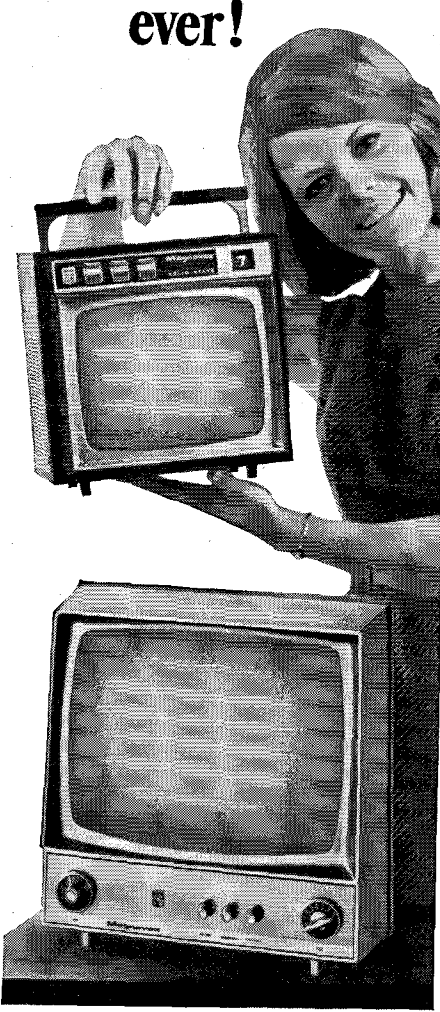
When you arrive in London you'll find more than enough energy to accomplish everything you've planned. Beginning with an early morning trot, of course.

AIR-INDIA

The airline that treats you like a maharajah.
Over 33 years of flying experience.

For reservations or information, see your travel agent or Air-India, 666 Fifth Avenue, New York 10019, PL 1-6200. Offices in principal cities.

New Magnavox "Tubeless" TV... in the most beautiful, liveliest portables ever!

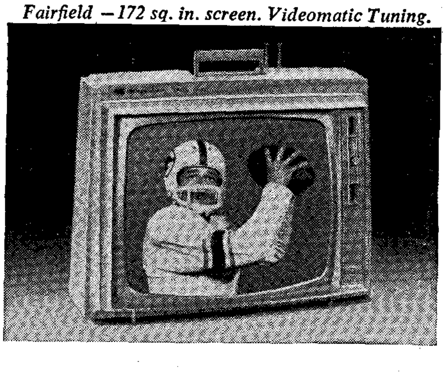


Futura —71 sq. in. screen, transformer powered.
TOP: Ranger—43 sq. in. screen. Enjoy it anywhere with Rechargeable Battery Pack (optional).

Solid-state components replace tubes (main cause of TV failure) for lasting reliability ...and superior performance. Variety of colors, styles. Sold *direct* through franchised dealers (Yellow Pages) saving you middleman costs. Portable TV from **$89.90.**

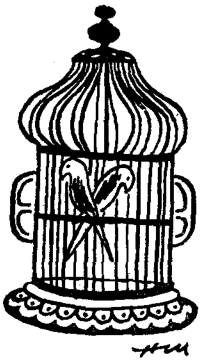
the magnificent
Magnavox
270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.

Fairfield —172 sq. in. screen. Videomatic Tuning.



is welcome as long as it is total—as long as it blights every prospect and damns every hope. Qualified pessimism, which concedes that things look grim but offers recommendations for improvement, is held not to be art. "*Ça, ce n'est plus le théâtre, n'est-ce pas, c'est de la subversion.*" In Sartre's opinion, drama will not be fully reborn until the bourgeois audience is a dwindling minority.

(3) Government-subsidized theatre. This remains the backbone of dramatic activity in Paris. Like the rest of the skeleton, however, it lacks the energizing marrow that only new writers can supply. In a renovated cinema on the outskirts of the city, near the Père-Lachaise Cemetery, the Théâtre de l'Est Parisien has lately taken root. Although films, ballets, operas, symphony concerts, and jazz recitals are presented in the same auditorium, the resident acting troupe managed to offer seven productions in the 1965-66 season. The seats cost little (a dollar-sixty is the top), the programs are free, and tipping is forbidden. Moreover, the show begins at 7 P.M. ("*Allez au théâtre,*" says one of the company's handouts, "*et couchez-vous tôt.*") The T.E.P. also publishes an outspoken monthly magazine: in a recent editorial it described the offended patriots who pelted the stage of the Théâtre de France with rotten fruit during performances of Genet's "Les Paravents" as intellectual racists with the seeds of Nazism in their hearts.



It's no wonder that the T.E.P. has recruited an audience containing a high proportion of youthful enthusiasts. But what do they see? When I was there, a tame production of a nineteenth-century farce—"Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," by Eugène Labiche. The hero is a pompous middle-class father whose daughter has two rival suitors. During a holiday in Switzerland, one of them arranges to save Perrichon's life; the other, a craftier type, contrives a situation in which his own life is saved by Perrichon. Papa's favor immediately swings toward the latter. The moral, I gathered from a program note, is that a bourgeois will always prefer a debtor to a creditor, even if the debt is only one of gratitude. I would never have guessed as much from what I witnessed onstage, which was visually pretty but socially and politically quite innocuous. Labiche revivals are fairly common in Paris, and nothing more sadly reveals the drabness of French theatre than its efforts to put over this lightweight entertainer as a ferocious scourge of the bourgeoisie.

The Théâtre National Populaire, now directed by Georges Wilson, still packs the Palais de Chaillot, which seats twenty-six hundred people, and its policy of making first-rate plays cheaply accessible to mass audiences has not changed since Jean Vilar founded the company, in 1951. Many actors have been discovered and brought to maturity under its auspices, but in fifteen years it has failed to unearth a French playwright of international stature.

At the Théâtre de France, Jean-Louis Barrault finds himself in the same blind alley where new authors are concerned. "A few years ago," he told me, "I saw two plays by an actor named Roland Dubillard—'Naïves Hirondelles' and 'La Maison d'Os.' They were funny and weird, and I thought he was a great hope. But he seems incapable of writing any more. I've been running the Théâtre de France since 1959, and this year, for the first time, I haven't read a single new script that was worth considering. All I get are plays by authors who seem to despise the public. It's important to provoke the people you *want* to provoke, but it's equally important to please the people you want to please. Young playwrights should work in the theatre and learn what it means to face an audience. Remember that Molière and John Osborne both started as actors. Destruction for its own sake is all very well, but I think the theatre is due for a return to tenderness."

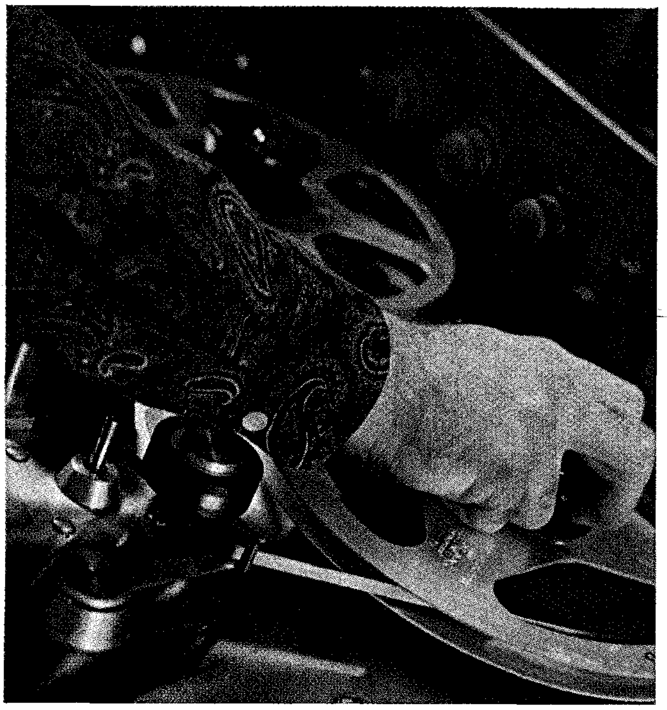
Barrault's winter plans include stage adaptations of two famous novels—Raymond Queneau's "Zazie dans le Métro" and Flaubert's "La Tentation de Saint Antoine." Roger Blin's notorious production of "Les Paravents" will continue to hold its place in the company's repertory. The play is a sprawling mosaic of Algerian life under French colonial rule. Three characters run through it—a young man named Saïd, his mother, and his repellently ugly wife. Genet's text embraces squalor almost as if it were a benediction. Metaphors of filth and putrescence multiply, and violence takes on an aura of sensual exaltation. On the one hand, the occupying army is exhorted to think of itself as "the mighty phallus of France." On the other, Saïd's wife im-

DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING

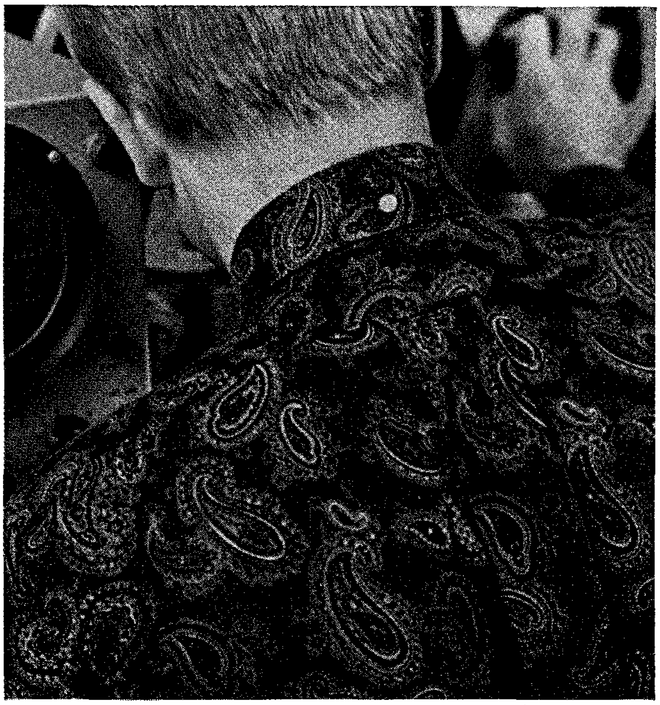
Mothers with highly explorative children know Danskin means the finest full-fashioned sweaters, pants and seamless tights. This mock turtleneck is in 100% nylon. Sizes 2-6x, 4.00. Sizes 7-14, 5.00. Tights are in stretch nylon 3.00. Write for illustrated brochure NY 10A and name of your nearest store. Danskin, Inc., 437 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.
Division of Triumph Hosiery Mills, Inc. DANSKIN

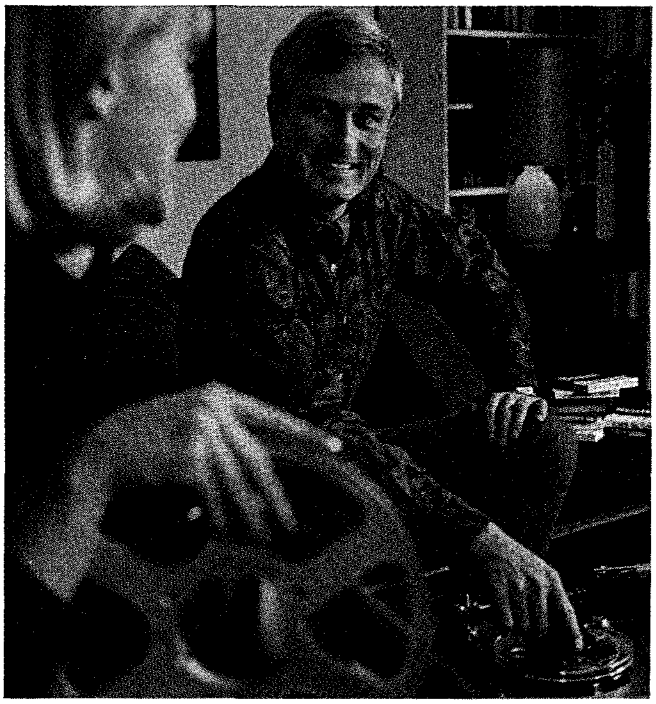
Components:

©1966 GANT SHIRTMAKERS


rich pattern registry...

deep color tones...


soft cotton challis...


exclusively Gant

Ticino:™ bright equipment for lazy weekends. And isn't this what a sport shirt is for? Like all Gant shirts, Ticino is tailored with singular precision—from its softly flared button-down collar to its tapered Hugger body. In madder red, olive green or mid-blue. About $8.50 at discerning stores. For one nearest you, write Gant Shirtmakers, New Haven, Connecticut.

GANT
SHIRTMAKERS

plores her husband to "choose evil and always evil," for "I want you to know only hatred and never love." Genet sees the two sides as equal partners in a game of mutual debasement. Ever since the play opened, performances have been interrupted by catcalls, walkouts, vegetable missiles, and exploding firecrackers, although the Algerian war ended long ago. Barrault contributes to the program a dazzling facing-both-ways essay in which he declares that drama differs from the other arts because it takes place in public. This means that in the theatre "there is perhaps something more sacred than liberty; namely, respect for human beings." At the same time, he is careful to point out that a writer must be true to his vision, however outrageous it may be, and that "Les Paravents" is a case of "legitimate provocation." My own view of the play is that it resembles a swamp of self-indulgent images from which pinnacles of tough theatricality occasionally protrude, or a Sargasso Sea dotted with the wreckage of a potential masterpiece.

As tradition dictates, the Comédie-Française houses all that is worth reclaiming from the glorious past of the French theatre. A foreigner cannot help reflecting how little of that past is glorious outside France. Molière, Feydeau, and Giraudoux survive in translation, but it is seldom indeed that Corneille, Racine, Marivaux, Beaumarchais, Musset, Hugo, Rostand, and Claudel justify abroad the holy repute they enjoy at home. As exports, they are generally failures, and I suspect that this is due to the central role played in French theatre by pure sound—by strophe and antistrophe, by vocal sonorities demanding specific vocal responses. Strip the lines of their music and you are likely to be stunned by their banality. Take "Le Prince Travesti," a minor work by Marivaux, which was neglected for more than two centuries and has now been revived to unanimous critical acclaim. It's a comedy of disguises and romantic equivocations, in which passions are politely concealed beneath veils of verbal nicety. The baroque formality of the décor is echoed in Jacques Charon's direction, and you can bet that the characters in matching costumes are going to end up together. Micheline Boudet gives a tremulously beautiful display of unexpressed love. Otherwise, nothing stays in the mind except a vague aural memory of French actors competitively purring in self-congratulation.

With Ionesco's "La Soif et la Faim," the house of Molière has opened its doors to the avant-garde, and many

BIG BOOM IN BONDS!

Municipal bonds, that is.

And why not?

Investors haven't seen lower prices—or higher yields—in more than 30 years.

A yield of 4% on good quality issues is hardly uncommon. Even 4¼%. And that's 4¼% free from all 1966 federal income taxes and most state taxes where the bonds are issued, as well.

Which means that a man in the 50% tax bracket would have to realize a taxable return of 8½% to equal—after taxes—his 4¼% from municipals.

Other reasons for the boom? Indeed, yes.

Protection of capital.

Wide range of maturities in months—or years.

A high degree of marketability.

Interested in knowing more? Our brand new 32-page booklet, "*Investing for Tax-Exempt Income*" covers the whole story of municipal bonds about as clearly as anything we've seen.

Sticking strictly to layman's language, it tells you just what municipals are and who should buy them; explains how they are bought, sold, and rated; explores what the buyer should know about interest rates and maturities; and discusses in detail a number of other factors to check in buying these bonds.

Investing for TAX-EXEMPT Income
The Story of Municipal Bonds

You'll find 23-year charts on yields and prices and a two-page table highlighting the spread between the net return from taxable and non-taxable securities at various taxable income levels.

If you'd like a copy—without charge—just call, or you can mail us the coupon below.

Yes, please send me a copy of "Investing for Tax-Exempt Income. The Story of Municipal Bonds."

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY & STATE________________ZIP________

MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10005

OUR EXCLUSIVE WOOL HATS FOR CASUAL WEAR—IN PINCH-FRONT AND CENTER-CREASE MODELS, 12.50

Made of fine woolen fabrics, imported exclusively for Saks Fifth Avenue, our plaid hats in green, brown and olive green combinations. District checks and solids are also available. In a complete size range. Men's Hats.

THE MEN'S STORE
SAKS FIFTH AVENUE

Which was first to make headlines in England: The London Times or Gordon's?

Alexander Gordon got out his first edition 19 years before the Times. In 1769, to be precise. The delicately flavoured, delectably dry gin that made headlines then, is still big news in England. It's still biggest seller there. And here. In fact, worldwide. Why not indulge yourself in the pleasures of a proper 18th-century English day? Miss the London Times this morning? There's still time for Gordon's tonight.

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, NEW JERSEY

of its older subscribers have been enraged by the intrusion. I cannot imagine why. Like so much of what passes for experimental drama in the era of de Gaulle, the play is inward-looking, self-pitying, and in no sense subversive. Jean, the hero, lives with his wife in a cellar apartment that is sinking into the mud. (He tells us in the same breath that streets, cities, and entire civilizations are also being sucked under. When Ionesco gets his hands on a symbol, you can't accuse him of keeping it under wraps.) To escape from domesticity, Jean embarks on a journey in search of his true self. He wants to breathe pure air and be reborn. No sooner has he bolted than the back wall of the basement rises to reveal a sun-drenched tropical garden. "If only he had had a little patience!" his wife sighs. Happiness, it seems, is right there in his own back yard. The message at this point, never subsequently contradicted, is identical with that of "Peer Gynt." In other words, travel is good but home is better. Arriving on a lofty, arid plateau (and here I must pay tribute to Jacques Noël's scenery—first-rate sets are rare in Paris), Jean spends a whole act waiting for a nebulous girl who fails to turn up. From here he staggers on to a sinister monastery, where a disquieting welcome awaits him. Two captive clowns are made to perform for his amusement; faulty education has deformed their minds, and they must be shown their errors. One is called Brechtoll (or Brecht, if I may rip off his mask), and the other goes by the name of Tripp—a cryptic alias for Samuel Beckett. Both are relentlessly quizzed and brainwashed in order to free them from the deterministic ideas by which they are obsessed. In addition, both are starving. If Brechtoll will accept God, he will be fed, but Tripp will be fed if he will deny God. Thus, they are taught that there is no such thing as absolute truth, and no necessary connection between cause and effect. ("If no one is watching us and obliging me to be good to you, who is to prevent me from letting you die of hunger?" the head monk asks Brechtoll. A powerful question, to which Ionesco offers no answer.) Jean himself, a baffled onlooker at this double interrogation, is finally conscripted to act as a waiter, forever compelled to serve the monks with plate after plate of the same stew. This may conceivably be a symbol of Ionesco's own plight—that of a writer perpetually condemned to feed his critics the same diet. In any case, it makes a suitably arbitrary end to a totally arbitrary play. Every now

MIGHTY-WHO?

THE MIGHTY-MAC "WHO-MAN" IS MADE OF DUNKA-CLOTH† WITH DACRON*.

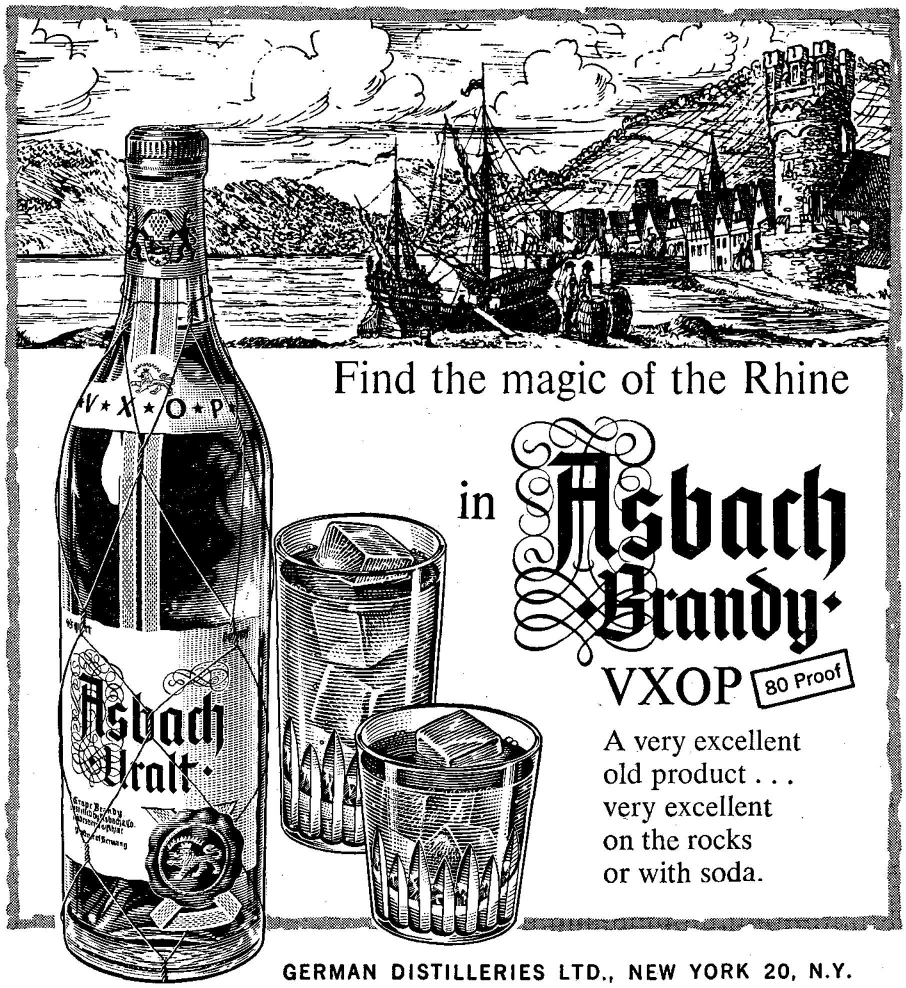
You don't have to be anybody special. Just smart enough to know a good thing when you see it. There's resiliency, wearability and unsurpassed comfort in this MIGHTY-MAC. Lined for cozy warmth with exclusive "Superlonic-UMF", the famous Orlon** pile. "Who-Man" is $75 (you'll wonder why not $150). Another mighty MIGHTY-MAC®

†MIGHTY-MAC DUNKA-CLOTH IS 65% DACRON* POLYESTER, 35% VISCOSE. *DU PONT'S REG. T.M. FOR ITS POLYESTER FIBER. **DU PONT'S REG. T.M. FOR ITS ACRYLIC FIBER.

MIGHTY-MAC is the registered trademark of CAPE ANN MANUFACTURING CO., GLOUCESTER, MASS., U.S.A.

Tired of Sable? There will always be Fisher...finest of furs, artfully arranged by David in his new non-collar coat.

that fine Italian hand in fur... DAVID *50 West 57 Street, New York*



Find the magic of the Rhine
in Asbach Brandy
VXOP 80 Proof
A very excellent
old product . . .
very excellent
on the rocks
or with soda.

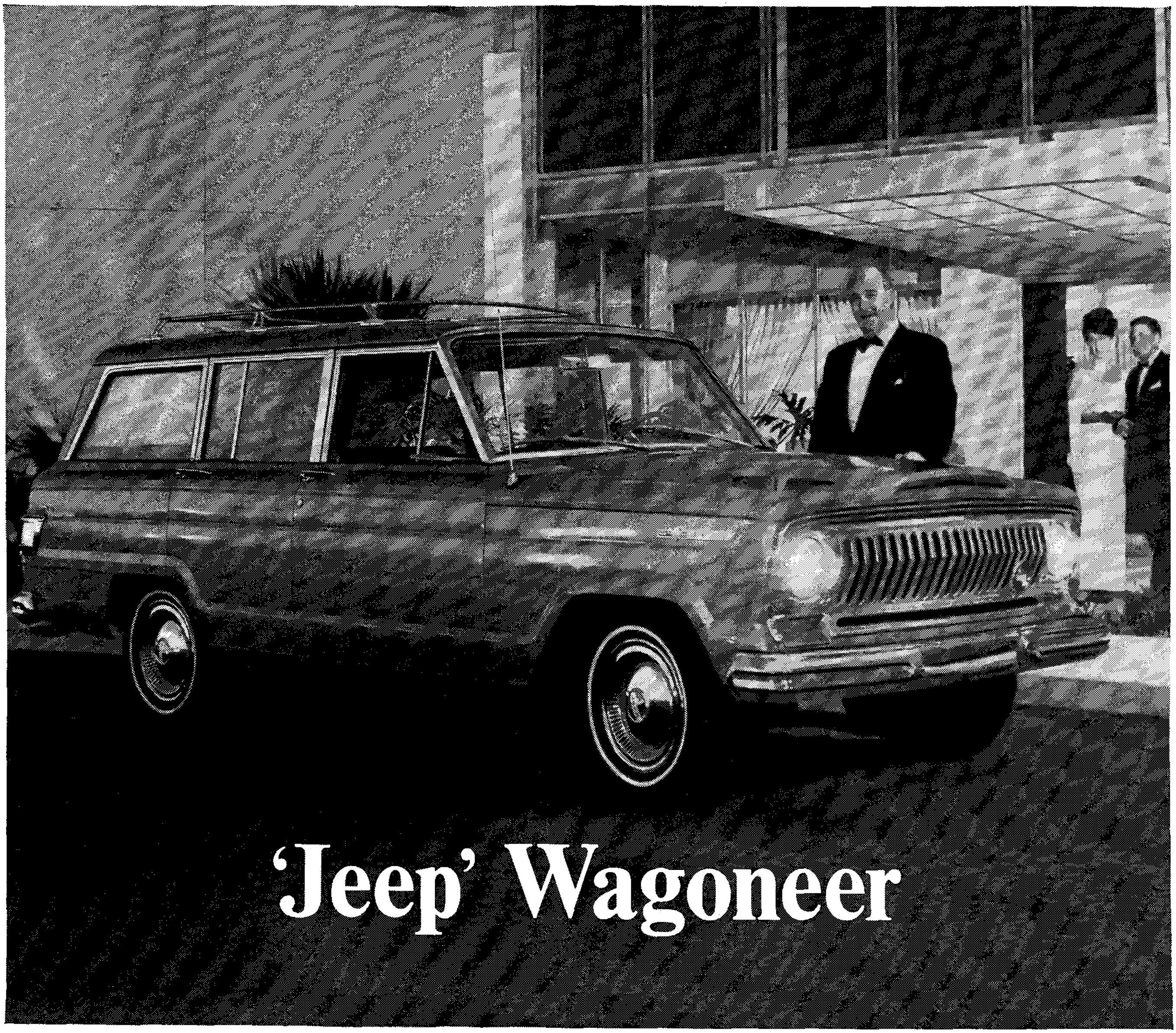
GERMAN DISTILLERIES LTD., NEW YORK 20, N.Y.

and then, a sentence, or even a passage, rises sharp and challenging out of the surrounding muddle, but the work as a whole is a prolonged ecstasy of egocentric doodling. In the taxing role of Jean, Robert Hirsch is tireless but rather too consciously tragic.

(4) Low-budget experimental theatre. Here the cupboard is distressingly bare. Beckett is a legend in his own lifetime; one sadly doubts whether his successors will be more than anecdotes in theirs. A strong feeling has spread through the avant-garde that Paris is no longer a place in which adventurous young playwrights can comfortably fledge their wings. I even heard an apprentice dramatist complaining about—of all things—the lack of theatre censorship. "The government censors films and television, but it doesn't worry about the theatre," he said. "And that's a terrible omen. It means that plays aren't considered important enough to be worth banning." One result of this discontent is a flight to the provinces. A typical migrant is Antoine Bourseiller, who has been hailed by many good judges as the most exciting young director in Paris. At present, he runs the little Théâtre de Poche, in Montparnasse, but after Christmas he is moving to Aix-en-Provence, where he will take control of a theatre with an annual subsidy of more than two hundred thousand dollars. Away from the pressures of the capital, he will have the time and the freedom he needs to develop a company with a style of its own. (Describing the sort of drama he favors, Bourseiller uses words like "baroque" and "ceremonial," from which it's easy to deduce that his taste inclines toward Genet rather than toward Brecht.) I asked him to diagnose the current malaise of French theatre. "It's nothing to do with the government," he said. "André Malraux may not be the ideal Minister of Culture, but—for all his quirks—he's better than any alternative I can think of. If he died, we'd probably get a bureaucrat who could equally well have organized the railroads. And I don't believe there's a dearth of writers. The real trouble is that we lack directors—not just *metteurs en scène* but people like Jean Vilar and Roger Planchon, who can take a theatre and give it an artistic identity. I don't put Barrault in that category. He's Malraux's court jester."

Roger Planchon, who is still in his thirties, chose provincial independence fifteen years ago. A Brechtian and a leftist, he runs the Théâtre de la Cité in Villeurbanne, near Lyon,

"Looks as much at home at the country club as it does next to a prairie campfire."



Automotive editor Tom McCahill takes a close look at the new 'Jeep' Wagoneer.

"I recently had the opportunity to put more than 2500 miles on a new 'Jeep' Wagoneer while doing a test report for *Mechanix Illustrated**. During the course of the test, I couldn't get over how far 4-wheel drive has come in the past 25 years. Not only is the Wagoneer worlds apart in performance (with a new V-8 and all the automatic and power equipment you could wish for) but it's as handsome and comfortable as anything Detroit has to offer. It looks just as much at home in the parking lot of the most posh country club as it does next to a prairie campfire. Which brings us to the point that makes this baby really unique: 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive. There isn't another luxury wagon on the market that can go where this baby can. Mud, snow, sand, you name it. Go off where there are no roads—places you wouldn't dream of going in any other wagon. If I had my choice of any car on my test lot, I'd pick the 'Jeep' Wagoneer with 4-wheel drive. It's as handsome as anything I've seen, yet it's the most versatile car I've ever tested. For my money, it's just about perfect."

**A reprint of complete article will be sent on request. Write: Dept. NY-2, Box 903, Toledo, Ohio 43601.*

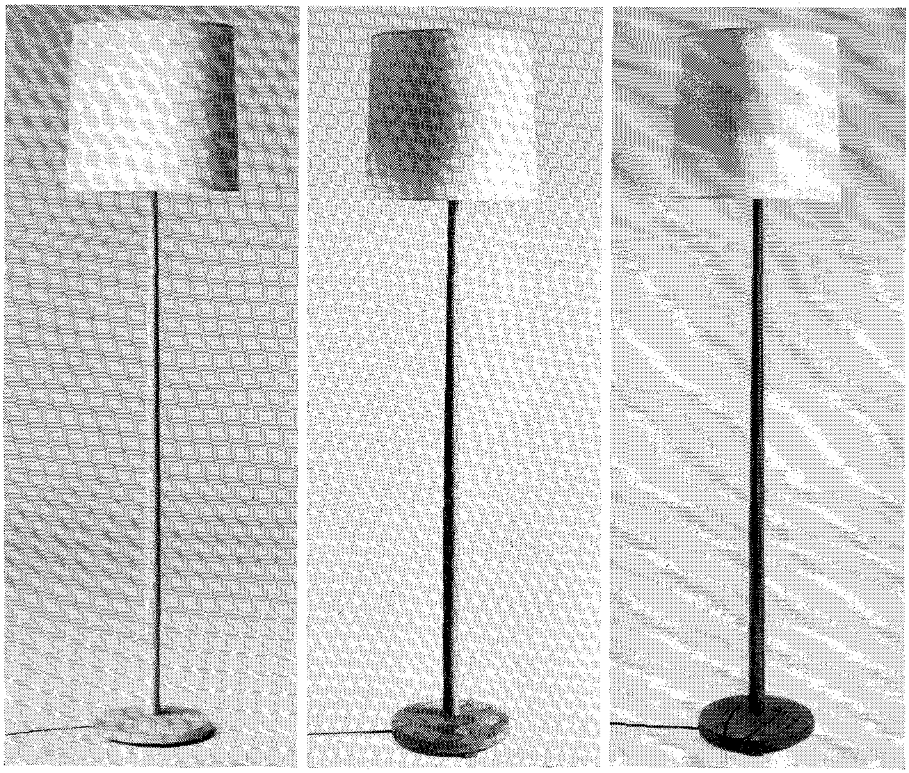
KAISER Jeep CORPORATION
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

DUNBAR®

THE WIDE-ANGLE SOFA.
A DESIGN EXPERIENCE IN
MAHOGANY, DOWN AND LINEN.

Get acquainted with Dunbar at our showrooms: New York, Chicago, Berne, Boston, Atlanta, Miami, Dallas, Denver, Kansas City, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle. Dunbar Furniture Corporation, Berne, Indiana.



DECISIONS. DECISIONS. DECISIONS.

This is our answer to the smorgasbord. They're all from Sweden. All 56" high, with a 9" base and 14" diameter off-white linen shade. All take a 3-way bulb up to 250 watts. If you have an oak appetite—a taste will cost $35. Teak is $39.50. If you're really a gourmet—try the rosewood, $59.

SEND 25c FOR 64 PG. 1967 CATALOG
Mail orders and browsers are invited.
GEORGE KOVACS
Dept.N-61, 831 Madison Ave.—69th St. N.Y.C. 21, UN 1-8955, Open Thurs. til 8.

and has built up a loyal and enormous working-class audience there. Planchon treats the classics not as sacred works of art but as historical documents in need of reinterpretation from a Marxist viewpoint. For him, an old play is a piece of historical evidence submitted by an inevitably biassed witness; i.e., the dramatist. His habit is to eke out the text with his own radical analysis of the age in which the author lived. Thus, when he is staging Marivaux he constantly draws our attention away from the wellborn folk in the salon to the dingy unpleasantness of life belowstairs. Although his actors are sometimes less than top class, he regards this as a small price to pay for artistic liberty. When Paris beckons, as it often does, he responds with a catlike smile and a decisive shake of the head.

They say that Patrice Chereau, the twenty-year-old director of "L'Affaire de la Rue de Lourcine," at the Trois Baudets (a pocket theatre on the Right Bank), is a Planchon in embryo. I say that they have taken leave of their senses. The show is a bizarre musical version of a farce by Labiche. Like the T.E.P., M. Chereau sees Labiche as a satirist ranking in virulence somewhere between Juvenal and Swift. Fired by this eccentric vision, he has tried to turn a lighthearted boulevard prank into a sabre-toothed indictment of middle-class depravity. The plot concerns a pair of *petits-bourgeois* citizens who wake up after a night of drinking to find themselves suspected of murder. They haven't in fact committed the crime, but they can't remember not committing it. This simple study of mistaken identity becomes in M. Chereau's hands a Kafkaesque fantasy of guilt, in which the two drunks imagine themselves arrested, savagely grilled, and summarily lynched. The style is half Mack Sennett, half undigested Brecht, and wholly humorless. The actors wear clown makeups and sing to a piano that is deliberately out of tune. The fun of the original play dissolves in the acid bath of the production.

A small but dedicated faction insists that the future of French drama lies in "happenings." These are still quite common in Paris, where I have even heard them described—by a charter member of the lobby—as "the *commedia dell' arte* of the H-bomb epoch." Will they save the French theatre? Not for purists like me, who make a crucial distinction between life, where things happen by accident, and art, where they happen by design. If all the world's a stage, we might as well burn down the theatres. As a writer in *Le Monde* put it, "At the game of improvisation, theatre is beaten in advance by life itself."

(5) Strip tease. Nothing in Paris is more theatrically inventive than the nightly show at the Crazy Horse Saloon, on the Avenue George V. (Although there's no entrance fee, it's a costly experience to undergo. If you sit at a table, the minimum charge—which includes your first drink—is slightly less than eight dollars a head. At the bar, it's four-sixty.) The comic acts tend to be noisy and atrociously witless. But the girls—the incredibly healthy girls—are superb, beautiful in themselves, and rendered more so by the skill with which they are presented. To the distant tinkling of a vibraphone, Veronica Baum perches on the edge of a marble bath and reverently soaps herself while a Venetian blind casts stripes of shade across her skin. Tracy Tiffany, clad only in Op Art patterns projected onto her swivelling body, dances blithely through the story of her life, accompanying herself with snatches of tape-recorded biography. ("I'm an Aries," she keeps helplessly wailing, as if that explained anything.) It was at the Crazy Horse that Dodo d'Hambourg, the most accomplished German stripper of modern times, first appeared as "La Veuve." In this celebrated routine, she played an all too consolable widow who solemnly sheds her weeds, to a background of organ music, during her husband's funeral. Shortly after Dodo had made her reputation with this macabre act, her husband in real life, who was living in Germany, committed suicide. The Crazy Horse was founded fifteen years ago by Alain Bernardin, a former antique dealer and restaurateur. It was a solo venture from the beginning; Bernardin still recruits the girls, directs the numbers, and pays the bills. An urbane man on the verge of fifty, he has a keen business sense and no star-making illusions. "Here the show itself is the star," he says. "Very few of the girls get anywhere in show business when they leave the Crazy Horse. Mostly, they marry. Stripping seems to encourage ideas of domesticity. It creates bourgeois aspirations." He enjoys startling his audience with elegant, offbeat sexual fantasies, but he knows that there are limits to what he can attempt: "I have to stay respectable, because I dare not offend the wives of Americans on expense accounts."

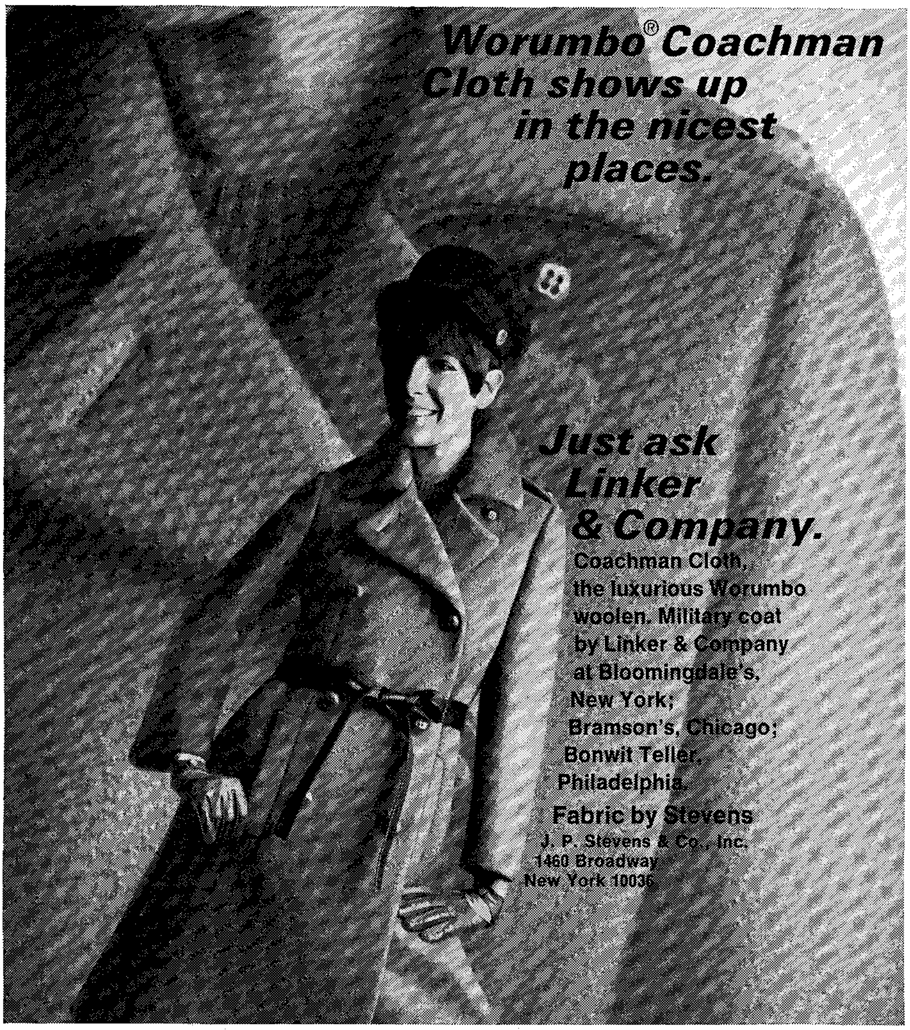
At the Dolce Vita, a night club in Montparnasse, the tone is distinctly

is your wife in love with Barry Walt?

Obviously she can't resist this bon vivant. But don't be concerned with this affair . . . provided you are the man in the Barry Walt coat. Try on this double breasted Dixon model and sense the virility of its rich worsted tweed . . . the magnificence of its superb tailoring . . . the sophistication of its short styling.
Barry Walt coats of distinction at the finest men's shops only.
For one nearest you write to Barry Walt, Inc.,
1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York 10019

Barry Walt, inc. COATS FOR THE MAN

LADY'S ENSEMBLE BY TOWNCLIFFE

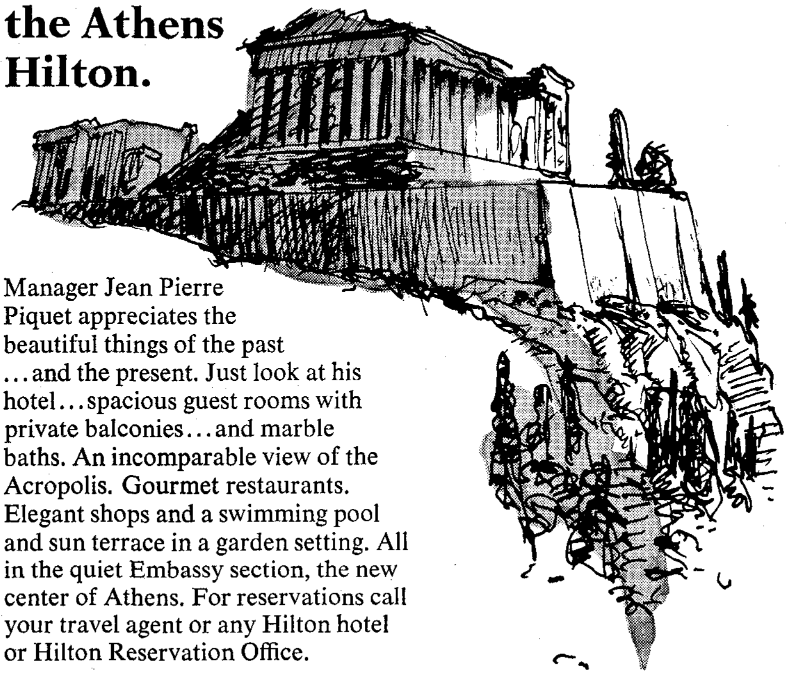


Worumbo® Coachman Cloth shows up in the nicest places.
Just ask Linker & Company.

Coachman Cloth, the luxurious Worumbo woolen. Military coat by Linker & Company at Bloomingdale's, New York; Bramson's, Chicago; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia.

Fabric by Stevens
J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.
1460 Broadway
New York 10036

Here's one of the more splendid residences in Athens... seen from another— the Athens Hilton.



Manager Jean Pierre Piquet appreciates the beautiful things of the past ...and the present. Just look at his hotel...spacious guest rooms with private balconies...and marble baths. An incomparable view of the Acropolis. Gourmet restaurants. Elegant shops and a swimming pool and sun terrace in a garden setting. All in the quiet Embassy section, the new center of Athens. For reservations call your travel agent or any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

ATHENS HILTON
Go international—with all the comforts of Hilton

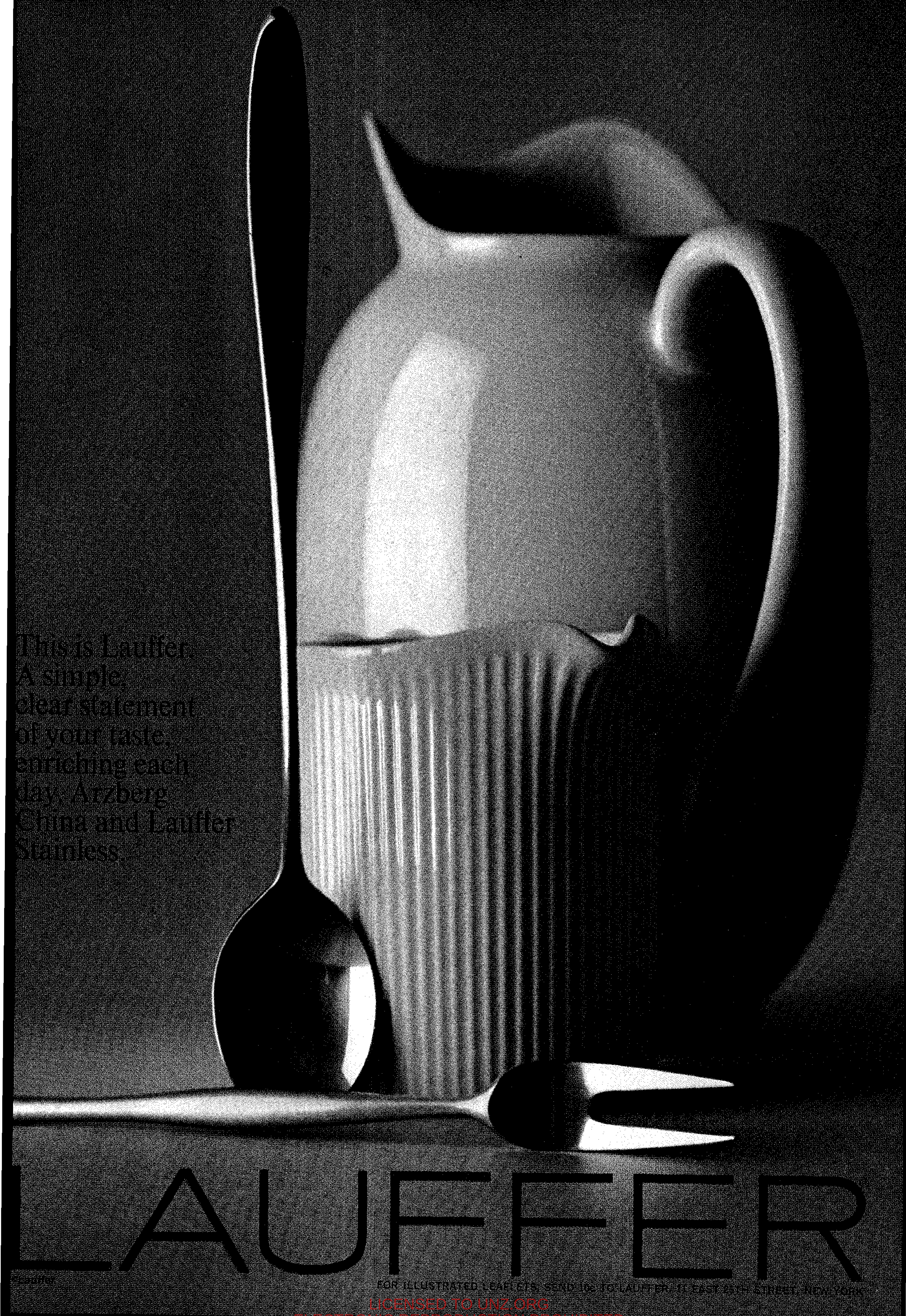
rougher. "Keep calm," says the lady m.c. "Please try not to panic. Here—direct from Harlem—is Dailly Holliday!" Music pounds, and there bursts onto the floor a bulky Negro girl, breathing heavily. She wears a transparent thigh-length shift, through which a flimsy G string is visible, and she has a rose in her mouth. Her first gesture is to kick offstage a chair left behind by the preceding act. Then, hissing with malevolence, she settles down to her chosen task, which is to affront the audience. In the past, Negro performers have often sought to outdo their white colleagues in charm and sophistication. Dailly Holliday, by contrast, goes out of her way to show how different she is from any white stripper who ever peeled. Picking on a customer at a ringside table, she backs directly into his face, and stays there, rotating her hips in time with the music. She will not let him escape. It is as if she were daring him to reject her, to react with violence to her provocation. Of course, he does nothing of the sort but merely blushes and wriggles, engulfed in a vast panorama of flesh. Meanwhile, she grins at him derisively over her shoulder. When his humiliation is complete, she turns her attention elsewhere, unveiling one of her breasts for the intimate inspection of a woman on the other side of the floor. By the time she withdraws, her new victim is suffocating with embarrassment. After a few valedictory gyrations of those monumental hips, she rushes off to her dressing room, leaving the audience in a state of abashed shock.

Talking with Mlle. Holliday after the show, I discovered that she does not come from Harlem; she was born twenty-seven years ago in the French Caribbean dependency of Guadeloupe. Temperamentally, she is not a militant girl. Indeed, she claimed that her principal trait was timidity. "Her act used to be quite mild, but now it is very hard," said the manager of the club. "Americans sometimes resent her." Whether she knows it or not, Mlle. Holliday is the first black-supremacist stripper, and hers is one of the few performances to be seen in Paris that have any relevance to the world outside the theatre.

In 1876, Henry James began a report on the Paris stage with a sentence that still retains a melancholy aptness:

> If it is true that the country is going to the bad, and that the celebrated "era of revolution" is again to open, people are beguiling the interval in such fashion as they may.

—KENNETH TYNAN


This is Lauffer.
A simple,
clear statement
of your taste,
enriching each
day. Arzberg
China and Lauffer
Stainless.
LAUFFER
©Lauffer
FOR ILLUSTRATED LEAFLETS, SEND 10¢ TO LAUFFER, 11 EAST 26TH STREET, NEW YORK

Your skin can tell it's Martex®
M
MARTEX
MARTEX, 111 WEST 40TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY — PRODUCTS OF WEST POINT-PEPPERELL, INC.

LUXOR®
the towel with the beautiful body
$4

Grand-Dad is no penny pincher.

It's costlier, the way we make our Bourbon.

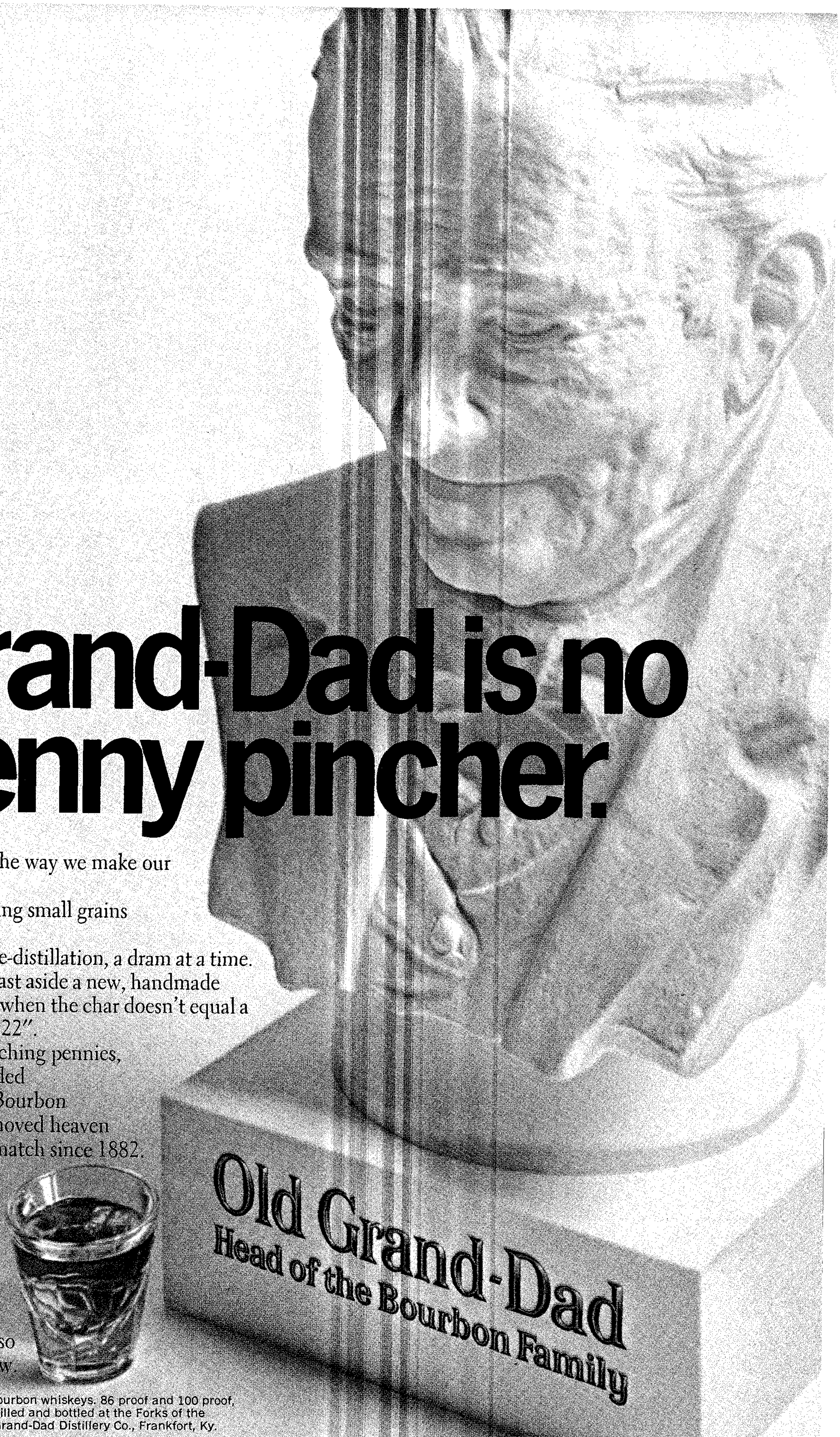
Such as using small grains in the mash.

And double-distillation, a dram at a time.

We even cast aside a new, handmade ageing barrel when the char doesn't equal a prescribed 3/22".

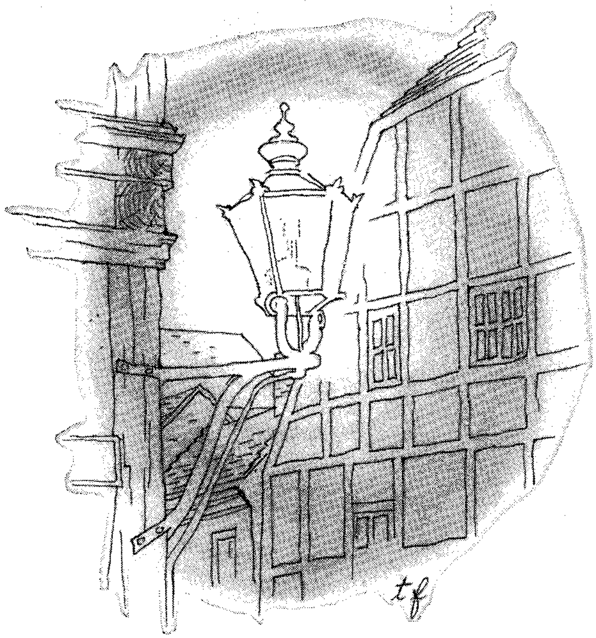
By not pinching pennies, we've succeeded in making a Bourbon others have moved heaven and earth to match since 1882.

While this makes our price somewhat hard to take, it's the very thing that makes our Bourbon so easy to swallow.



Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof, bottled in bond. Distilled and bottled at the Forks of the Elkhorn by the Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

LETTER FROM BERLIN



West Berlin is still the most pro-American—or the least anti-American—city in Europe, and, accordingly, its citizens differ from most other Europeans in their reaction to the war in Vietnam. West Germany has had its share of demonstrations protesting the war, but West Berlin has had only two. The first occurred last February 5th, when a small group of leftist youths and students pulled down the American flag in front of Amerika Haus, the United States Information Agency cultural center. Four days later, white-painted signs—"AMI GO HOME!," "KILLER GO HOME!"—appeared on the doors of the Henry Ford Building at the Free University. Both the population and the press were clearly dismayed that any such thing could happen in West Berlin, for editorials and letters to newspapers apologized to the Americans, whose presence in the city is the most important fact of political life here. In mid-February, a pro-American parade was held in front of Amerika Haus to protest the protest. Arno Scholz, the widely respected editor of the Socialist *Telegraf*, made a trip to Vietnam and afterward wrote favorably of American policy there. But if the war has caused no major protests in West Berlin, it has given rise to a malaise—neither fear nor hostility, just a feeling of concern lest the Americans get so deeply involved in Asia that they will want to do no more in Europe than preserve the status quo. There are two schools of thought here, one maintaining that a strong United States in Vietnam means a strong United States in West Berlin, and the other fearing that the American involvement in Vietnam may mean a weakening of the American position in West Berlin. Secretary Rusk and other American leaders have denied that the United States will be content merely to preserve the status quo in Europe, but the politically sophisticated Berliners are still uneasy. West Berlin reacts to trouble anywhere on earth as a seismograph reacts to a distant earthquake, and quite a few of its citizens wouldn't be surprised if the Soviets started a new round of provocative incidents here. There is no doubt among Berliners about the American commitment in West Berlin and the Americans' ability to meet it, but the malaise persists. People keep asking whether the Americans are losing interest in Berlin and what the city's long-range future is likely to be. They wonder if it will become more isolated as time goes by. Local residents are not disturbed by the East-West wrangles that go on here perpetually, over each foot of sector boundary, the precise position of each buoy marking the border in the lakes around Berlin, and so on—that sort of thing is taken for granted—but many Berliners feel that "something has changed" since the death of President Kennedy, who identified himself with their fears and hopes when he said, "*Ich bin ein Berliner*." They don't feel as close to President Johnson.

Many Berliners feel a natural sympathy with the civilian population in Vietnam, because the war there reminds them of what they themselves went through during the Battle of Berlin and afterward. The parallel cannot be ignored. In West Berlin, America's prestige has not suffered as a result of occasional American setbacks in Vietnam, but it has suffered as a result of newspaper and television accounts of the plight of civilians in the war zone. But since this is Berlin, and not Paris or London, or even Munich, people seem to agree among themselves that the civilians in Vietnam would be even worse off if the Americans decided to leave tomorrow. There was widespread indignation when a group of West Berlin newspaper publishers, in a well-meant but clumsy gesture of sympathy, sent small replicas of Berlin's Freedom Bell (itself a replica of the American Liberty Bell) to relatives of Americans who had died in Vietnam. A vociferous anti-bell group was led by the entertainer Wolfgang Neuss, a sort of West Berlin Mort Sahl, who holds forth at various cabarets, and the publishers reacted by refusing to let Neuss advertise his performances in their papers.

There is no denying that West Berlin has changed. I was last here in December, 1963, when the city was still under the pall of President Kennedy's death, yet I soon became aware of a general air of defiance; young idealists were digging tunnels under the sector boundary, and people were being shot as they tried to escape across the Wall. Now there appears to be a growing indifference to the Wall, though it has recently been strengthened everywhere and completely rebuilt near the Brandenburg Gate and across Potsdamer Platz. Long stretches of it have been heightened with prefabricated blocks of concrete, and smooth steel pipe, said to be as slippery as ice, runs along the top. Presumably, no one will be able to cross the "improved" Wall, which, according to Walter Ulbricht, the East German leader, "kept back the aggressors." Apparently, his regime feels strong enough now to try to make a symbol of beauty, strength, and security out of the structure, which is called Schutzwall (Defense Bastion) by the East German press and Schandmauer (Wall of Shame) by the West Germans. Curiously, the Wall is now being admired as a strategic work of art by East Germany's once skeptical Warsaw Pact partners. On the fifth anniversary of the date the East Germans started building the Wall, a large banner was put up near the Brandenburg Gate that said, "On August 13, 1961, peace was saved here." Two or three years ago, such a stunt would have infuriated the West Berliners, but nowadays few care. "You can get used to a lot in five years," one West Berliner remarked to me, with a shrug. "We no longer see the Wall in our nightmares. We don't talk about it, either. You can't talk it away. It's there, and you have to admit it."

Many people in West Germany say the same thing about the Wall. Indeed, there are many areas of opinion in which the psychological gap between West Germany and West Berlin is closing. Three years ago, the West

Berliners were complaining resentfully that the people of Frankfurt or Munich were more interested in their businesses and their vacations than in "the problem of Berlin." Today, West Berliners are increasingly interested in their own businesses and vacations—in making and spending money. This is not to say that the old spirit of Berlin is dead; it isn't. If a new crisis arose tomorrow, the old spirit would unquestionably assert itself at once, but at the moment the only crisis in West Berlin is a sort of perverse alarm arising from the fact that there hasn't been a crisis for a long time. Mayor Willy Brandt once said that in Berlin "the abnormal is the normal," but nowadays the normal is more often the normal. Incidentally, Brandt's local popularity has not suffered from his defeat in last year's national election. The massive vote of confidence he received from the rank and file at the Socialist Party (S.P.D.) Convention in Dortmund in June, and the recent Socialist successes in the election in Nordrhein-Westfalen, the most populous state in the Federal Republic, have strengthened his position, and so has his flexibility on the reunification question. Brandt wants to find some way of reaching the hearts, the souls, and the minds of the East Germans, and many West Germans agree that this is desirable. He is again being discussed as a distinct possibility for the post of Federal Chancellor, though in the fall of 1965 he announced that he would not run in the 1969 election.

The big fear here is that West Berlin is getting "provincial"—a word that has a terrible sound to Berliners, proud as they are of their long-standing reputation for setting cultural trends. Of all the cities in Germany, Berlin has traditionally been the most dynamic and the most progressive in outlook—in short, the most unprovincial. During the postwar years, when it was under strong political pressure, its intellectual life flourished; its residents are famous for being "*helle*," or quick on the uptake. Now that the pressure is off, the dynamism is subdued, and the famous Berlin wit has come to sound a little forced. A man I know says, "Why should a creative artist live in West Berlin if he can live in Munich?" Some well-known artists and writers do live here, of course, but they tend to go away a lot, and thus escape the claustrophobia that inevitably settles on the permanent resident sooner or later. Berliners say bitterly that they will be able to fly to the moon before they will be able to visit the beach at Ahlbeck, a Baltic seaside resort that

Don't kill the martini

Mix with BOISSIERE
(Say "Bwa-Zee-Air")
LE FRENCH VERMOUTH TRÉS DRY

Don't kill your martini with a vermouth that is anything less than the finest. Bring it to life with Boissiere. Crisp...subtle...extra dry. Use Boissiere, the connoisseur's vermouth, when you mix your next batch of martinis. It does make a difference.

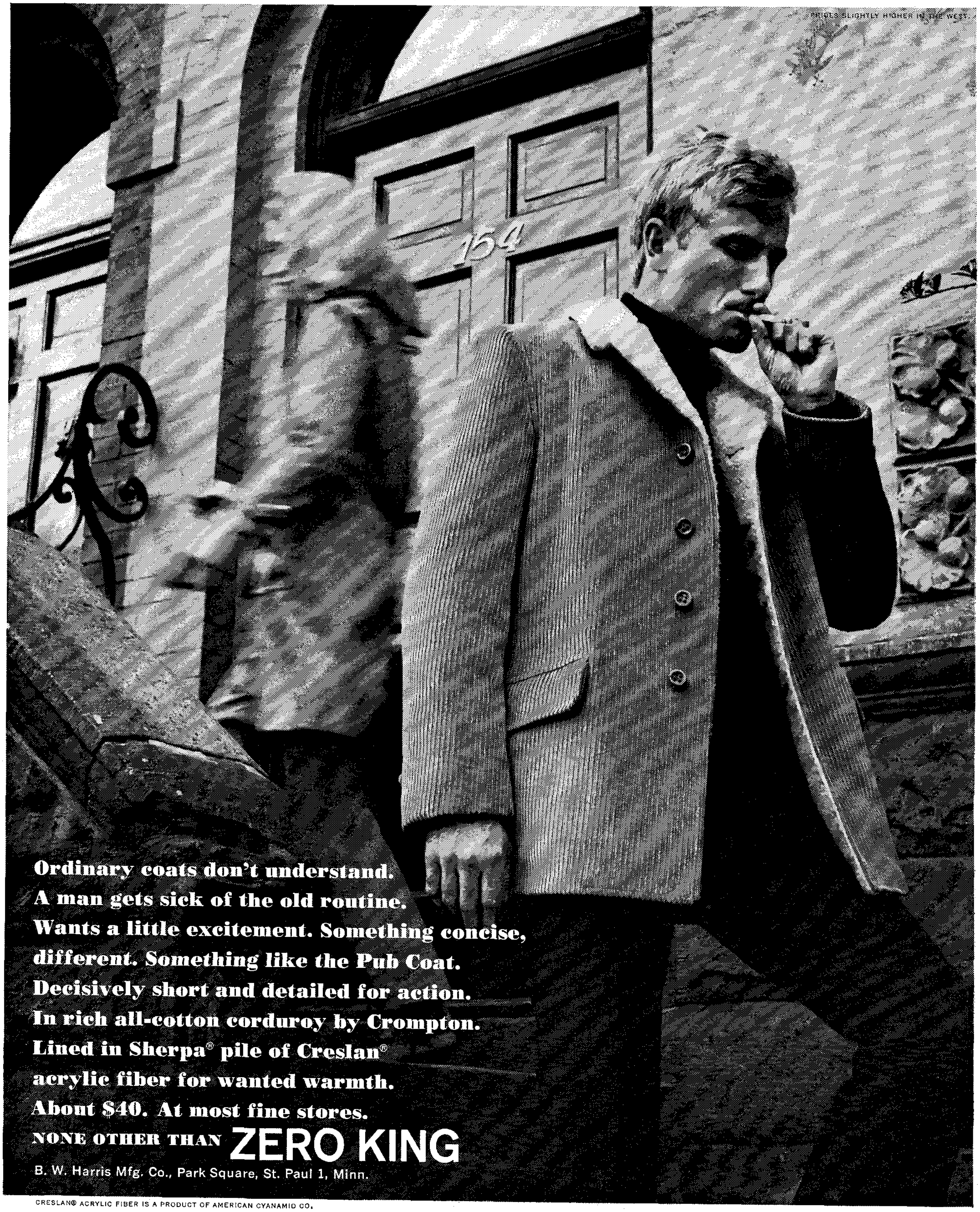
SOLE DISTRIBUTOR U.S.A.: MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y.
IMPORTED FROM FRANCE
J. BOISSIERE
VERMOUTH DE CHAMBERY

why can't chairs be more like men?

Rugged, reliable, comforting, flexible... a pleasure in the home... easy on the eye... soothing at the end of a day. We could go on, but we're describing our MC-75 swivel-tilt lounge chair with ottoman... shown here in leather-textured demi-tasse vinyl.* About $269. for both chair and ottoman. *also in decorator fabrics & leathers

B. Altman & Co., N.Y. & branches . . . and leading stores everywhere

DIRECTIONAL INDUSTRIES, 979 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK • WRITE FOR NEAREST STORE.



the other coat

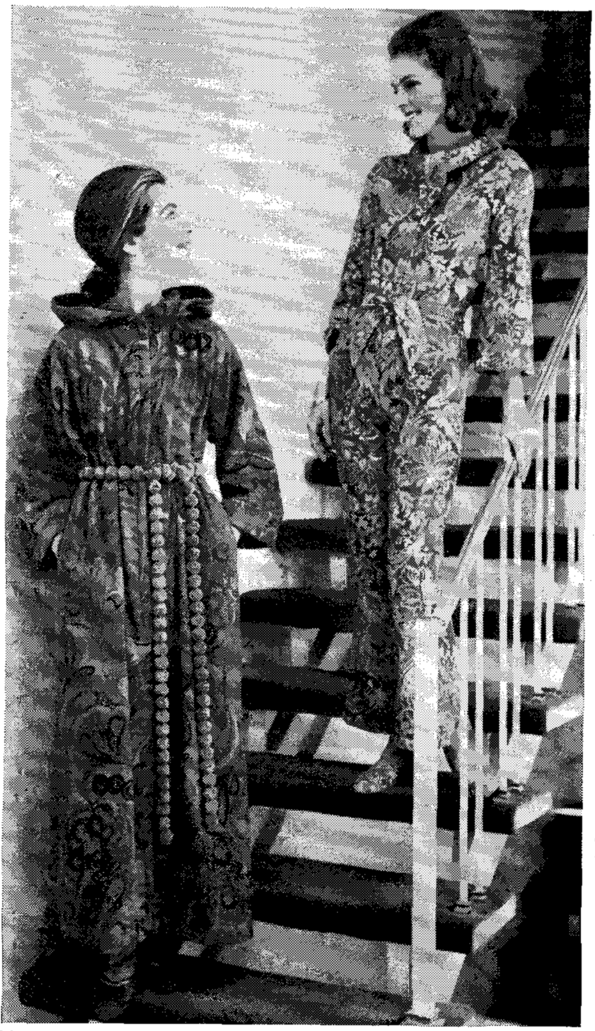
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Ordinary coats don't understand.
A man gets sick of the old routine.
Wants a little excitement. Something concise,
different. Something like the Pub Coat.
Decisively short and detailed for action.
In rich all-cotton corduroy by Crompton.
Lined in Sherpa® pile of Creslan®
acrylic fiber for wanted warmth.
About $40. At most fine stores.

NONE OTHER THAN **ZERO KING**

B. W. Harris Mfg. Co., Park Square, St. Paul 1, Minn.

CRESLAN® ACRYLIC FIBER IS A PRODUCT OF AMERICAN CYANAMID CO.



WARM-UP FOR WINTER IN OUR . . .

MONK'S ROBE

Cozily hooded and designed in true Monk's fashion—brought to you in wonderful, washable **terry.** Neatly zippered up the front, with side pockets and avocado-green pompon sash. A handsome screen print in stained glass colors combining plum, earth-brown, fuchsia, avocado and emerald. Small (8–10), Medium (12–14), Large (16–18)..................**$25.00**

SCROLL JUMP SUIT

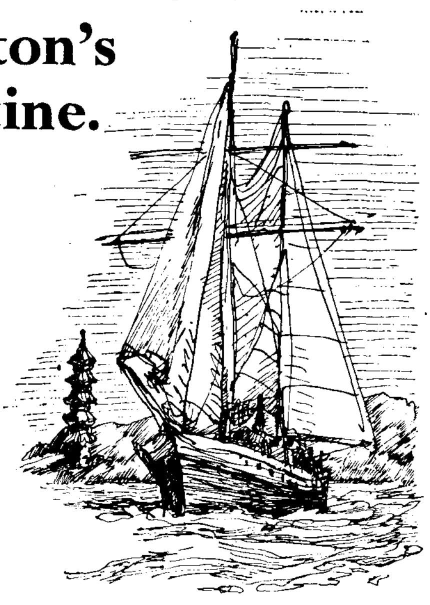
Bell bottom pants *and* sleeves—all in one piece—to dazzle the home front. Collar flips into a tie. Front zipped with tie sash to wear if you wish. Moss-green scroll printed on Montego-blue terry. Small (8–10), Medium (12–14), Large (16–18). **$15.00**

Matching Terry Mules

By Oomphies. Gracefully styled vamp with open back and low, ever-so-slightly tapered heel. In avocado-green terry with narrow gold braid trim (pictured far left) to go with our Monk's Robe . . . or in scroll print terry (pictured near left) to match our Jump Suit. Sizes 5, 6, 7, 8, 9; all in medium width. **$8.00**

Add 35¢ each for shipping.
Send for color catalog.

THE TOG SHOP
LESTER SQUARE
AMERICUS, GEORGIA



In Hong Kong, cruise the harbor on the Hongkong Hilton's private brigantine.

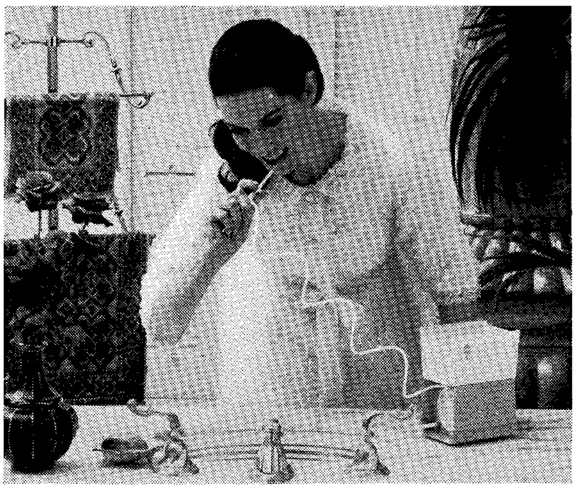
At the Hongkong Hilton, manager Ken Moss has the 110-foot brigantine, Wan Fu, to run you around the harbor. And private rickshas to run you around town. Also... a bar shaped like an ancient Chinese dragon boat, another called The Den steeped in Oriental mystery, a variety of exotic restaurants and a swimming pool. Perfect location, too—right on Hong Kong Island. For reservations, see your travel agent or call any Hilton hotel or Hilton Reservation Office.

HONGKONG HILTON

Go international—
with all the comforts of Hilton

is now part of East Germany. Berlin is almost certainly the only city on earth whose people don't mind the noise of the jet engines in the sky; they love it. (Hellmut Jaesrich, the co-editor of the respected magazine *Der Monat* and a shrewd observer of the Berlin scene, calls the noise "the sound of Berlin's umbilical cord.") West Berliners take a plane to Frankfurt or Hanover as casually as New Yorkers take the shuttle to Boston or Washington, but as they pass through the air corridor above East Germany they can't help seeing the white vapor trails of the Soviet MIGs, which patrol the corridor day and night, cutting across their path.

Most West Germans can cross freely into East Berlin, and can visit any part of East Germany if they get a visa, but West Berliners are forbidden to enter either East Berlin or "the Zone." However, since December 17, 1963, they have been able to get one-day passes four times a year enabling them to visit close relatives in East Berlin. The so-called *Passierschein* agreements, which must be renegotiated before each visiting day, have eased a good deal of the emotional tension between the two Berlins, and people on both sides of the Wall hope that another agreement will be reached in time for the approaching Christmas season. Usually, an agreement is signed at the last moment, after weeks of legalistic wrangling between the delegations, which are headed by the East Berlin State Secretary, Michael Kohl, and the West Berlin Senate Counsellor, Horst Korber. The negotiations are complicated by the East Germans' efforts to slip a few words into the fine print that they could subsequently interpret as *de-facto* recognition by West Germany of the Deutsche Demokratische Republik—"recognition by mistake," the West Berliners call it. The East Germans keep trying to insinuate the terms "D.D.R." and "*Hauptstadt der D.D.R.*" ("capital of the D.D.R.") into the record, and the interminable disputes about the meaning of words would delight Talmudists. The upshot is that each agreement contains the significant sentence "Both parties declare that no agreement could be reached about common names of places, authorities, and agencies." The West Berlin delegation must steer a course between what is desirable in the name of humanity and what is politically permissible; indeed, in the negotiations it fights an action on two fronts—against East Berlin, which is



New discovery recommended by thousands of dentists

Water Pik® helps clean effectively for healthful care of teeth and gums.

Water Pik Oral Hygiene Appliance, in conjunction with regular brushing and regular professional care, lets you clean your teeth and gums in a new way never before possible at home. Recommended by thousands of dentists. Now used by more than half a million people *enthusiastically!*

Why?

Because the Water Pik cleans in a refreshing new way—with a vigorous, pulsating jet stream of water. This Water Pik appliance now cleans hard-to-reach places your toothbrush may never even touch. Places which may often be left neglected between regular professional visits.

Who needs it?

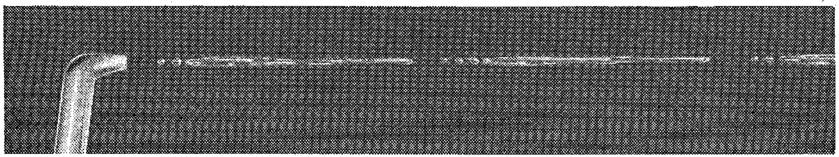
Almost everyone. Because the Water Pik *cleans,* and *cleanliness* is the single, most important contribution you can make at home toward healthful care of teeth and gums.

How does it work?

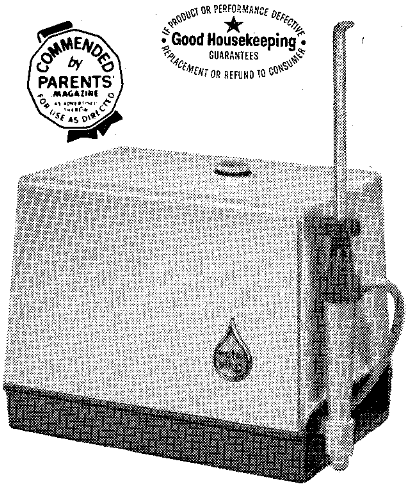
What appears to be a steady stream of water is actually 20 separate spurts each second—to lift the loose gum margin and sweep out loose bits of food trapped underneath. To help clean pockets and crevices; between the teeth; even under and around orthodontic appliances, fixed bridges and partial dentures. Easy, pleasant to use. Individual tips. The Water Pik appliance is small, light, attractive. At leading retail stores everywhere. Available in Canada.

COMMENDED by PARENTS' MAGAZINE FOR USE AS DIRECTED

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

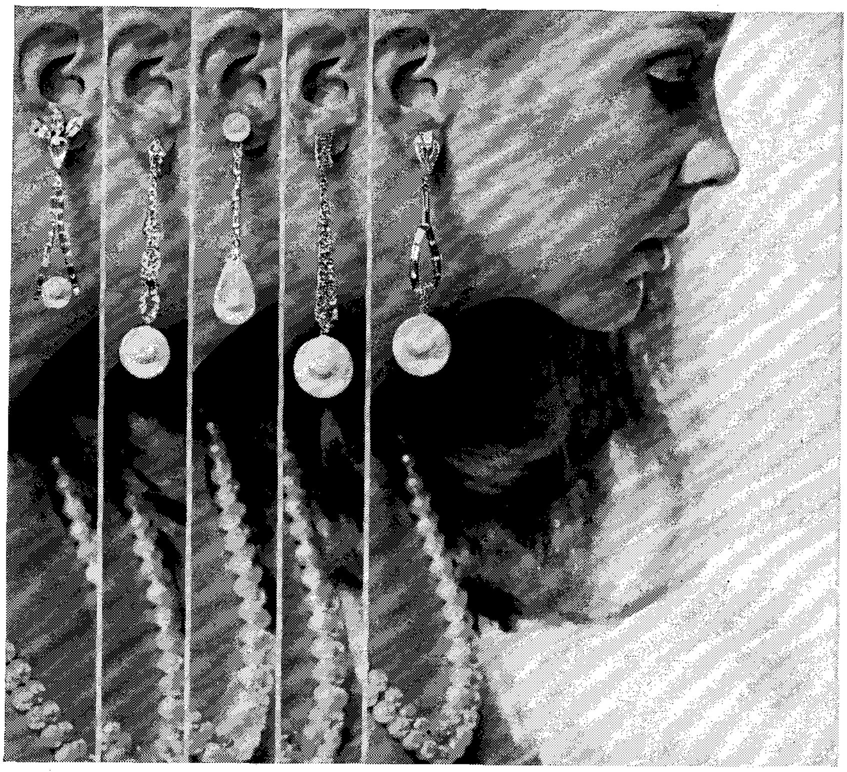


Exclusive: 20 separate spurts each second make Water Pik uniquely effective.



Ask your dentist about Water Pik®

Oral Hygiene Appliance, Product of Aqua Tec Corporation, Denver, Colorado.

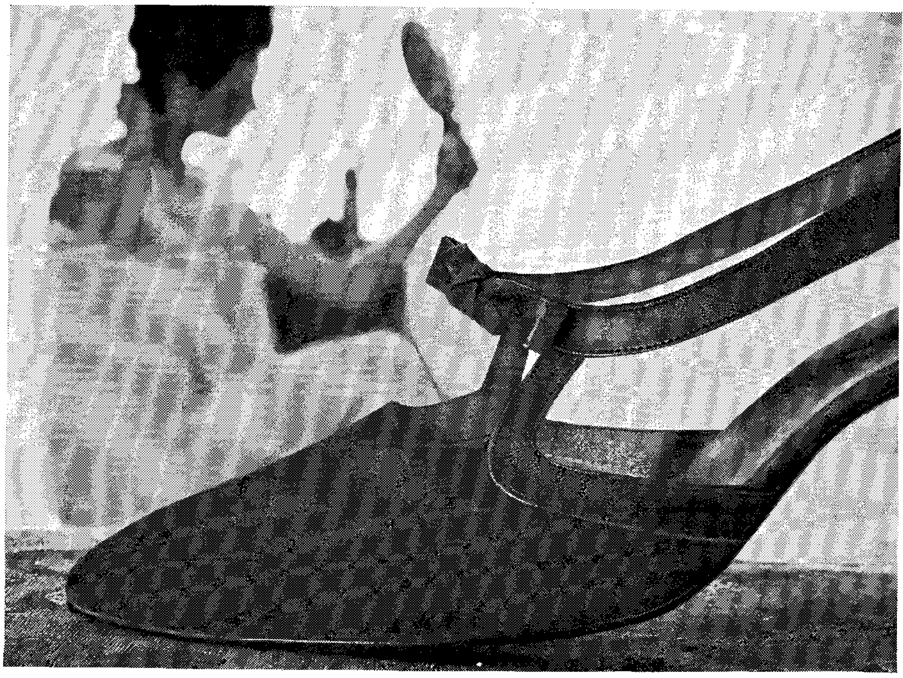


Why don't you light up a party with a Richelieu ear chandelier?

The most dazzling thing to ever happen to a party. Devastating eardrops. Of Fleur de Mer®, *the luminous simulated pearl.* That glows against filigreed crystals, sparkling like champagne. These ear chandeliers $7.50 to $15. Others from $5. Two-strand matinee length necklace $17.50. Others from $6. (Now you'll never need to swing from the ceiling.)

Richelieu®

THE RICHELIEU CORP. A SUBSIDIARY OF BOTANY INDUSTRIES, 393 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK.



Does a new Selby shoe do as much for you as a new hairdo?

Maybe even more! Selbys lighten your spirits with their young outlook. Their obvious elegance. Lighten your steps, too. Because their luxurious leathers count for more than looks. Shaped over special lasts they softly glove your foot with precise and caressing fit. Of course, Selby's unique cushioning pampers you from the first step. It's no wonder they make you feel good all over. Aren't Selbys the sort of self-indulgence you deserve?

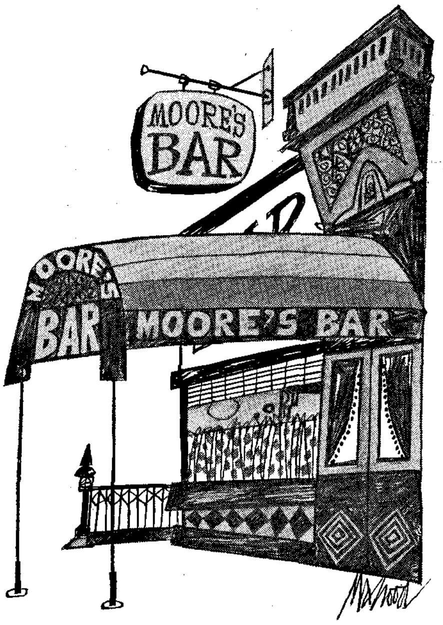
selby®

Shown: Romantic, about $21. Other Selbys from $15 to $23.

For New York stores call LOngacre 3-7230; for other area stores write: Selby Division of The United States Shoe Corporation, Cincinnati, Ohio 45207.

always trying to put something over on it, and against Bonn, which is always worried about giving away too much. The atmosphere at the meetings is described as ice cold, and there are long deadlocks, broken only when one side succeeds in reminding the other that both parties have agreed to disagree. The West Berlin Senate (the city government) has expressed satisfaction over the political maturity of West Berlin's people; recent polls indicate that the West Berliners would consent to forgo further *Passierschein* agreements if the price should rise unduly. Last June, the Härtestelle (hardship-case office), which made it possible for West Berliners to visit dying relatives in East Berlin, or attend a funeral, was closed by the East Germans after the West Berlin government refused to accede to several petty demands. There were three hundred such hardship cases every month.

The *Passierschein* negotiations take place alternately in East Berlin and West Berlin. In West Berlin, they are held not at the Schöneberg City Hall, which is the seat of the Senate, but in the nearby offices of the Senator for Traffic and Services—an arrangement that, it is felt, downgrades the talks. Once an agreement is reached and a day for visits to East Berlin is set, numerous West Berlin schools are turned into emergency offices, into which hundreds of thousands of citizens pour to apply for their passes. The application forms are collected by East Germans wearing the uniforms of postal employees, but no one in West Berlin was surprised when it became known, in December, 1963, that many of the "postmen" were really members of the People's Police; an East German propaganda official let the cat out of the



bag during a television program by referring to their presence as a masquerade. For all the eagerness the West Berliners show in obtaining their passes, there are people on each side of the Wall who feel that four visits a year can be pretty trying. The wife of a friend of mine regularly applies for a pass in order to pay a duty call on her long-time charwoman, whom she has promoted to an "aunt," since only visits to relatives are permitted. When the charwoman moved into the East Zone and was no longer eligible to receive a visitor, another woman in East Berlin, whom my friend's wife had never met, became the "aunt," enabling the meetings to continue. The charwoman, who comes into East Berlin for the day, is happy with the cigarettes, chocolate, and coffee (coffee is ten dollars a pound in East Berlin) that my friend's wife brings her, and she does her part by taking her former employer to the Konzert Café Moskau in the Karl-Marx-Allee, which most East Berliners still call Stalin-Allee, for a treat and a chat about the good old days. Unfortunately, according to my friend's wife, the two women over the years have just about run out of conversational material, and she feels they are both relieved when it is time to go. A man I know who lives in East Berlin takes an even gloomier view of the *Passierschein* arrangement. The first time he saw his West Berlin relatives after the Wall went up, they had not met for two and a half years and the occasion was a delightful one, but now he dreads their visits, because his small apartment becomes the meeting place for distant relatives from all over the East Zone. "The last time, *eighteen* people came, and my wife had to cook lunch for all of them," he said. "Fortunately, a second cousin, who lives in Thuringia, brought half a ham."

Economically, the gap between West Berlin and West Germany was closed in 1964, and last year West Berlin's exports to foreign countries were growing faster than West Germany's. Only twenty-two per cent of the goods manufactured in West Berlin are sold there, so it is obvious that the city's continuing prosperity depends on its exports—at least to West Germany, if not to foreign countries. Much money is still required to equalize Berlin's balance of payments, and the money comes from West Germany, in the form of subsidies and loans. West Berlin offers tempting incentives to outside investors—income and corporate tax reductions, exemption from the

There's a great deal behind
Boe Jests.

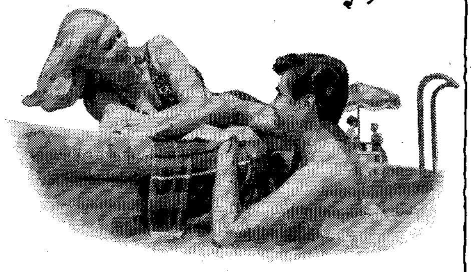
In Shaker Heights, Boe Jests look great, lunching on the terrace of the Cleveland Museum, window shopping in Shaker Square, ordering for the party from Tassi's or just for the every day pleasure of wearing Boe Jests.

The notch collared coat and matching skirt both of pure wool and fully lined. The long sleeved paisley turtle neck of Orlon® and wool. In Vermouth, Westerly red, Trafalgar blue, Cinnamon or Holly. The coat 6-18. About $60. The skirt 6-18. About $15. The coordinated turtle neck S,M,L. About $12. The matching paisley bag about $10. At "the" stores in Shaker Heights and everywhere.

Boe Jests Inc., 550 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Real Happiness is

a private moment on your own balcony,



a sunlight dip at pool or beach,

a midnight date in the Zanzibar Lounge

...at the puerto rico Sheraton
SAN JUAN

FROM $10.50 PER PERSON PER DAY TWO IN A ROOM THRU DEC. 15

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call a travel agent, any Sheraton Hotel or Reservation Offices: In New York—CH 4-0700, Chicago—SU 7-4585, Los Angeles—DU 2-8408.

130 SHERATON HOTELS & MOTOR INNS IN MAJOR CITIES

usual manufacturer's-turnover tax of four per cent, and reduction by half of the usual transportation tax on factory-to-factory traffic between West Berlin and the Federal Republic, not to mention bonuses for employees, cheaper loans, and lower postal rates. West Berlin businessmen are periodically worried about rumors that the Bonn government, in its efforts to cut federal expenses, might "save on Berlin," but the five German Ministers known as Erhard's Streichquintett (Erhard's String Quintet—a pun, since in German "*Streicher*" can mean both "string player" and "economizer") have made it clear in various statements that Berlin's "viability" must be preserved, so the inducements to do business here must remain in force, especially since no one knows when another crisis might come along. What Bonn does intend to do is to plug several loopholes that let smart operators gather in special profits.

West Berlin's famous electrical-engineering and mechanical-engineering industries have more than doubled their prewar production levels, and some new industries are also doing well. One of every three cigarettes made in West Germany is now made in Berlin, and, thanks to the skill, chic, and good public relations of its garment industry, Berlin has become one of the Continent's leading fashion centers, attracting buyers even from the United States. But there are problems. Many investors put up new production facilities without providing really modern equipment, and, what is worse, many investors who once might have set up operations in Berlin are going elsewhere. There was dismay when the great electrical firm of Siemens, which is West Berlin's largest single employer, established a computer-research center in South Germany, so that Munich is now threatening Berlin as the capital of the Federal Republic's electronics industry. Technicians, scientists, and managers talk of leaving Berlin, because they are dissatisfied with the "technological provincialism" there. (A collateral complaint, from a quite different quarter, is that because only second-string managers stay in Berlin, while the general managers, chairmen of the boards, bankers, and other very rich people live in West Germany, Berlin's art market is stagnating for want of wealthy patrons.)

Many new buildings have sprung up in the past three years, changing the face of West Berlin. There is a fantastic real-estate boom. A man who bought a house here in 1961, shortly after the Wall went up, was recently

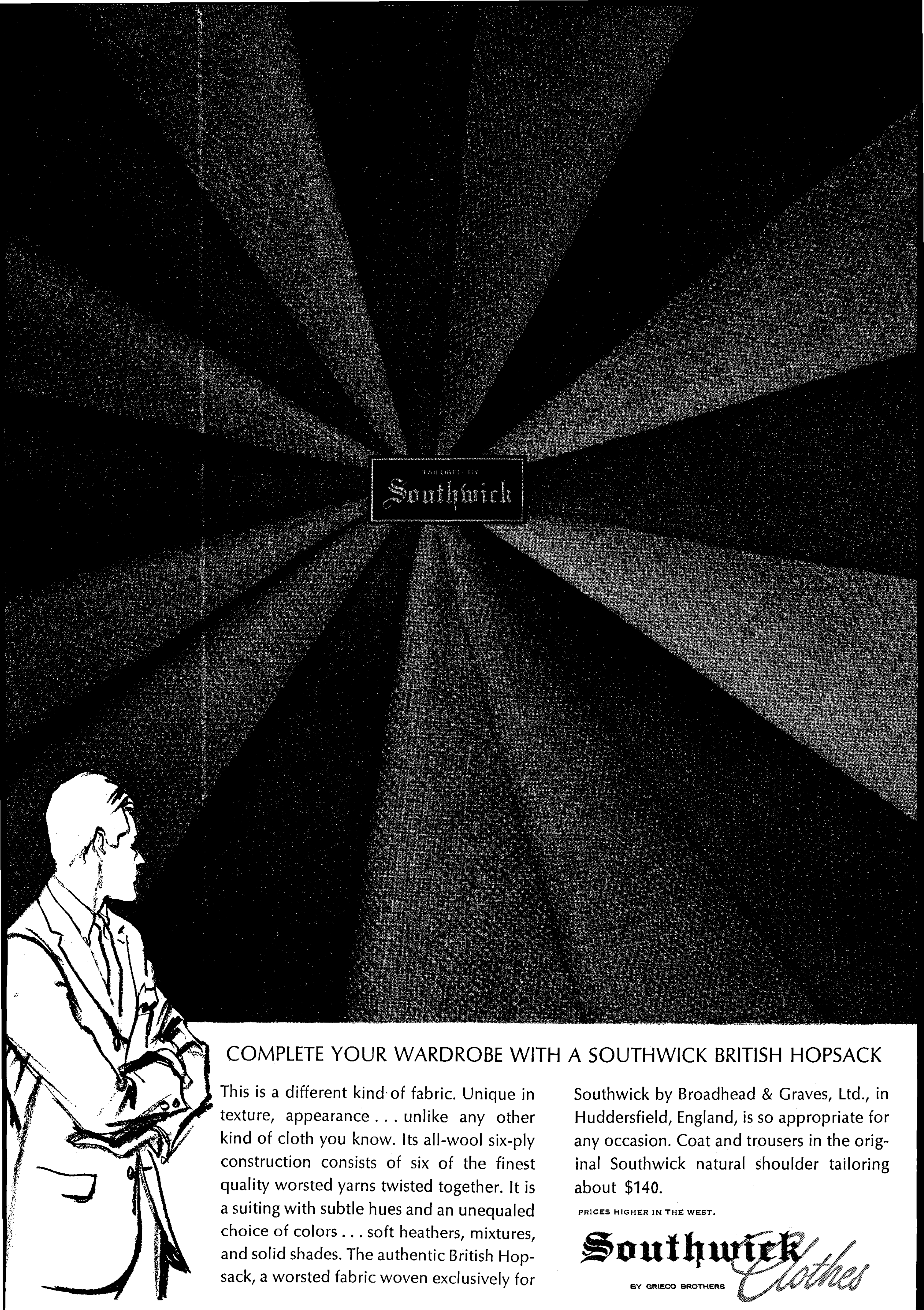
Southwick
DIRECTORY OF STORES

NEW YORK, N.Y.	PAUL STUART
Allentown, Pa.	Gentry
Amherst, Mass.	House of Walsh
Atlanta, Ga.	Rich's Career Shop
Augusta, Ga.	The Oxford Shop
Boston, Mass.	Filene's
Boston, Mass.	Arthur L. Johnson Co.
Boulder, Colo.	Kinsley & Co.
Buffalo, N.Y.	Peller & Mure
Charleston, S.C.	Jack Krawcheck
Charleston, W. Va.	Frankenberger's
Charlotte, N.C.	Jack Wood, Ltd.
Charlottesville, Va.	The Young Men's Shop
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Gentry, Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.	Brittany, Ltd.
Cincinnati, O.	Burkhardt's
Clayton, Mo.	Boyd's
Cleveland, O.	The Halle Bros. Co.
Columbus, O.	The Union
Dallas, Tex.	Varsity Shop
Denver, Colo.	Homer Reed, Ltd.
Des Moines, Iowa	Reichardt's
Evansville, Ind.	Drucker's
Jacksonville, Fla.	Rosenblum's
Fort Worth, Tex.	Clyde Campbell University Shop
Fresno, Cal.	Hodge & Sons
Grand Rapids, Mich.	MacKenzie-Bostock-Monroe
Greensboro, N.C.	Younts-DeBoe Co.
Greenville, S.C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Greenwich, Conn.	Van Driver
Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.	Carl Sterr
Hackensack, N.J.	Bloomingdale's
Harrisburg, Pa.	C. J. Crego & Son
Hempstead, N.Y.	Edw. Miller
Houston, Tex.	William Richard
Huntington, N.Y.	Marsh's
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Strauss & Co.
Jackson, Miss.	Owens, Ltd.
Kansas City, Mo.	Jack Henry
Lake Forest, Ill.	Robertson's
Lancaster, Pa.	Filling's
Lexington, Ky.	Meyers
Little Rock, Ark.	Bauman's
Los Angeles, Cal.	Lew Ritter
Louisville, Ky.	Schupp & Snyder
Lynchburg, Va.	S. H. Franklin Co.
Lynn, Mass.	Judd, Inc.
Madison, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Manchester, N.H.	Jim's Oxford Shop
Memphis, Tenn.	Alfred's
Milwaukee, Wisc.	MacNeil & Moore
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sims, Ltd.
Morganton, N.C.	Lazarus
Nashville, Tenn.	Mallernee's
Newport, R.I.	Narragansett Clo. Co.
New Britain, Conn.	N. E. Mag & Sons
New Haven, Conn.	Yale Co-op
New Orleans, La.	Terry & Juden Co., Ltd.
New York, N.Y.	Paul Stuart
Norfolk, Va.	Egerton & Lea, Ltd.
Norwood, Mass.	Joseph of Norwood
Omaha, Neb.	Nebraska Clothing Co.
Palo Alto, Cal.	Tearney's
Parkersburg, W. Va.	Stern Brothers
Pasadena, Cal.	Bayne-Williams
Peoria, Ill.	Howard A. Heller
Philadelphia, Pa.	Morville
Philadelphia, Pa.	John Wanamaker
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Hughes & Hatcher
Portland, Me.	Kenneth Aherne
Portland, Ore.	Ray Bolger
Providence, R.I.	Hillhouse, Ltd.
Raleigh, N.C.	Womble, Inc.
Reading, Pa.	John Mazzo
Richmond, Va.	Eljo's
Richmond, Va.	Nelson & Gwatkin
Roanoke, Va.	Jos. Davidson's
Rochester, N.Y.	Sibley's
Rome, Italy	Kent
St. Louis, Mo.	Boyd's
Salt Lake City, Utah	Village, Ltd.
San Diego, Cal.	Lion
San Francisco, Cal.	Robert Kirk, Ltd.
Santa Ana, Cal.	Guy Livingston
Savannah, Ga.	Men's Quality Shop
Schenectady, N.Y.	Dall's
Seattle, Wash.	Albert, Ltd.
Spokane, Wash.	Klothes Kloset
Springfield, Ill.	Roberts Brothers
Stamford, Conn.	Bloomingdale's
State College, Pa.	Jack Harper
Tarrytown, N. Y.	John Charles
Toledo, O.	B. R. Baker
Torrington, Conn.	The Oxford Shop
Troy, N.Y.	Krall's
Tucson, Ariz.	Mills-Touche
Washington, D.C.	Arthur Adler
West Hartford, Conn.	Allen Collins
Westfield, N.J.	MacHugh, Inc.
Williamstown, Mass.	House of Walsh
Wilmington, Del.	Mansure & Prettyman
Wilton, Conn.	The Suburbanite

For stores in other cities write

TAILORED BY
Southwick

1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York 19, New York



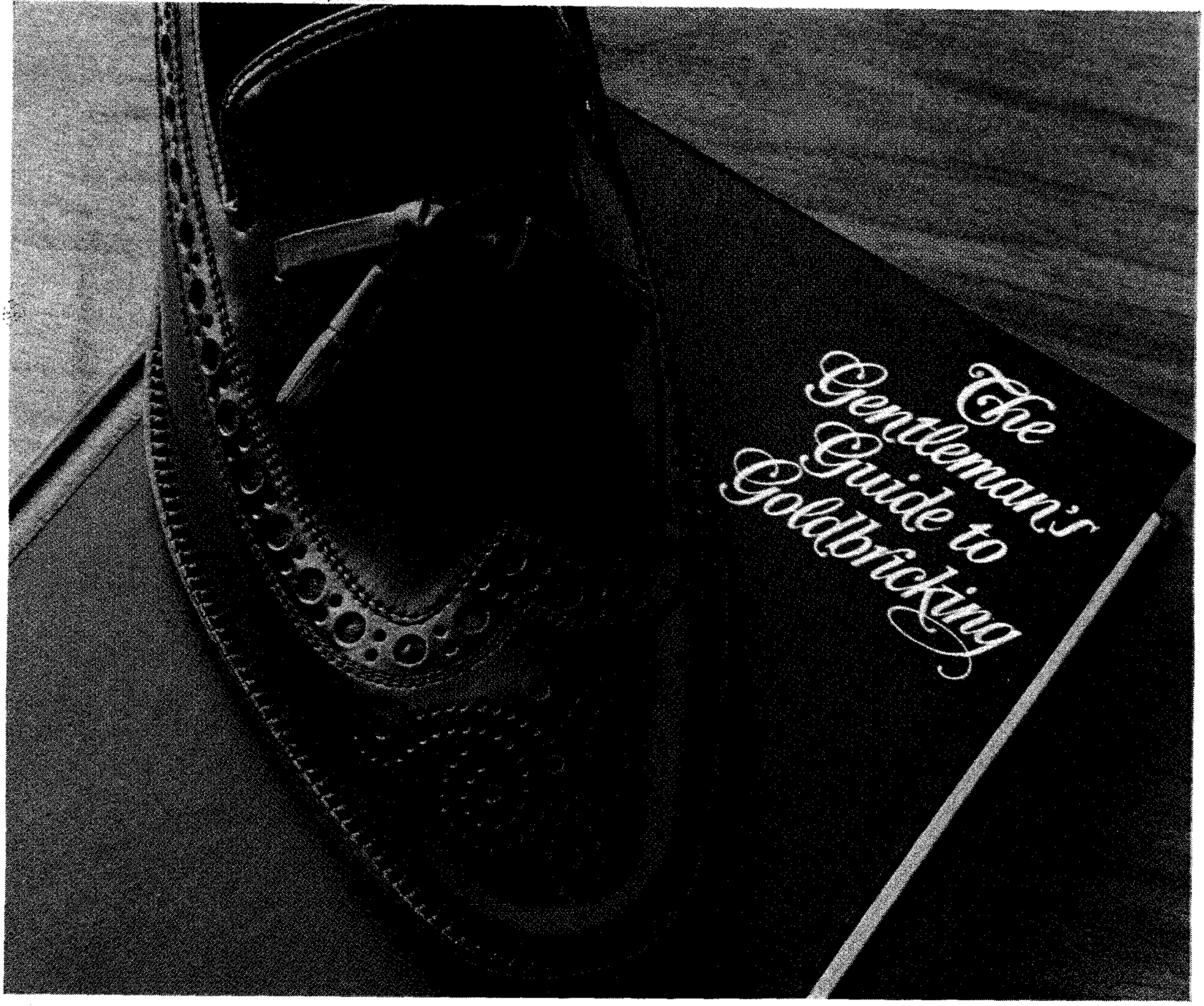
COMPLETE YOUR WARDROBE WITH A SOUTHWICK BRITISH HOPSACK

This is a different kind of fabric. Unique in texture, appearance . . . unlike any other kind of cloth you know. Its all-wool six-ply construction consists of six of the finest quality worsted yarns twisted together. It is a suiting with subtle hues and an unequaled choice of colors . . . soft heathers, mixtures, and solid shades. The authentic British Hopsack, a worsted fabric woven exclusively for Southwick by Broadhead & Graves, Ltd., in Huddersfield, England, is so appropriate for any occasion. Coat and trousers in the original Southwick natural shoulder tailoring about $140.

PRICES HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Southwick *Clothes*
BY GRIECO BROTHERS

*Du Pont's registered trademark for its man-made poromeric



All dressed up and nothing to do.

Don't let the snappy styling fool you.
This is a downright nothing-to-do shoe.
No lacing. No breaking-in.
No load on your feet. No grueling grooming.
Because this is made with CORFAM*,
the great new shoe upper material from Du Pont.
Starts flexible. Stays flexible.
Through water. Through any weather.
Breathing for comfort all the way.
Shoes of lighter-weight CORFAM
take a load off your feet—and your time.
Just wipe with a damp or dry cloth
(it really works) and wear.

French Shriner slip-on in blackwine or smooth black CORFAM®

DU PONT
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Better Things for Better Living . . . *through Chemistry*

This French Shriner shoe, about $30.00, at: Lewis & Thomas Saltz, Washington; Earl Miller, Baltimore; Rich's, Atlanta; Baynham's, Evansville; Phelps Wilger, Los Angeles; French Shriner Retail Stores, Nationwide.

offered five times what he paid for it. It is harder to get an apartment in West Berlin than in any other big West German city. Tall, beautiful skyscrapers are rising in the former wasteland between the Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial Church and the Hilton Hotel, requiring the sinking of enormous foundations in the sandy ground. The area is dominated by the Europa Center, which is Berlin's answer to Rockefeller Center, complete with a dozen restaurants and cafés (one, named after the once famous Romanisches Café, shares nothing but its site with its great predecessor), fashionable stores, roof gardens, a skating rink (used as a miniature-golf course in summer), theatres, cinemas, and office space (so expensive that much of it is still available). From the top floors one looks out over the new West Berlin—an astonishing vista. Berlin has also regained its prewar reputation as a city of elegant sin; it is now Germany's favorite convention city, its night-life attractions being said to outdo those of Paris, and to include over seventy B-girl bars and a score of clubs for homosexuals, as well as several *Transvestiten* places, where female impersonators perform.

IN 1949, toward the end of the blockade, when thoughtful people in West Berlin and elsewhere considered how narrow the margin was by which the West Berliners had survived the Soviet threat, the Western Allies and the West Berlin Senate set up a program to establish large stockpiles in the city. Politically and economically, West Berlin was a sort of giant aircraft carrier in a Red sea, and had to be made as nearly self-sufficient as possible. It was probably the toughest supply-corps job in postwar Europe. This aircraft carrier is roughly twenty-three miles long and twelve miles wide, and has an area of a hundred and eighty-five square miles. Its crew numbers almost two and a quarter million. The Russians know a lot about these stockpiles, and that is just as well, for the knowledge may deter them from trying to start another blockade. No such undertaking could be expected to soften up the West Berliners, who proved so unbudging in the face of Khrushchev's 1958 demand that Berlin be made a "free city" within six months, or else. Aside from their political implications, the Berlin stockpiles have the strategic aim of gaining time in the event that the lifelines in the air and through the Zone should be cut. People can be certain that they wouldn't starve—that life in West Berlin wouldn't even be

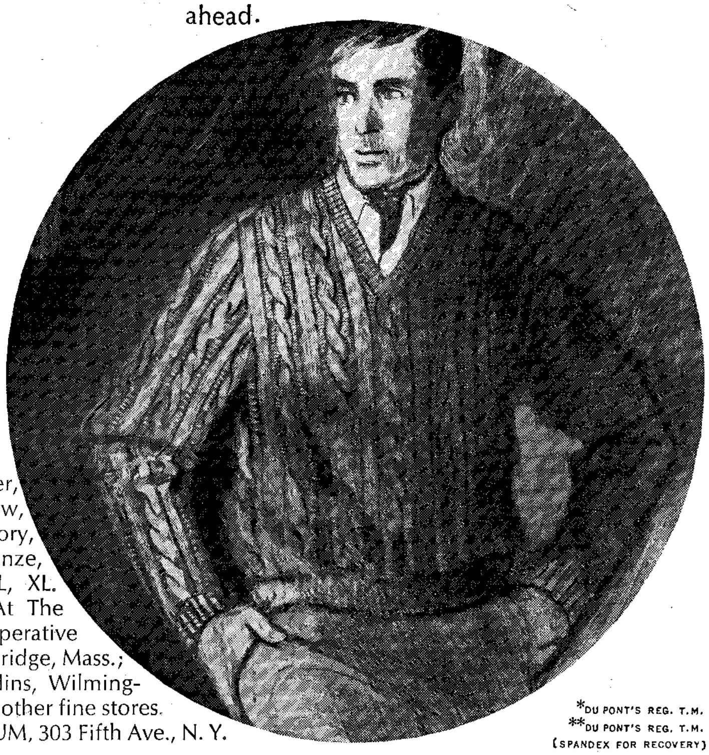
fine coats
in quality fabrics
RODEX
OF LONDON

Even the English call this coat exceptional. It's tailored by Rodex of London, with stitch-by-stitch care from pure English Lambswools. The cut is the kind that made London tailors famous. Just one, from the wonderful selection of Rodex coats, all in outstanding cloths, at the finest stores throughout the world. For name of nearest, contact—

RODEX OF LONDON. 417 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. TEL. EV 3-8700.

MAJORING IN MANEUVERING . . . IN ORLON®. Certain men are geared for resiliency. They have a built-in ability to flex and bend and snap back . . . emotional turmoil and crises notwithstanding. Certain sweaters have it too. Like this cable-stitch of 97% Orlon* acrylic, 3% Lycra** spandex. Stretch it, pull it, wrap a redhead in it. It recovers instantly. It thrives on challenge. And always comes out ahead.

FORUM
®SPORTSWEAR



In Rust Heather, Hunter, Willow, Blue-Gold, Ivory, Burgundy, Bronze, Teal. S, M, L, XL. About $14. At The Harvard Co-operative Society, Cambridge, Mass.; James T. Mullins, Wilmington, Del.; and other fine stores. Or write FORUM, 303 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

*DU PONT'S REG. T.M.
**DU PONT'S REG. T.M.
(SPANDEX FOR RECOVERY)

Essens Koncentrera
kanøn
COMPOUNDED BOTTLED AND SEALED IN SWEDEN
SEALED IN SWEDEN

kanøn

Essens Koncentrera . . . an entirely new fragrance for men. Three quarter ounce vial handsomely packaged in natural wood. Bottled and sealed in Sweden. 28.50

Mail orders to Dallas. Add 70c postage

Neiman-Marcus

Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

violently disrupted. The city could go it alone for at least six months—six months of negotiations. "Half a year won is almost a major battle won," says an official of the Senate, which has a staff of two hundred employees who concern themselves with the organization of the stockpiling.

Originally, the purpose of the stockpiling was merely to provide the raw materials of survival—food, heat, medicines—but gradually cigarettes and alcoholic beverages were added. Foodstuffs (grains, fats, meats, potatoes) were stored in bombed-out factories hurriedly converted into warehouses. Hard coal and coke were stored in large dumps all over the city, and still are. (These dumps are under constant observation, because they catch fire spontaneously every now and then. Water would only spread the flames, so expert firemen have to tear the burning coals apart with rakes and shovels. The damage resulting from the firefighting operation is usually worse than that resulting from the fire.) The next step toward self-sufficiency was to "stockpile" the means of employment. One of the most difficult problems in West Berlin during the blockade was unemployment. Early in 1950, thirty-two per cent of its wage earners—more than three hundred thousand people—were out of work, and this situation, of course, created not only an economic problem but a morale problem. An emergency program that was begun immediately after the blockade was over provided employment without the necessity of expensive supplies. There were still many square miles of rubble, through which parks and other green spaces were laid out, and much needed roads were built. If a new crisis should occur today, a broad emergency program of public works and freeway building would be required, because West Berlin's primary means of livelihood is buying semi-finished goods from the West and sending back high-quality finished products. There are no local raw materials, no coal mines, no steel mills. All the industrial enterprises in West Berlin have their own stockpiles, which should enable them to go on for quite a while under a new blockade, but everybody wonders what would happen if they did run out.

Since the early days of the stockpiles, the aircraft carrier West Berlin has become a luxury liner. The requirements of the population have increased along with production rates, incomes, and the standard of living in general. Obviously, one cannot build cold-stor-

"FABULOUS FUN WITH THE 4 BANDS AND ALL"

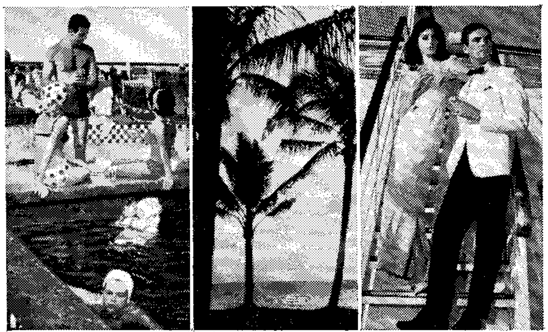
"Love those 5 great Caribbean ports"

"M-M-M . . . THAT CUISINE AND ITALIAN SERVICE"

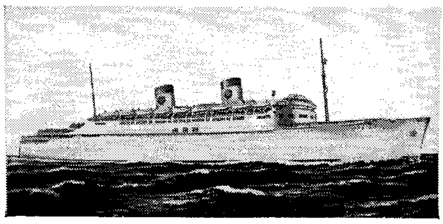
EVERYONE AGREES THERE'S SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL ABOUT **HOMERIC** 13-DAY CARIBBEAN CRUISES

For one reason or another, every passenger agrees there's something very special about a HOMERIC 13-day cruise. To some it's the itinerary that represents a cross-section of the 5 major European cultures . . . Spanish San Juan, Danish St. Thomas, French Martinique, Dutch Curacao, British Kingston. To others, it's the congenial cruise atmosphere on the ship famous for fabulous fun . . . outdoors on spacious decks with colorful swimming pool, indoors with 4 dance bands, movies, masquerades, professional entertainment. Still others insist it's the lavish cuisine and the warm Italian service. Who's right? Decide for yourself. Cruise with us this autumn! All sailings from New York.

P.S. AUTUMN IS A WONDERFUL TIME TO GO!



All-Italian Crew — Panamanian Registry



HOME LINES

13-DAY CARIBBEAN AUTUMN CRUISES FROM $355

Oct. 22 • Nov. 5 • Nov. 19 • Dec. 3

Thereafter . . . Dec. 23, Christmas-New Year Cruise, 11 days, 4 ports; Jan. 4, 1967, Post-Holiday Cruise, 9 days, 3 ports. 13-Day Cruises resume for 1967 on Jan. 14. Minimum rates subject to availability.

Book through your travel agent

42 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, NY 10004 • TEL: 425-1515

Yesterday these Spotwood Trewsers bought tickets to the Met. Today they browsed through the Chagalls at Rizzoli's.

The connoisseur stuff they're made of.
Crompton Corduroy.

The ultimate in durable press trousers of Crompton's Dacron® and cotton blend* corduroy.
Bronze, spruce, copper or bone. Sizes 29 to 44. About $15.
Exclusively at Bloomingdale's in New York.
Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc., 1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY 18.
MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA *65% DUPONT'S DACRON® POLYESTER & 35% COTTON.

Easygoer

Wherever you go, it goes. Easily. Goes with a business suit. Remarkably. Goes with country tweeds. Casually. It's the Bentley, with a Monk Strap added to the classic wingtip look. Black or hand-stained bronze calf. $42.50.

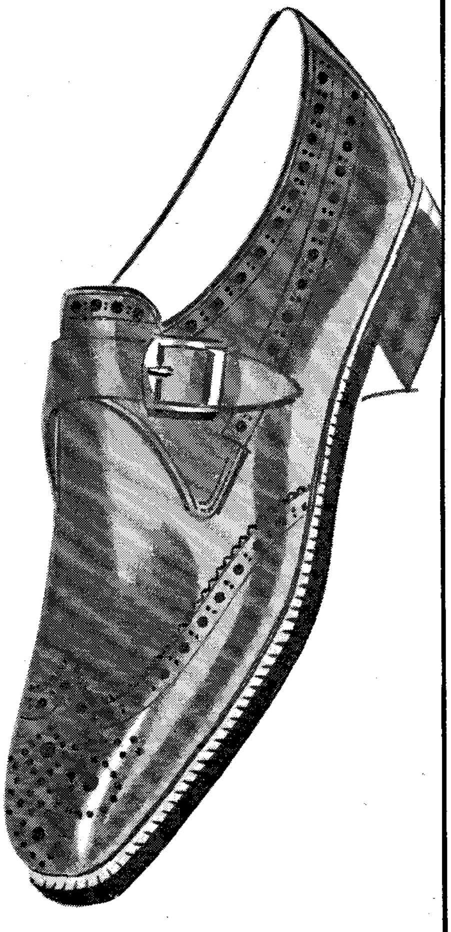
Available at these fine stores:

Atlanta, Ga.	John Jarrell
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Gentry, Ltd.
Columbus, Ga.	Stephen Bland
Dallas, Texas	Hoffman's
Detroit, Mich.	Kilgore & Hurd
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.	Maus & Hoffman
Greenville, S. C.	Rush Wilson, Ltd.
Houston, Texas	Norton-Ditto
Jacksonville, Fla.	Levy's
Los Angeles, Calif.	Boshard-Doughty
Los Angeles, Calif.	Phelps-Wilger
Memphis, Tenn.	Julius Lewis
Milwaukee, Wis.	MacNeil & Moore
New York, N.Y.	A. DePinna
Oklahoma City, Okla.	Connolly's
Phoenix, Ariz.	Mills Touche
Pittsburgh, Pa.	Larrimor's
Savannah, Ga.	Morris Levy's
Seattle, Wash.	Littler
Waikiki, Hawaii	Ross Sutherland
Washington, D. C.	J. Garfinckel
Wichita, Kans.	Wm. Dodson, Ltd.
Winston-Salem, N. C.	Norman Stockton

and at these Frank Brothers Stores:

Chicago, Ill.	633 N. Michigan Ave.
Hot Springs, Va.	Homestead Hotel
New Haven, Conn.	264 York St.
New York, N.Y.	9 East 57th St.

FRANK BROTHERS

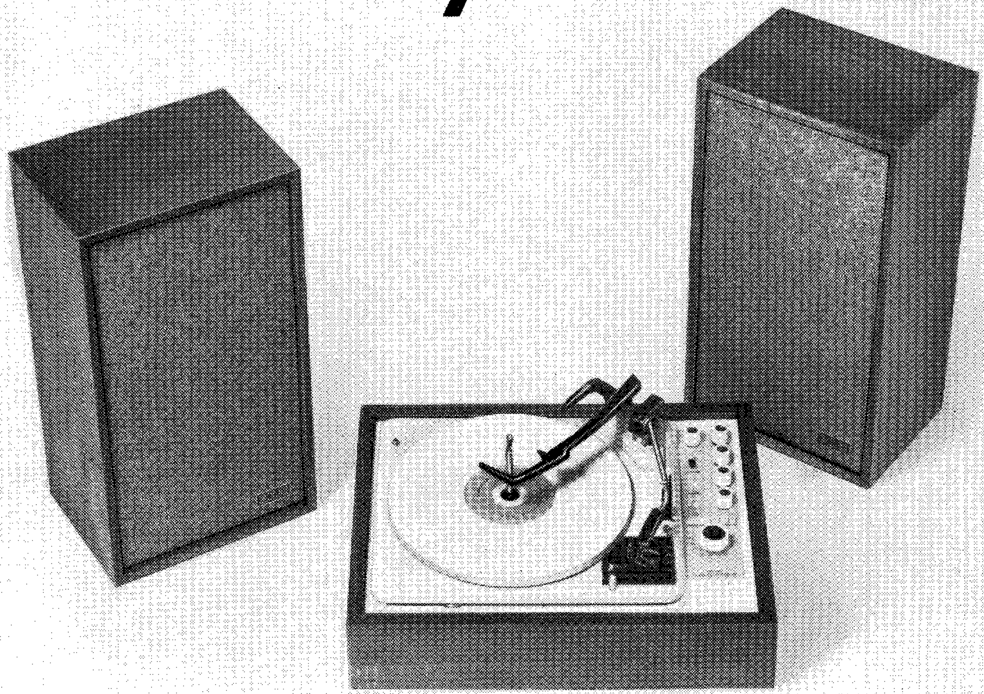


age plants big enough to hold six months' food for over two million people, so the stockpiling of thousands of different items has become a formidable job. The Berlin experts learned a lot from Sweden and Switzerland, where vast stockpiles were set up prior to the Second World War, and over the past fifteen years they have also learned a great deal through trial and error. They know, for instance, that New Zealand butter may keep for eighteen months, while other butter keeps less than half as long. Experts are busy trying to develop a way of keeping butter as long as ten years. Every three or four months, Berlin's butter supplies are *umgewälzt*, or turned over; that is, they are sold in local stores at a discount and replaced by new supplies. (Berlin children say, "Mother, put some Berlin Reserve on a piece of bread.") After four or five years, canned meat is similarly turned over. The Berlin Reserve is popular with housewives, who are always happy to find something that is cheaper and still good. The experts keep track of all the perishable goods on hand and conduct the turnover sales with such exactitude that a mere tenth of one per cent of the stored goods is lost through spoilage. At the moment, the goods stored in West Berlin are valued at one billion seven hundred million marks, or four hundred and twenty-five million dollars. Considering the amount of capital tied up, and the periodic turnover losses, stockpiling is an expensive operation, but, according to a man from the Senate whom I talked with, "It is much less expensive than one day of military action."

For all its cramped quarters and its industrialization, West Berlin manages to keep more than four hundred farms in operation, on ten thousand acres. Two thousand cows live on these farms, many of them in stables several stories high (in a pinch, they could provide, all together, a bare minimum of milk for the babies of West Berlin), and pigs are raised in suburban Spandau in a five-story building, but practically all the city's foodstuffs have to be imported; the rolls that Berliners eat for breakfast are made with West German flour, and the sugar they take in their coffee often comes from East Germany. Over a third of all imports from the West are foodstuffs, beverages, and tobacco. The stockpiling experts have had to learn to cope with a great variety of problems. Fats and meats are hard enough to keep in good condition, but an even more difficult problem has been

What does the new KLH* Model Twenty-Four give you for $300?

Your money's worth.



We think that $300 should buy a stereo music system that you can own happily for the rest of your life. The new KLH* Model Twenty-Four is just that.

Until now, $300 has represented the most popular price for stereo music equipment. But it hasn't really bought anything beyond popular-priced sound. The Model Twenty-Four changes this situation — radically.

We believe you will find the Model Twenty-Four's sound quality almost uncanny. It has the range, spaciousness, and power of far more expensive equipment. In clarity and definition of musical instruments, it is extremely close to the most ambitious and costly sound equipment available.

Everything inside the Model Twenty-Four is the summation of what we have learned in the design and manufacture of high-performance music systems. The solid-state electronics, including the powerful stereo amplifier and sensitive, drift-free FM stereo tuner, are the result of our experience in designing advanced, miniaturized transistor circuitry. The loudspeakers are the most recent product of our extensive background in the manufacture of high-performance speaker systems (an area in which we have more experience than any other company in our industry). The only component of the Model Twenty-Four that we don't make ourselves, the automatic turntable, is the same Garrard model used in our most expensive system.

Like our other stereo music systems, the Model Twenty-Four is a functional, flexible three-piece design. The center control section, containing all of the system's operating features, fits easily wherever it is most convenient in a living room. The remarkably compact speakers go unobtrusively wherever they sound and look best. The arrangement is tasteful (it does not disrupt decor or call for furniture rearrangements) and sensible (providing both convenience and far more effective stereo than the conventional massive console). If you wish, you can place the control center on optional metal legs next to a favorite chair.

The Model Twenty-Four isn't our most expensive music system. We make more powerful and flexible equipment for people with special requirements. But the Model Twenty-Four provides a level of performance that will more than satisfy the great majority of serious music listeners. It will play mono or stereo records and mono or stereo FM broadcasts. It has output jacks for making tape recordings, and you can play other music sources (such as a tape recorder or an AM receiver) through it. It has simple and highly effective controls, including a precise FM vernier tuning knob.

Because of the Model Twenty-Four's truly compact size, it fits more gracefully into a home than any other complete music system we make. Most important, its sound goes beyond anything you are prepared to expect from an instrument of its size and price.

We think the new KLH Model Twenty-Four can change everybody's idea of what $300 is worth. Go hear it at your KLH dealer soon. For a complete list of KLH dealers, write to: KLH, 30 Cross Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139, Dept. NY-4.

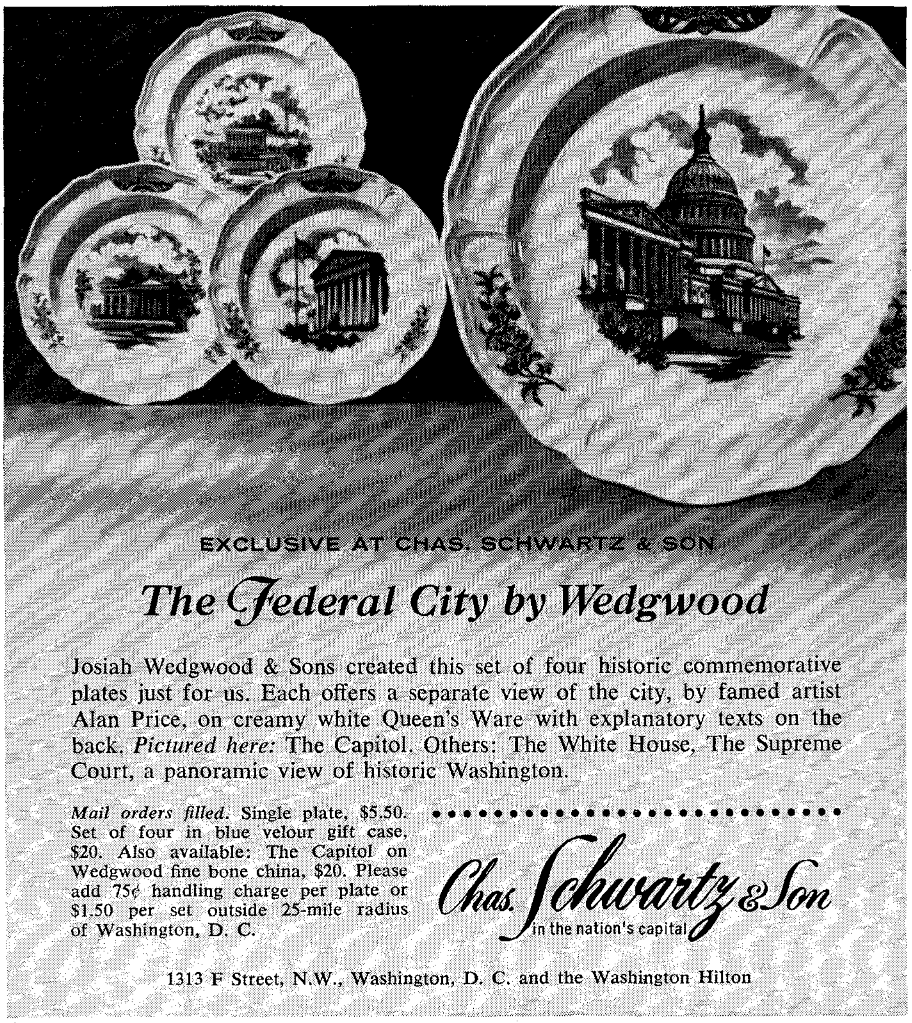
KLH*

*A trademark of KLH Research and Development Corp.

WEATHERBEE®

Weatherbee's go-it-alone coat—posh, practical and all the winter coat you'll ever want! With the luxury of soft, imported cotton suede...the drama of the Australian Opossum fur collar...the warming influence of the Orlon® acrylic/nylon pile lining. $70.00.* Also in poplin of 65% Dacron® polyester/35% cotton. ZePel® water repellency finish. $65.00.* Both in rich Fall colors. *Bonwit Teller, New York; Hochschild, Kohn & Co., Baltimore; Filene's, Boston; Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago; H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati; Himelhoch's, Detroit; L.S. Ayres & Co., Indianapolis; Frank R. Jelleff, Wash., D.C., and other fine stores.* Weatherbee Coats, Inc., 512 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York 10018.

*Higher Far West



EXCLUSIVE AT CHAS. SCHWARTZ & SON

The Federal City by Wedgwood

Josiah Wedgwood & Sons created this set of four historic commemorative plates just for us. Each offers a separate view of the city, by famed artist Alan Price, on creamy white Queen's Ware with explanatory texts on the back. *Pictured here:* The Capitol. Others: The White House, The Supreme Court, a panoramic view of historic Washington.

Mail orders filled. Single plate, $5.50. Set of four in blue velour gift case, $20. Also available: The Capitol on Wedgwood fine bone china, $20. Please add 75¢ handling charge per plate or $1.50 per set outside 25-mile radius of Washington, D. C.

Chas. Schwartz & Son
in the nation's capital

1313 F Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. and the Washington Hilton

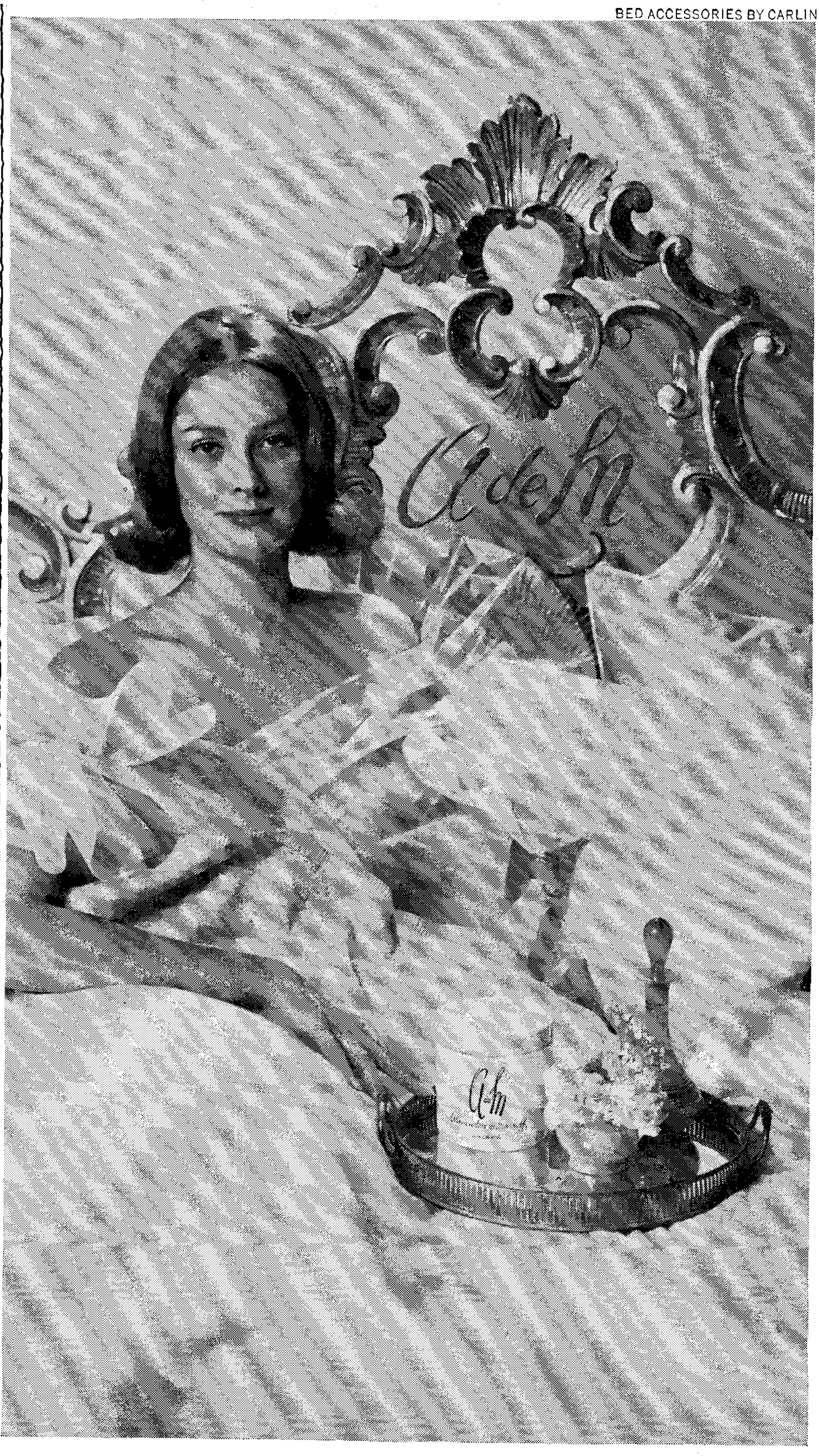
the stockpiling of bulk cement, which ordinarily hardens after a few months. At the end of the last war, the Russians were moving quantities of powdered cement around on open freight cars by sprinkling water over the load and thus forming a thin crust of hard cement, under which the powdered cement kept fresh. The West Berliners tried the Soviet method as a means of long-term storage, but found that as the crust was removed crumbles of the hardened cement got mixed up with the rest and there was a great deal of waste. The solution—a fairly expensive one—has been to put the cement in vacuum-packed bags, which will keep it fresh almost indefinitely.

A new problem arose for the stockpilers lately when the owners of a number of bombed-out factories decided to rebuild them, obliging the stockpilers to find other warehouses. West Berlin now consumes nine hundred million dollars' worth of foodstuffs annually, but this figure includes fancy items like caviar and foie gras, which are not stockpiled. If a crisis comes, there will be enough to eat, but it won't include caviar. There will be no fashionable clothes, either. It is assumed that every citizen has some underwear, a pair of shoes, a suit or a dress, and a topcoat, so these are not being stockpiled, but children's shoes and clothes are. The Senate staff in charge of the stockpiling leaves the details up to private firms; pharmaceutical firms keep the drugs stored, butter importers look after the butter reserves, and so on. No case of graft or theft has been reported; apparently no one is interested in stealing grain or coal in these prosperous days when quite a few citizens can afford to buy caviar. The stockpile people are a cool, pragmatic lot, and though diplomats here talk hopefully about the unlikelihood of another blockade's coming, the stockpilers say "when," not "if." And when it comes, they will be ready.

IN the spring of 1695, the Elector Frederick III of Prussia commissioned the noted architect Arnold Nering, who introduced the Italian-baroque building style into Prussia, to design a Berlin summer palace for his second wife, Sophie Charlotte. The Princess was a brilliant woman, who is now remembered as the friend and pupil of Gottfried Wilhelm Leibniz, the philosopher and mathematician. The summer palace was named Schloss Lietzenburg, after the village of Lietzen, near which it stood, at the end of a broad avenue that formed a right angle with an extension of Unter den Linden—the Via Triumphalis of old Berlin. Nering died that October, but he left a design for a small but elegant residence with an oval central section crowned by a shallow dome. There were two reception rooms on a rusticated ground floor and two more on the piano nobile, and there was a beautiful French garden in back. The rooms quickly became famous for their colorful decorations. The ceilings, which were flat, were decorated with acanthus ornaments in French Regency style—not quite baroque anymore but not yet rococo—and with beautiful painted medallions showing scenes from Greek mythology, and the walls were covered with precious moire materials, blue brocatel, rich red velours embroidered with golden flowers, and Indian silk tapestries, which testified to the interest at court in Oriental and other exotic arts. There were panels painted in gold and silver, and family portraits by the great court painters of the era, among them Antoine Pesne, who was himself a pupil of the great French court painter Hyancinthe Rigaud.

In 1701, when Frederick became King Frederick I of Prussia, Sophie Charlotte commissioned a Swede, Eosander von Göthe, who appears to have been equally skilled as an artist and as a courtier, to become her "oracle in all things pertaining to building." Eosander had visited the court of Louis XIV at Versailles and knew a lot about the "modern" French style. Although only six years separated the work of Nering and Eosander, their styles were very different, and yet, because both men had taste and a sense of beauty, the transition was not jarring. At Eosander's suggestion, two separate pavilions that had been erected in front of the palace were joined to the main building, forming a *cour d'honneur* and making the palace a

BED ACCESSORIES BY CARLIN



Allevia is part of the dream

The part any woman can make come true. To have a younger, prettier complexion. Do your dreaming under the spell of Allevia, Alexandra de Markoff's night cream. It quickly becomes an invisible part of your skin's surface, helping all the while you sleep to revitalize your skin—give it fresh color and tone—and a smoother texture. $20.00, $30.00 and $45.00. Alexandra de Markoff

JULIUS GARFINCKEL & CO. · HALLE BROS.

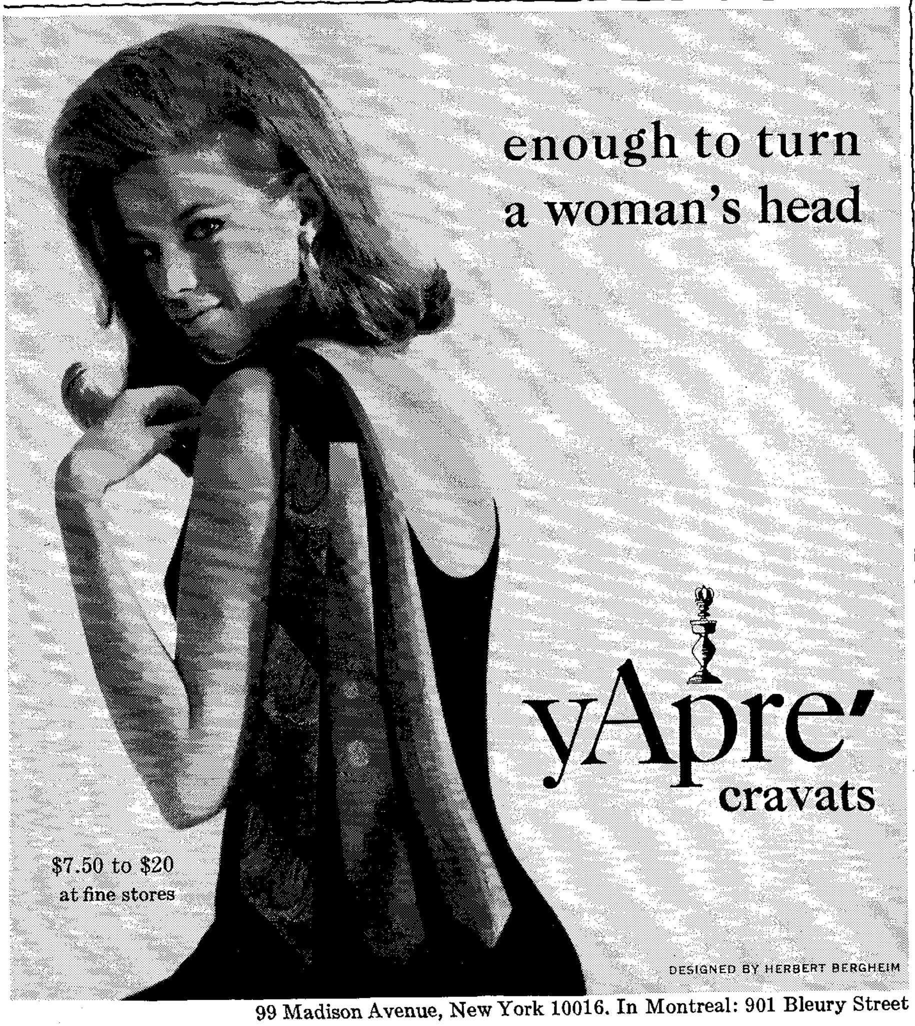
TONIGHT!
TONIGHT!
TONIGHT!

world's lightest scotch!

WORLD'S LIGHTEST SCOTCH
Ambassador Deluxe Scotch
Blended Scotch Whiskies
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY Taylor & Ferguson Ltd.
SCOTLAND

Enjoy Ambassador TONIGHT!

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • 86 PROOF • QUALITY IMPORTERS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.



enough to turn
a woman's head

yApre' cravats

$7.50 to $20
at fine stores

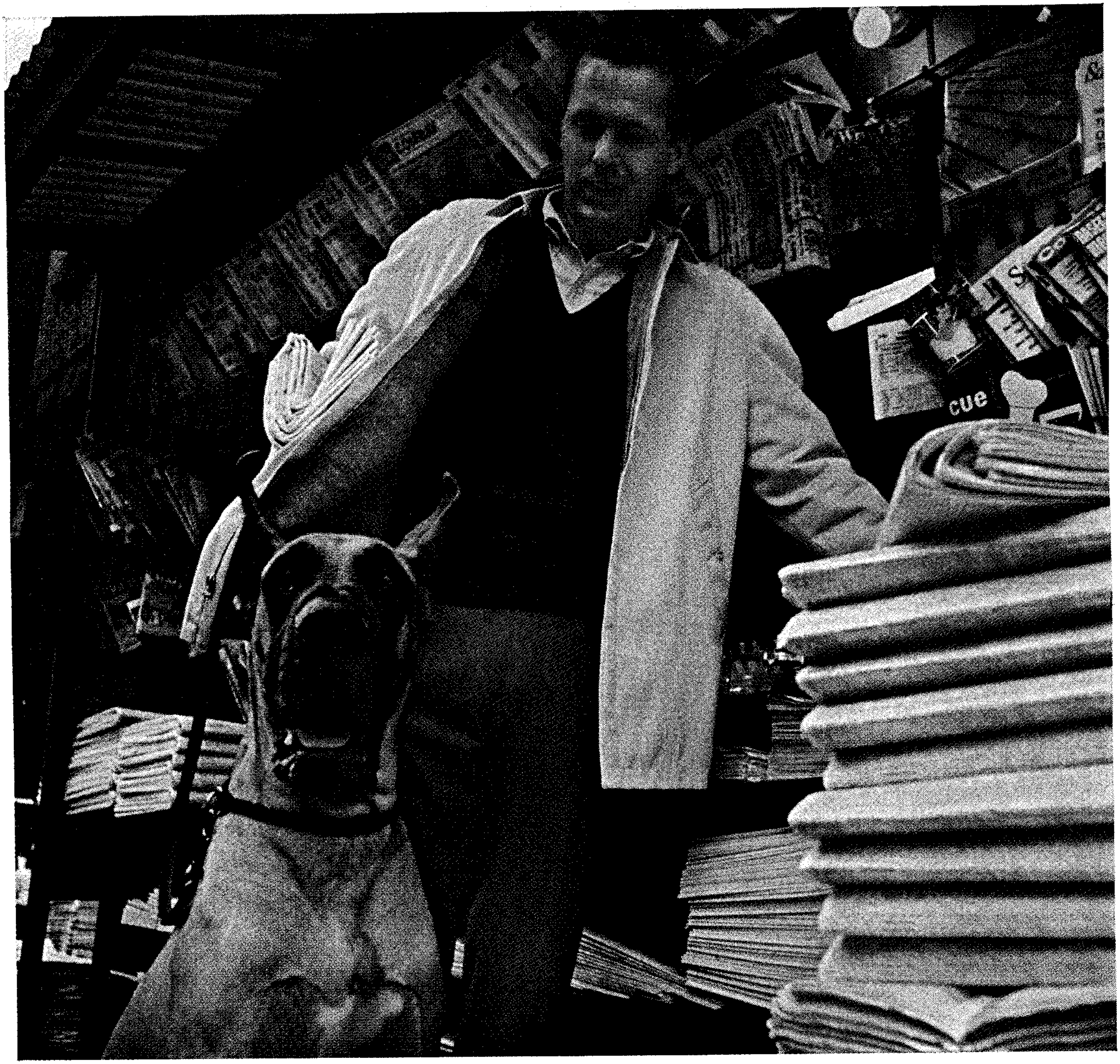
DESIGNED BY HERBERT BERGHEIM

99 Madison Avenue, New York 10016. In Montreal: 901 Bleury Street

sort of poor man's Versailles. Eosander added a beautiful hall, in the French style, with white walls, white reliefs, and white decorative sculptures, and with a ceiling painting showing Apollo and the Muses. The hall, surrounded on three sides by a cantilevered staircase, had an airy elegance.

To judge by her portraits, Sophie Charlotte was a vivacious woman and an interesting one, neither stuffy nor "Prussian" but, rather, amusing; there is an expression of mischief in her eyes. Her style of living must have given rise to much gossip in and around Berlin. She invited all sorts of extraordinary people to her court—poor poets, Russian priests, Italian composers. (A picture of the great composer and violin virtuoso Arcangelo Corelli hung in one of her rooms.) She gave famous parties, arranged concerts and amateur performances of opera and drama, and, when she was not busy with all these, discussed religion with one theologian or another (all religions were tolerated at her court) or talked about cosmology with Leibniz, who gave her "some kind of idea of the universe." Sophie Charlotte died in 1705. Her husband renamed the palace Schloss Charlottenburg in her memory, and, with Eosander's help, set to work to enlarge it, adding a stately cupola on which was perched a gilded weathervane in the form of the goddess Fortuna. A chapel he installed, with a vaulted ceiling, blue-and-gold ornamented pilasters, and gray wall panels, not only was exceptionally beautiful but achieved the remarkable feat of combining a sombre Protestantism with exuberant baroque. The canopy over the royal box was strewn with little angels carrying the royal crown, blowing trumpets, and praising the glory of God; here Frederick could doubtless feel that he was truly king *gratia Dei*. Having embellished the palace, Frederick and Eosander laid out several new streets leading to it, among them Berliner Strasse. Berlin was a long way from Paris, Rome, and Vienna, but the Prussian king showed taste, style, and little of that sense of the pompous that characterized the era of royal showmanship. He died in 1713, and was succeeded by his son, Frederick William I, who was preoccupied with military affairs and left Charlottenburg alone. In 1740, Frederick II—Frederick the Great—inherited the throne and made Charlottenburg his residence. He commissioned the celebrated architect Georg Wenzeslaus von Knobelsdorff to add a new wing. Knobelsdorff (who also

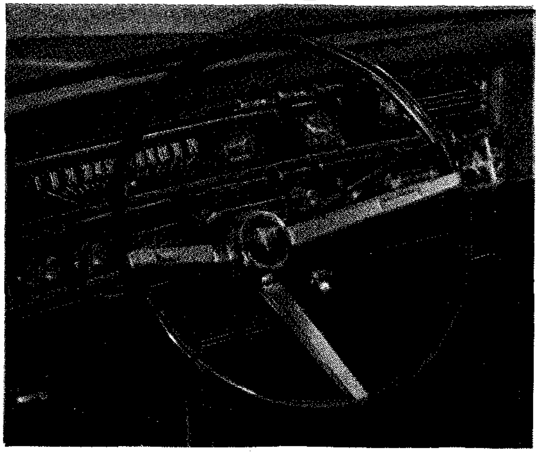
WE soften the blow

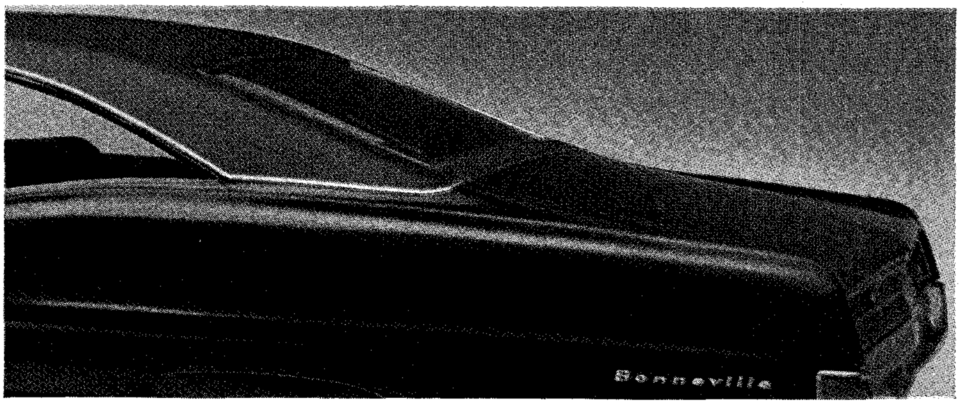


Especially on wild winter mornings when the wind rips through the New York Times.
But not through you. Our Inner Guard® pile lining warms the inner man.
This snug lining was developed by our Cavel Division to answer the cry for warmth without bulk.
Walking Coat by Windbreaker® has a handsome cotton gabardine shell,
handy front zipper and he-man tailoring. Sand, British tan, martini olive, new black. Sizes 36 to 50.
About $25.00 at better stores everywhere.

COLLINS & AIKMAN
210 Madison Avenue, New York 10016

Ride the Wide-Track Winning Streak.





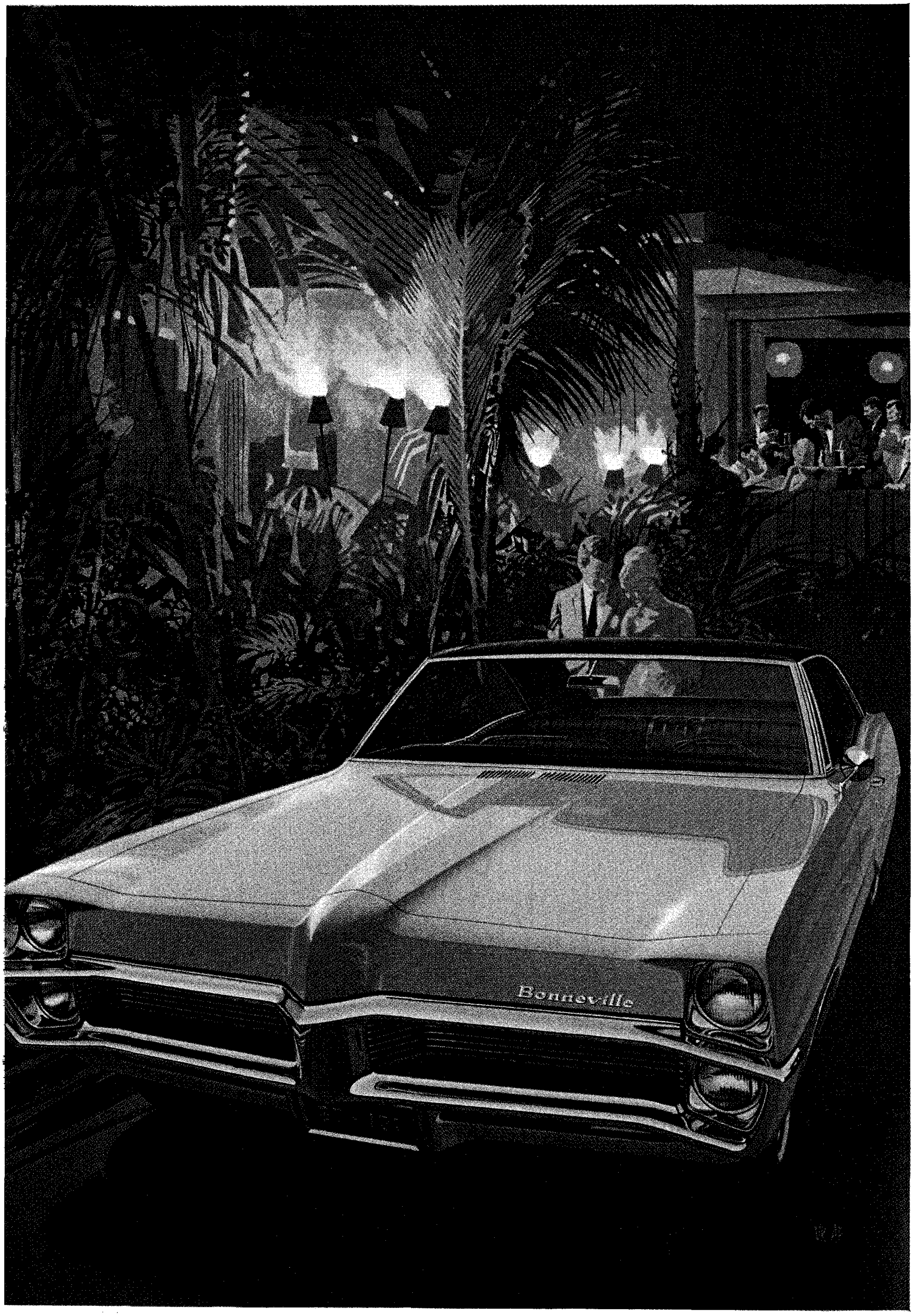
You're looking at the most beautiful Pontiac ever to ride on Wide-Track. (And we've had nothing but winners.) It's completely new, from the distinctive sculpturing of the famous split grille to the slickest engineering innovation of the year—disappearing windshield wipers. (They only come out when it rains.) And only Pontiac has them.

Our '67 Pontiacs are the most expertly engineered automobiles we've ever designed. There are new 400 and 428 cubic inch V-8s. New standard safety features, such as the energy absorbing steering column developed by General Motors, a dual master cylinder brake system with warning light, and a four-way hazard warning flasher. New options you can order such as front wheel disc brakes, a hood-mounted tachometer, special Rally II wheels, and eighty minutes of sound-in-depth in the form of our new eight-track stereo tape system. And of course the road-hugging security of Wide-Track.

But you'll discover all this at your Pontiac dealer's when you go for a test drive. That is, if you're not already there!

Pontiac/67
Pontiac Motor Division

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

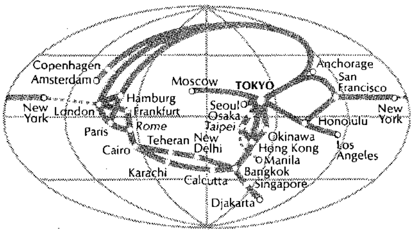

Bonneville

Discover the classic graces
How to use *hashi,* chopsticks, if you'd like to try. The welcoming warmth of *sake* in its tiny cup. The bouquet of new flavors in *tsumami mono* to sample—before JAL's delicious Continental cuisine.

through an expert in the art
Of perfect hospitality—your kimono-clad hostess on Japan Air Lines. Her gracious attention to your every wish reflects a lifetime's training in this ageless art of Japan.

of sharing pleasure with a guest
For on Japan Air Lines, a unique and classic tradition has been added to modern airline service: You must feel always as honored and welcome as a guest in a Japanese home.

DIRECT FROM NEW YORK beginning November, enjoy the special charm of JAL all the way to Japan...throughout the Orient, Middle East, and Europe. Stop over in California and Hawaii at no extra fare, resuming your trip on any of JAL's 20 weekly transPacific flights. Your travel agent has complete information.

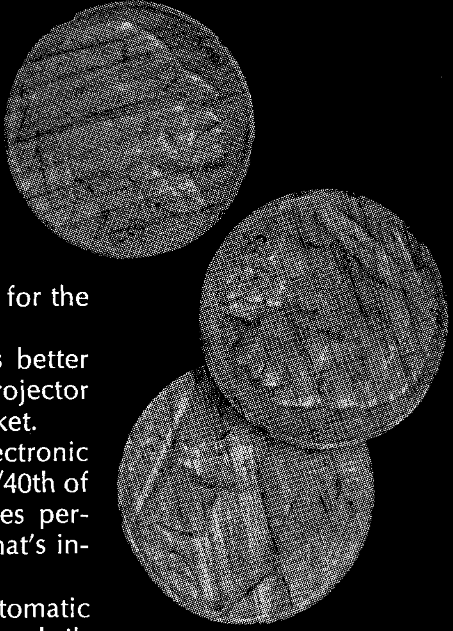

Copenhagen
Amsterdam
Moscow
TOKYO
Anchorage
San Francisco
Hamburg
Seoul
New York
London
Frankfurt
Osaka
New York
Paris
Rome
Taipei
Honolulu
Cairo
Teheran
New Delhi
Okinawa
Hong Kong
Manila
Los Angeles
Karachi
Calcutta
Bangkok
Singapore
Djakarta

JAPAN AIR LINES
the worldwide airline of Japan

built the Linden Opera, now known as the Staatsoper in East Berlin) was thereupon named Superintendent of Buildings and Gardens. He was an admirer of classicism and of the elegant style of Louis XV, and during his tenure he built a fine entrance to the palace, a center pavilion with six coupled Roman Doric columns, and some magnificent state rooms. One, the Grand Salon, had Corinthian pilasters, wall panels of marble stucco, and murals by Pesne. Another, the Golden Gallery of the east wing, was a masterpiece of beauty and order, with gilt ornamentation on a background of light-green marble stucco. (In the nineteen-thirties, the Golden Gallery was a much loved intimate concert hall.) The rest of the east wing contained the King's private rooms, which were decorated with gilt carvings, fine fabric hangings, and dark wood panelling and mantels. Here, too, the King installed his small but fine collection of paintings. He loved the work of Antoine Watteau, and hung Watteau's last and most important painting there—the "Poster for the Art Dealer Gersaint." (Louis Aragon once called it the only painting in Berlin that should be in Paris.) During the Seven Years' War, Austrian troops looted the palace and many of the paintings disappeared; some barbarian cut Watteau's masterpiece into two unequal parts, but it was later recovered and put back together, and it can be seen in its original position today, with the cut visible down the front. Eventually, Frederick came to feel lonely amid the grandeurs of his large palaces and retired to the more intimate Sans Souci Palace, on a hill in Potsdam. Only when he came to Berlin to review the spring parades of his troops would he stay in Charlottenburg, and then only for a few days.

On November 22, 1943, Charlottenburg was hit during an Allied bombing raid, and much of the palace was destroyed. Only a few rooms remained, some with their painted ceilings intact. In 1955, the West Berlin Senate decided to have Charlottenburg restored exactly as it had been, as far as possible. Work has been going on there ever since, and will go on for some time to come; the project is being financed by the Senate and the Bonn government. Some of the profits from the Zahlenlotto, the municipal lottery that is the West Berliners' favorite form of gambling, are used for the restoration of the interiors. Work on the original wing is practically complete (Mayor Brandt gives his New Year's recep-

If anyone tries to sell you a fully automatic slide projector, pay him with wooden nickels.



And save your honest dollars for the new Airequipt 450/EF.

Because your money buys better features in this great new projector than in any other on the market.

Such as a new automatic electronic focusing system. It reacts in 1/40th of a second to focus your slides perfectly. From where you sit, that's instantaneous!

The 450/EF is the *only* automatic focusing projector offering you a brilliant f/2.8 lens as standard equipment. And it can take four slide handling systems interchangeably: famous Airequipt metal magazines, circular magazines, plastic magazines and brand-new stack loaders.

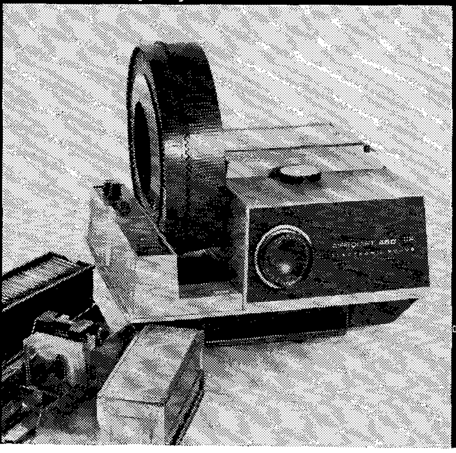
Other new features of the 450/EF include a slide editor that pops up for easier access...a cooler, quieter cooling system...a slide changer that won't jam...an efficient thermo-safety control...an electric timer and smoother focusing action.

Even the smallest engineering details are new, to help make this projector just a little bit better than necessary.

So there you have it. The world's most automatic slide projector.

The fully-featured new Airequipt 450/EF.

Now you can put your good money on a better projector.



The Airequipt 450/EF

Airequipt Inc., New Rochelle, N.Y.

tion there), and artists are now restoring the Golden Gallery. I went through the palace with a member of the staff, a young art historian named Dr. Helmutt Börsch-Supan, who was able to tell me a lot about the fascinating problems of the restoration. He said the restorers had done an enormous research job, going through old archives and studying drawings and photographs in order to collect every available scrap of information about the interior decoration of Charlottenburg.

"It was decided at the outset that nothing must be 'invented' if it wasn't here before," Dr. Börsch-Supan told me. "If we didn't know something, it would be up to the artists to try a re-creation, but we would rather have nothing than something that was not in the proper style. One problem we haven't been able to solve is the restoration of some of the baroque painted ceilings. Apparently, our painters aren't sure of themselves when they try to copy a baroque ceiling, and their lack of conviction shows in their brushstrokes. A good copyist convinces you by the assurance of his style. If a counterfeiter lacks confidence in himself, how can he fool anybody else? Our sculptors have had much less difficulty. We have had some real experts looking at the sculpture here, and often even they couldn't tell where the remains of the original statue or bit of stucco ornamentation ended and the copy began. But a baroque ceiling is another matter. Even easel paintings are easier to copy than ceilings. Rather than have bad pseudo-baroque, we decided to leave some of the ceilings white. Our slogan is 'When in doubt, do nothing.' It takes some artists a long time to acquire a feeling for the epoch they are trying to re-create. It's much more than a question of technique; it's a matter of spirit. That was the main reason it was decided to do the job now. There are still a few artists around who can tackle it. In twenty or thirty years, there may be no one left who is able to immerse himself in the styles of the past. We have recovered many of the original paintings that hung on the walls of the palace, and we have tried to hang them exactly where the records indicate they used to be. If we aren't sure what went into a room, we hang paintings of the same epoch there. In the private library of Frederick the Great we have put some of the books he kept at Sans Souci. They were copies of books he had here. If he liked a book, he apparently ordered several copies of it, one for each of his palaces. Most of the porcelain and

An Exceptional Suit

TAILORED BY

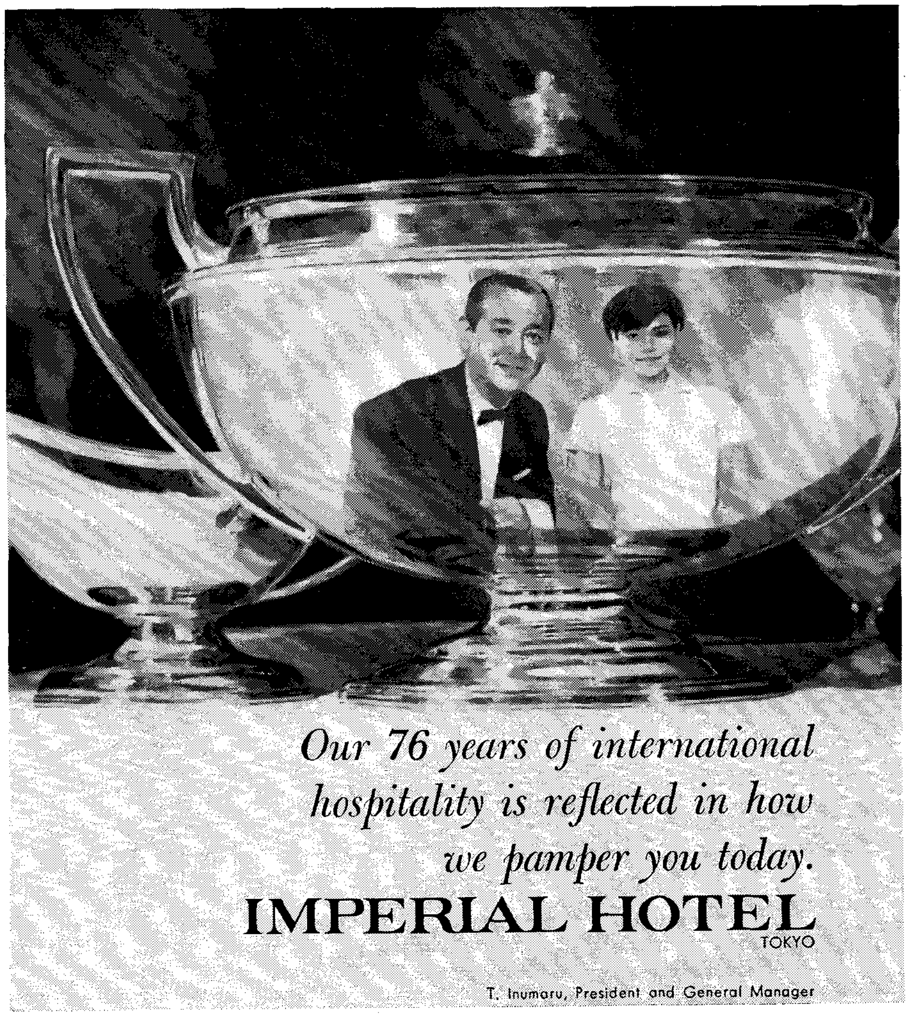
HICKEY-FREEMAN

Superb tailoring, painstaking custom finishing and specially selected fine suitings are necessary for the perfection found in our Limited Edition Suits

TWO HUNDRED SEVENTY DOLLARS

OTHER SUITS, TAILORED BY
HICKEY-FREEMAN, FROM $170

F.R.TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
Established 1886
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017



Our 76 years of international hospitality is reflected in how we pamper you today.

IMPERIAL HOTEL
TOKYO

T. Inumaru, President and General Manager

china here was destroyed, and we are still searching for old pieces at auctions and art showrooms everywhere, with the assistance of voluntary helpers all over the world. When we find something appropriate, we go to the Zahlenlotto people and ask them to give us the money to buy it. Paradoxically, it isn't the art work that is the most expensive part of our job, it's the modern things. Our stucco workers and painters are less expensive than our electricians."

Dr. Börsch-Supan led me into the Golden Gallery, where two artists standing on a high scaffolding were applying gossamer-thin flakes of gold to leafy patterns of freshly molded white stucco. "The Golden Gallery has been no problem, because there are so many good photographs of it," my guide said. "It was restored once before, in 1937. Originally, the marble stucco was light green, but after a hundred years or so it turned violet. The other day, an elderly professor came to us with a complaint. He had seen the Golden Gallery in the early nineteen-thirties and it was violet, and he was demanding that we redo it in the 'original' violet."

From the palace courtyard, which is dominated by Andreas Schlüter's heroic bronze statue of King Frederick I's father, known as the Great Elector, perhaps the most important monument of the German baroque (it fell into the Tegeler See during the war when a barge removing it to a safe place sank beneath it, but it was fished out later by the Berliners), Dr. Börsch-Supan and I admired the restored cupola of the palace, topped with its gilded Fortuna. Dr. Börsch-Supan said that the restorers had been able to find only a small picture of the rococo figure, and the artist had had to rely largely on his imagination. "People think it looks 'almost' like the old Fortuna," he said. "But insiders know that it swings in the breeze less freely than she did, in spite of all the technical progress that has been made since she was first put up there, more than two hundred and fifty years ago."

WHEN Berlin's Free University was established, on November 4, 1948, a few months after the city had been split in half, its founders intended it to be "*eine Gemeinschaft von Lehrenden und Lernenden*"—a community of teachers and students. It was called the Berlin Model University, for it was meant to be a democratic academic institution—something entirely new for Germany, where democracy had never

Fond of things Italiano? Mix these drinks with Galliano.

Serve cocktails Italian style with Galliano, the legendary liqueur "distilled from the rays of the sun".
For those with adventurous taste, may we suggest the following prize winning recipes from around the world.

BOSSA NOVA SPECIAL
(Prize Winning Recipe-Nassau Beach Hotel Competition, Bahamas)
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Light Rum
¼ oz. Apricot Flavored Brandy
2 oz. Pineapple Juice
½ oz. White of Egg
¼ oz. Lemon Juice
Shake well, pour into a tall glass with ice cubes and decorate with fruit.

ITALIAN STINGER COCKTAIL
1 oz. Galliano
1¼ oz. Brandy
Shake well with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

GOLDEN CADILLAC
1 oz. Galliano
1 oz. White Creme de Cacao
1 oz. Cream
Place in blender with small quantity of crushed ice. Use low speed for short time until creamy. Pour into champagne glass.

GALLIANO MIST
Fill old-fashioned glass with cracked ice. Pour 1 oz. Galliano over ice and squeeze and drop ¼ section fresh lime into glass. Stir and serve.

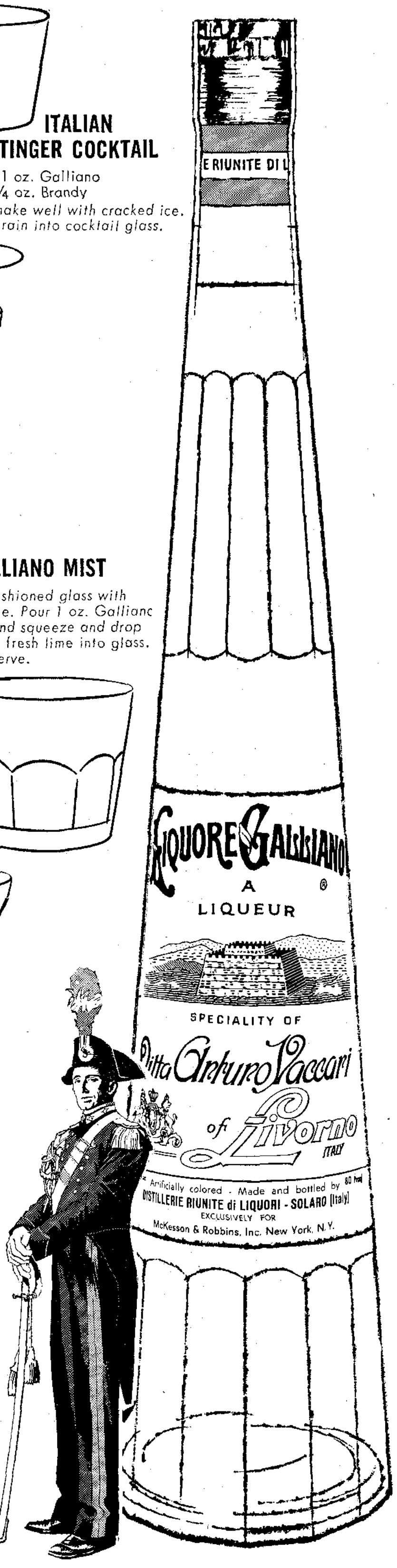
GOLDEN DREAM COCKTAIL
(Prize Winning Recipe—United Kingdom Bartenders Guild)
1 oz. Galliano
½ oz. Cointreau
½ oz. Orange Juice
½ oz. Cream
Shake in cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

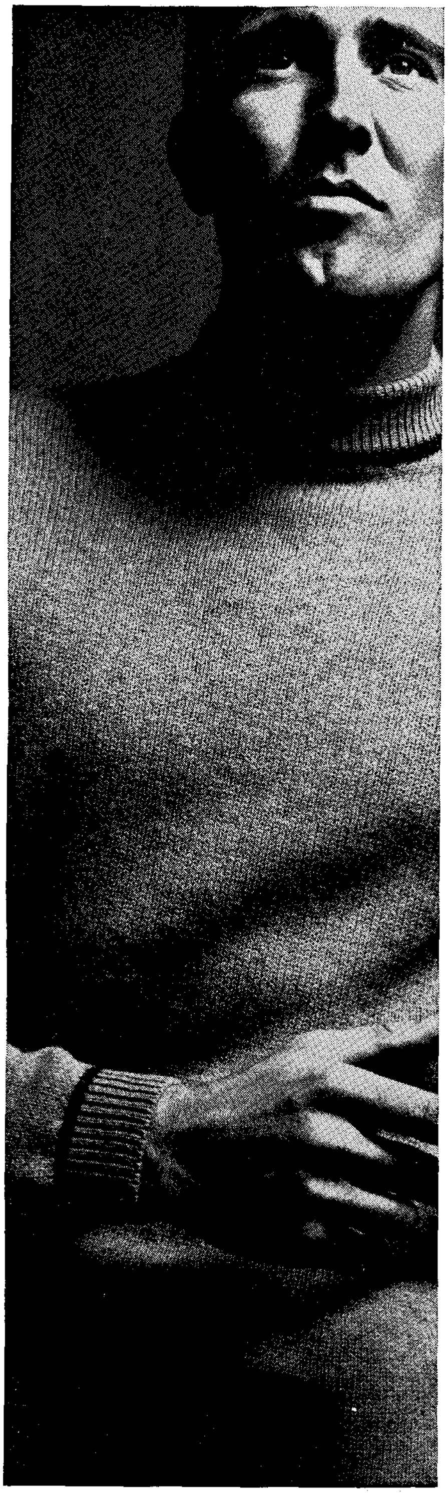
GAY GALLIANO
(Prize Winning Recipe—Sandy Lane Hotel, Barbados, W.I.)
¾ oz. Galliano 1½ oz. Rum
½ Fresh lime juice
Put ingredients into blender with shaved ice. Mix until thick (semi-frozen). Pour into champagne glass and garnish with twist of lime peel.

MILANO
(Prize Winning Recipe Copenhagen, Denmark)
1 part Gin
1 part Galliano
1 part fresh lime juice
Shake with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Serve with cherry.

ITALIAN HEATHER
(Prize Winning Cocktail Milan, Italy)
1½ oz. Scotch ½ oz. Galliano
Stir with ice. Strain into glass with twist of lemon peel.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY MCKESSON & ROBBINS, INC. NEW YORK, N. Y. ©MCK&R, 1966


E RIUNITE DI L
LIQUORE GALLIANO
A LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY
Artificially colored - Made and bottled by
DISTILLERIE RIUNITE di LIQUORI - SOLARO (Italy)
EXCLUSIVELY FOR
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. New York, N.Y.



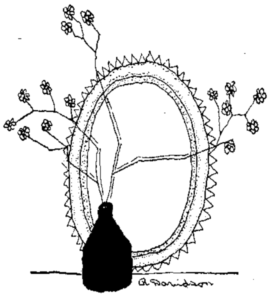
Is this a typical Englishman?

No. It's a typical Jaeger man. An international pampered type. Sometimes he makes fashion news with subtle lines of unexpected colour. Sometimes he stays classic in cashmere, Shetland, lambswool. But the fit! The feel! The colours like no others! A made-in-England look. Typically Jaeger.

JAEGER

Enquiries F A MacCluer Inc, 501 Fifth Ave, New York

existed on the campus. German universities have traditionally been autocratic institutions, ruled by almighty professors who would rather be feared than respected or trusted. It was hoped that the Free University would attract students from East Berlin and East Germany who were dissatisfied with the growing intellectual rigor at East Berlin's once great Humboldt University. As part of the Free University's democratic way of doing things, a students' parliament, the Konvent, has been elected every year, with one representative for each two hundred students, and this body was to share with the Academic Senate (the body representing the various faculties) and the university administrative staff responsibility for the university's operation and development. It was an idealistic concept—perhaps too idealistic, people are saying now. The wave of idealism that followed the war made it almost automatic for the Berlin authorities to agree to the establishment of this new type of academic institution, but such important details as how the shares in the development were to be allotted and the limits of responsibility fixed were never clearly spelled out.

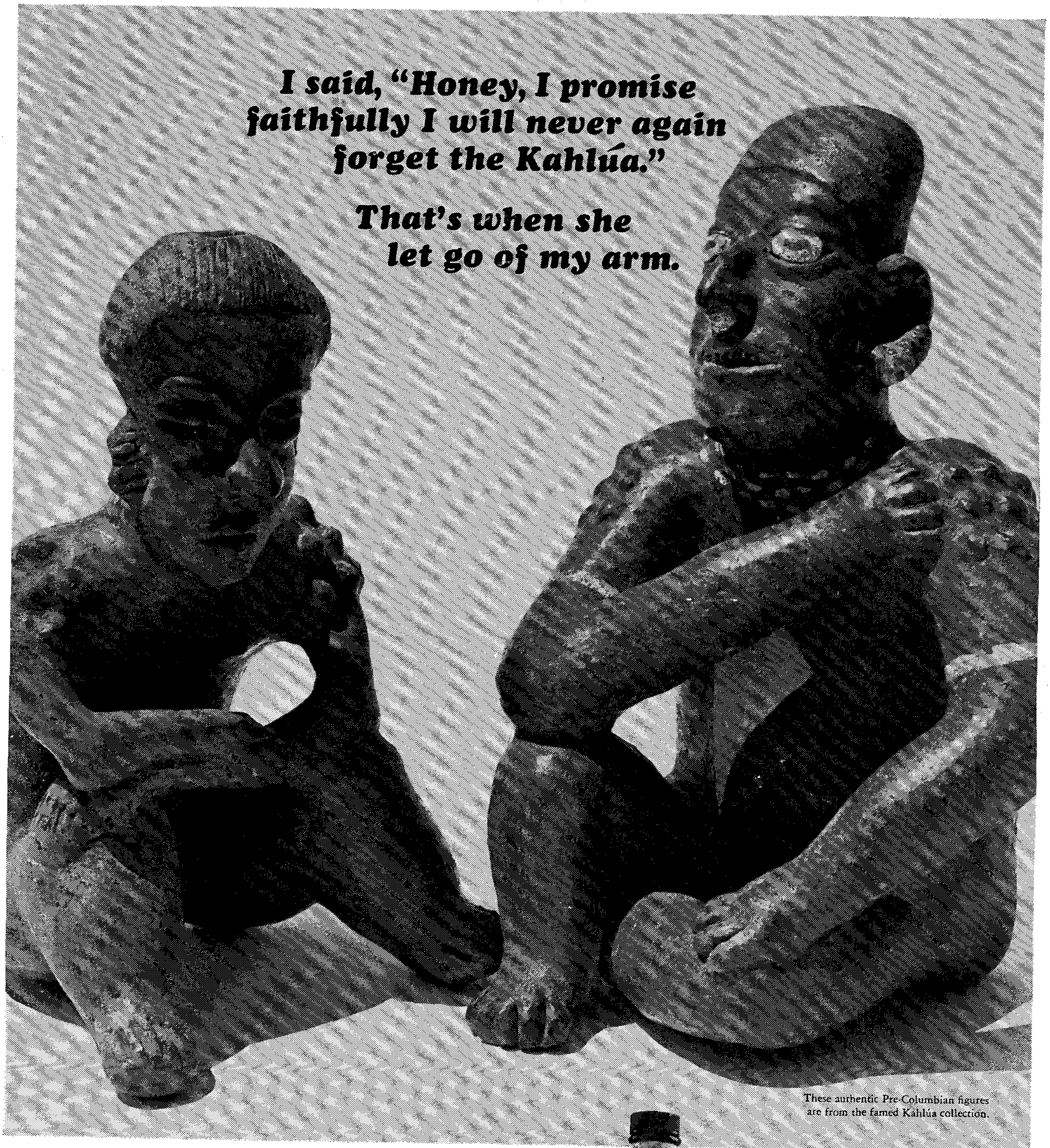


Originally, the Free University was planned for about ten thousand students. Now it has well over fifteen thousand—more than seventy-five hundred from West Berlin, sixty-three hundred from West Germany, six hundred from East Germany, and nearly a thousand from foreign countries. The lecture halls are crowded, the libraries and other buildings are too small, and there are budget problems. The Ford Foundation, which helped establish the Free University, gave it an additional two-million-dollar grant after the Wall went up, and it boasts the largest number of foreign students of any German university. Now, eighteen years after its founding, there is serious doubt about the viability of the Berlin Model. The Free University is the most politically conscious academic institution in West Germany. Its history and ideals, combined with the political awareness of Berlin as a whole, attract politically oriented students to the university from all over Germany. (By comparison, the Technical University in West Berlin seems hardly interested in politics. Nor does it have any of the difficulties that plague the Free University.) Many of the students at the Free University feel they have a stake in German politics, and it is indeed more than probable that some of them will be among the country's future political leaders. The Konvent has often adopted resolutions on topical matters such as the wars in Algeria and Vietnam, for the students claim that the Berlin Model gives them "a political mandate," which is a privilege and an obligation. The existence of any such mandate is denied by most members of the Academic Senate, who claim that the Konvent was elected to present the student viewpoint in regard to university problems, not political problems. The Free University's administration maintains that neither the Rektor (as the president is called) nor the Konvent is authorized to take sides politically. Nonsense, the students say. What about such borderline cases as the problem of colored students in South Africa? What about "the Berkeley situation"? Are those political problems or university problems? Each of the university's three estates interprets the Berlin Model in its own way.

At the end of the 1964-65 academic year, a new, liberal Rektor, Hans-Joachim Lieber, took office, and it was hoped that he would show more skill than his predecessors had in handling the delicate problems of the university, but he has lately been criticized in various quarters for showing a tendency toward vacillation; there are students who say he is "too diplomatic." The students were given something more than overdiplomacy to complain about when, early this year, he announced that henceforth the university auditoriums and lecture halls would be available "only for purely academic events," not for political meetings, and the Academic Senate confirmed his decision. Student political meetings were to be restricted to the students' dining hall. "Would Willy Brandt come to a dining hall to address us?" the students demanded indignantly. (The Mayor in the past has spoken to several student rallies in the university auditorium.) Professor Kurt Sontheimer, of the political-science faculty, publicly sided with the students, whereupon the Academic Senate asked him to submit his resignation. The Student Government Committee, which is elected by the Konvent, resigned in protest, and there was a deadlock. Some professors thought that the Berlin Model would have to be either redesigned or abandoned; even Rektor Lieber, who had been one of the founders of the

I said, "Honey, I promise faithfully I will never again forget the Kahlúa."

That's when she let go of my arm.



These authentic Pre-Columbian figures are from the famed Kahlúa collection.

"I tell you, Al, she was hysterical. I mean, I've forgotten things before. Like our anniversary, maybe, or like that time I forgot to pick up her mother at the airport. She never even raised her voice.

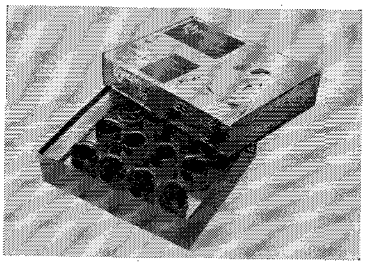
"But this time! How do you expect me to baste the chicken, she yells, how do you expect me to make dessert? And on and on about how we can't have Kahlúa sours before dinner, and how there wouldn't be anything to put in our coffee. I promised to buy a case of Kahlúa, just to calm her down.

"I know she forgave me, though. She brought me a box of Kahlúa brownies when I was in the hospital."

To tell you about the many ways you can use Kahlúa we've written a devastatingly witty Recipe Book. It will fracture you. For free.

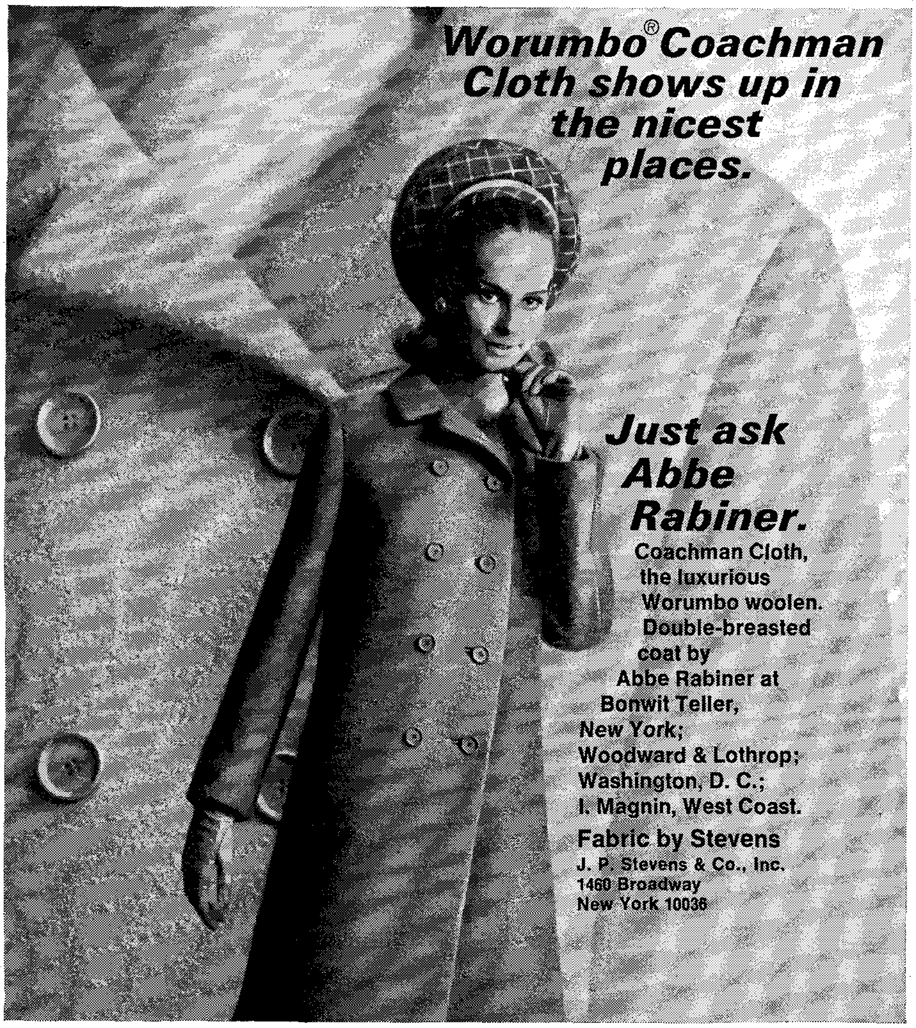
KAHLÚA
53 Proof
Coffee Liqueur from
Sunny Mexico

JULES BERMAN & ASSOC., INC. 9025 WILSHIRE BLVD., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.



Remember also not to forget Kahlúa Kups

Made of the finest chocolate. FILL WITH KAHLUA, DRINK, EAT THE CUP! (There's many a sip 'twixt cup and lip.) Box of 12 cups with foil servers — $1.50; 3 Boxes — $4.00; Shipped postpaid. Sorry, no C.O.D. Jules Berman & Associates, Inc. Dept. NY, 9025 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California.



Worumbo® Coachman Cloth shows up in the nicest places.

Just ask Abbe Rabiner.

Coachman Cloth, the luxurious Worumbo woolen. Double-breasted coat by Abbe Rabiner at Bonwit Teller, New York; Woodward & Lothrop; Washington, D. C.; I. Magnin, West Coast.

Fabric by Stevens
J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.
1460 Broadway
New York 10036

GAVILAN TEQUILA

Gin and Vodka's rival!

WORLD FAMOUS
Imported
TEQUILA WHITE
PRODUCE OF MEXICO
TEQUILA
GAVILAN
GENUINE PRODUCT OF MEZCAL PLANT
PRODUCED AND SHIPPED BY MEXICO'S FINEST DISTILLERIES
GUADALAJARA MEXICO
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U. S. A.
FOREIGN VINTAGES
NEW YORK 20, N. Y.
90 PROOF

TEQUILA MARTINI
Make it the regular way, but with Gavilan instead!

TEQUILA BLOODY MARY
Your favorite tomato juice recipe, but with Gavilan. Wow!

T'N'T
Tequila 'N' Tonic. (Juice of half lime.) Great tonic sparkler!

MARGHARITA
The popular cocktail with the "in" crowd. Maravilloso!

Free Recipe Booklet! Write: Dept. NYO-15, Foreign Vintages, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10020. Sole U.S.A. Distributors

university, expressed serious doubts about its chances for survival. He said that "the physical security" of the university was threatened by the students' political activities. A student magazine attacked certain professors for their methods of lecturing and accused certain others of trying to "depolitickize" the Free University. Some of the professors were said to be so angry that they had resolved upon early retirement, and others in West Germany were said to hesitate to accept appointments in Berlin. The crisis deepened. At length, Rektor Lieber reversed himself and partially lifted the restrictions on the use of the university rooms, giving everyone a chance to cool down. The respite was only temporary. In May, the law and medical faculties decided to drop any student who had spent a given number of semesters at the Free University without qualifying for graduation—nine semesters for a law student and eleven for a medical student. Such a student might still be admitted to the examinations, but he would lose his student's privileges—the right to attend lectures or use the laboratories, for example. The two faculties explained that the facilities were becoming overcrowded, so *Bummler* must be discouraged. (Eternal students are called "*Bummler*," or "loafers.") The Student Government Committee promptly denounced the "mandatory exmatriculation," pointing out that there were few *Bummler*, and that the problem of the "professional student" should be solved by a general *Studienreform* (educational reform), not by putting a time limit on his attendance. The situation grew particularly tense on June 18th, when new students were to matriculate in the Auditorium Maximum—an event that was ordinarily attended by the Academic Senate in academic dress. The Senate stayed away, and though Rektor Lieber did show up, he was dressed in street clothes. The Student Government chairman, Kurt Nevermann (the son of a former mayor of Hamburg), made a speech critical of the Academic Senate. The manuscript of his speech had been submitted to the university authorities, and though he was not forbidden to deliver it, the Rektor made an answering speech in which he accused Nevermann of dealing in "half truths and untruths." With that, the members of the Student Government Committee pointedly left the Auditorium, and three members of the Academic Senate pointedly entered it. The ceremony proceeded, but the whole thing hardly served as an example of dignified academic conduct to the new students.

After the Auditorium incident, Werner Stein, the Senator for the Arts and Sciences in the city government, announced that he supported the Rektor in the dispute, and the Berlin Administrative Court dismissed a plea by the students that they be allowed to vote in the university precincts on mandatory exmatriculation. The following day, the students of all faculties, meeting off the campus, decided that Rektor Lieber would have to prove that Nevermann had spoken in "half truths and untruths" or retract his accusation publicly. The students further demanded the resignation of the professor on the Admissions Committee—it consisted of a professor, a student, and a member of the administration—and called for an extensive *Studienreform*. A protest demonstration was called for the next day in front of the Henry Ford Building, where the Academic Senate was to be in session. At the appointed hour, three thousand students appeared. Among the speakers were a leftist student from the Sorbonne, who was booed down, and the ubiquitous cabaret firebrand Wolfgang Neuss. It was decided to stage a sit-in (the first such event in Germany) until the Rektor agreed to appear for a discussion on the spot. Telegrams from university student groups in Hamburg, Heidelberg, and Munich and from the Sorbonne, all supporting their Berlin fellows, were read. The Academic Senate declined to take part in any on-the-spot discussion, and determined students manned all exits of the Henry Ford Building. Eventually, Rektor Lieber appeared, promised to make himself available for a "factual discussion" within the next ten days, and asked the students to call off the sit-in, on the ground that it might have "grave consequences" for everyone concerned. He had been cheered when he appeared, but he was booed when he left. The members of the Academic Senate were obliged to leave the building through a back door, in a rather undignified manner. In the courtyard, the sit-in became a teach-in when several professors took the occasion to discuss the situation with the students. After ten hours, a resolution was adopted demanding that a discussion of *Studienreform* be conducted by a committee made up of equal numbers of students and professors. On July 14th, the Academic Senate approved the formation of such a committee, and there the matter rests, but the bickering continues, and no one believes that the

The cove is called Salt Kettle. Everyone sails at Glencoe!

Five special Bermuda resorts where the atmosphere is like a private club!

BERMUDA OFFERS VISITORS a wide selection of resort facilities, from large and lavish to small and secluded.

THE HAPPIEST MEDIUM. Somewhere in between are five of the most beloved and sought-after resorts on the island. We would call them cottage colonies but one is actually a small waterside hotel. All are privately owned and individually operated, and of a size that fosters a more personal welcome and a more relaxed atmosphere. So many guests tell us that they feel they have been taken into a friendly private club!

EACH IS DIFFERENT AND DISTINCT, but there are certain delights that all provide. Whether yours is a private cottage for two or for family, or a room at the inn, your vista will be of shining waters, and your terrace will be a bower of semi-tropical beauty.

You'll enjoy privacy and seclusion when you wish, but find congenial company at lunch, for cocktails, dinner, later evening entertainment. You'll probably find poolside buffets, beachside refreshment, dancing under the stars, and even picnic lunches for your sight-seeing jaunts by motorbike.

All five are your entrée into Bermuda's world of pleasures—golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, sight-seeing, shopping and water sports. Why not ask your travel agent today?

Lantana Colony Club

Beautiful coral cottages on Great Sound at lovely Somerset Bridge. Most attractive clubhouse, superb décor, choicest cuisine. Own private beach. Sunfish, O'Day Sailers, all water sports. Golf, tennis nearby. John H. Young, Owner-Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Cambridge Beaches

In lovely Somerset. Charming cottages in a unique setting with sparkling waters on three sides. Enchanting beaches everywhere you look. Superb cuisine, swizzle parties, English teas, sailing, tennis, fishing at your door. William P. Wolfe Org., Representative, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. LO 5-1114.

Pink Beach Cottage Colony

On its own lovely south shore beach in Smith's Parish. De luxe pink cottages, all air-conditioned. Magnificent pool and tennis courts. Golf nearby. Famous for its superb cuisine and bar. Sig Wollmann is the Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Horizons in Bermuda

Atop a sunny hill overlooking Coral Beach in Paget Parish with all Bermuda at your feet. A luxurious old Bermuda mansion and a cluster of elegant cottages. Big pool, tennis, golf, ocean swimming—and the food is famous. Robert F. Warner, Inc., Representative, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. JU 6-4500.

Glencoe

A charming and informal waterside inn ideally located in Salt Kettle, Paget. Beautifully appointed air-conditioned rooms, dining on the pool terrace, all water sports with a special flair for sailing. Reggie Cooper is the Owner-Manager. Hetland & Stevens Inc., Representative, 211 East 43 St., New York, N.Y. TN 7-1450.

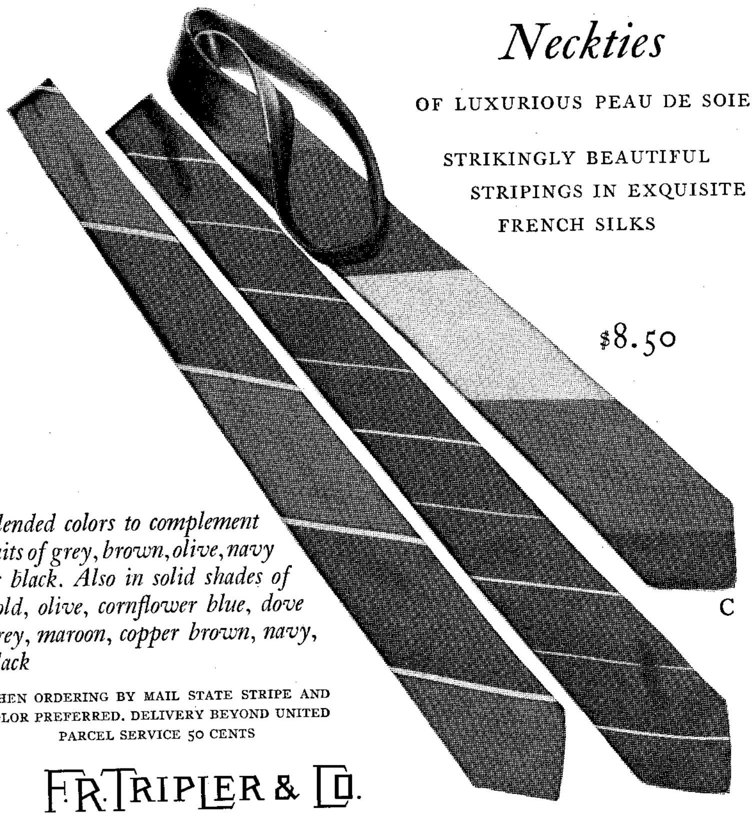
Or write Bermuda, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20 • 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2
111 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

Neckties

OF LUXURIOUS PEAU DE SOIE

STRIKINGLY BEAUTIFUL
STRIPINGS IN EXQUISITE
FRENCH SILKS

$8.50



Blended colors to complement suits of grey, brown, olive, navy or black. Also in solid shades of gold, olive, cornflower blue, dove grey, maroon, copper brown, navy, black

WHEN ORDERING BY MAIL STATE STRIPE AND COLOR PREFERRED. DELIVERY BEYOND UNITED PARCEL SERVICE 50 CENTS

F. R. TRIPLER & CO.
Clothing · Hats · Haberdashery · Shoes
MADISON AVENUE AT 46 ST. · NEW YORK 10017

INCONTESTABLY MALE!

Signoricci
FROM NINA RICCI, PARIS

A man's fragrance. Assertive. Suave. Persuasive. A successful scent.

controversy will be easily resolved.

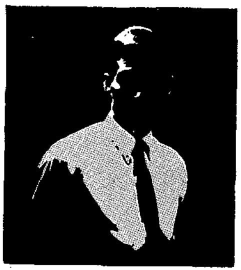
Everybody agrees that the recurrent crises at the Free University signify something more than an academic disagreement. They are part of a conflict between the generations. The young people are revolting against what has been called "Germany's fossilized academic society," and against society in general. ("We demand the integration of the Free University into our free society," Nevermann declared in his speech.) Members of the Student Government Committee claim, as do many people concerned with the state of German education, that the German academic system is out of date and must be reformed. They consider the departmental system of American universities superior to the German faculty system, which they call "the oligarchy of the *Ordinarius*." (Each faculty is controlled by an *Ordinarius*, who selects the subjects for research and decides which of his assistants will pursue what subjects.) The students maintain that the assistants sometimes actually write the papers and books that the professor publishes under his name. "Modern research should be democratic research," a member of the Student Government Committee told me. "We know of professors who are approached by industrial firms and suddenly become much more interested in short-term applied research than in long-term fundamental research. Young scientists are leaving Germany because it's getting difficult to do pure research here. The conservative professors are still trying to hold on to their old prerogatives. When we tell them that academic society and political society are closely interlocked, they accuse us of talking 'like Communists' and say, 'Why don't you go to East Berlin?' "

Some of the newspapers and some of the people in Berlin claim to discern "revolutionary tendencies" among the students, and accuse them of receiving instructions and perhaps support from East Berlin. Certainly some students have had Marxist training, but no proof exists that they are in touch with any East German agency. There is no Communist infiltration—no cloak-and-dagger stuff. A few noisy crusaders may consider themselves super-Marxists, but they certainly are not Ulbrichtists. The Free University put on some intramural protests against the war in Vietnam this spring, and when it was suggested that these were modelled on Berkeley's, the German students asserted that their protests were "much more abstract." "After all, the fellows

when may a
gentleman
remove his
coat?...

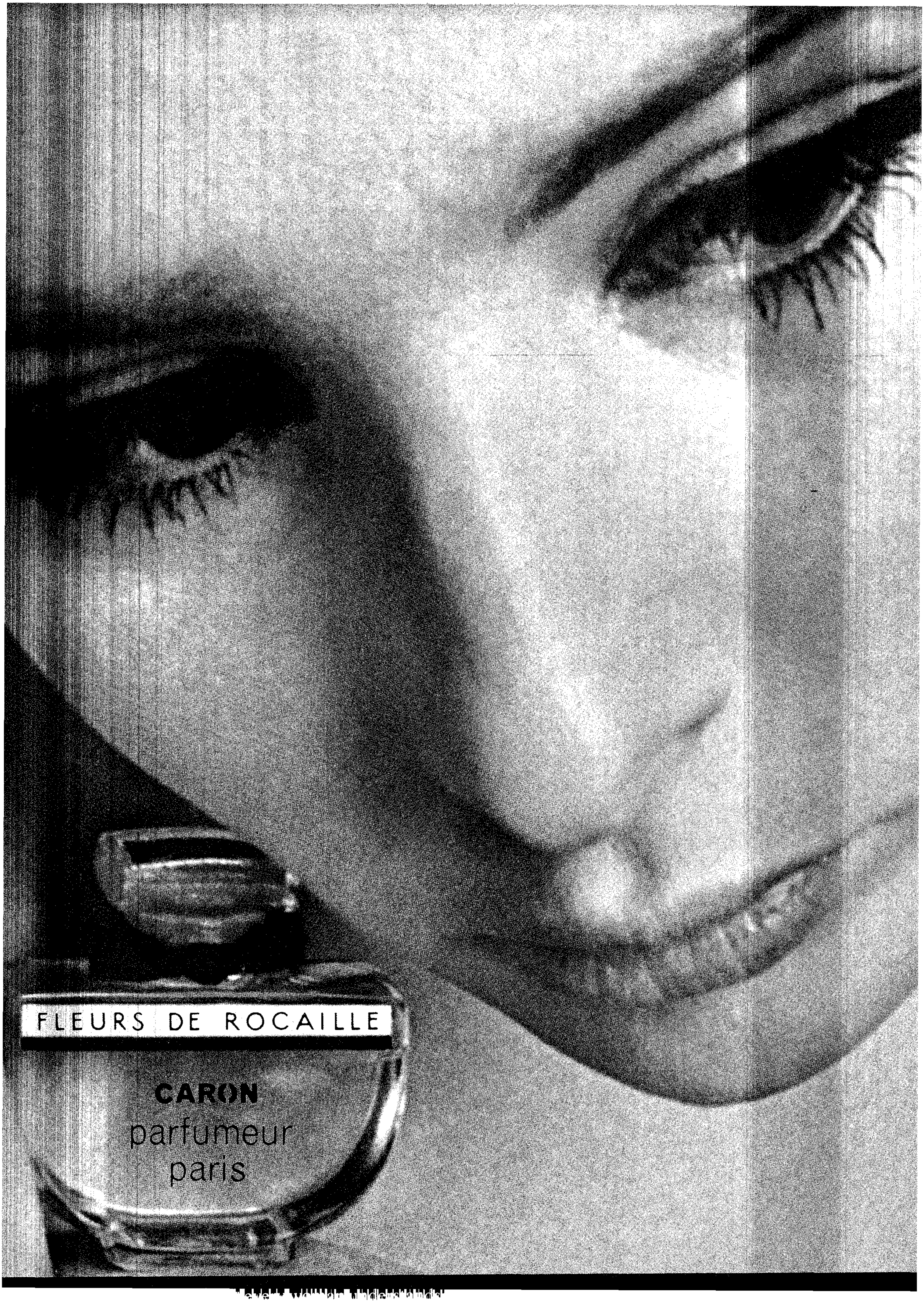
when his shirt is by Sero

THE GENTLEMAN'S SHIRT



Sophisticated informality! It does exist. Particularly when a gentleman wears a shirt by Sero. He takes pride in his Purist® button-down collar . . . pride in the fit . . . in the flair . . . in the traditional tailored look. Whatever the occasion, a Sero shirt belongs.

For the store nearest you; write SERO, New Haven, Conn.


FLEURS DE ROCAILLE
CARON
parfumeur
paris

[illegible]

over there may have to fight in Vietnam," one student said. "There is a very slim chance indeed of our ever being called up for that purpose. Certainly we've copied the technique of the sit-in, and there are other superficial similarities, but essentially ours is a protest against the old slogans and the old political jargon in Germany that make the West synonymous with freedom and the East synonymous with oppression. We like to be in the West, but we feel there isn't as much freedom here as there should be. We can no longer get East Germans out through tunnels or in the trunks of our cars—that phase is over—but we are sick and tired of watching the Wall get bigger and better. *Something* has to be done." Quite a few neutral observers in Berlin consider the crisis at the Free University a healthy development—"a sort of constructive ferment," an American recently called it. At least, people have begun to talk about the reorientation of Germany's academic life, which is still almost totally dominated by the professors.

PROBABLY the most discouraged people in West Berlin today are the numerous intelligence experts whose job it is to collect and evaluate information about conditions on the other side of the Wall. West Germans, and sometimes foreigners from the West, have access to East Berlin and East Germany, but nobody in the West has exact knowledge of what goes on there on the higher government levels. Even the shrewdest experts usually preface their conclusions with "It is believed" or "Maybe." They study voluminous files, read what they can between the lines of East German provincial papers, and make deductions from such seemingly irrelevant items as the slowness of East German railroads (service is not much better than it was a hundred years ago, largely because after the war the Russians, who needed all the rails they could get, converted many of the double-track lines to single-track, and the second tracks have not yet been restored) or the fact that neither Munich nor Hamburg nor Frankfurt is mentioned in the D.D.R. timetables, although trains through the Zone go to all three cities. A more surprising absence from the timetables is that of such other names as Moscow, Prague, and Budapest—cities that are connected by direct trains with East Berlin. The experts follow trends and statistics, and pore over reports from their contacts and agents, but in the end they can produce nothing better

This is the Nassau you'll talk about

What you talk about can be found only in Nassau's private homes. Or here, behind the gates of the Balmoral Club on Cable Beach. Open the gates and see what made Nassau famous.

At Balmoral you'll live in villas like these. There are never more than 200 pleasure seekers here at one time. Isn't that nice? Each of you has several million inches of pleasure to play in.

Three spacious white beaches. Pick one. When you get tired of it, try another. Or sail. Go snorkeling. Play tennis. Or lounge in a hammock. Try one of our Rum Cocaloonies. Wheee!

This is your Ocean Patio, so called because it's right on the edge of the ocean. Plenty of Caribbean for everyone. See the ocean? Feel the breeze? Ahhh. Have a drink. Go on. Have two.

It's very odd, but shortly after five every afternoon you'll join the group in the Clubhouse Bar. It's an old Balmoral custom. Ah, well. It makes for a merry trip into the star spangled night.

And here's your star spangled night! Dining, dancing and devil may care. The food, naturally, is fantastic. So's the pink cloud music. For more real Nassau, talk to your travel agent.

BALMORAL CLUB
CABLE BEACH
NASSAU IN THE BAHAMAS
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

Call, in New York: PL 2-9100; Washington, D.C.: DI 7-3000;
Boston: KE 6-2700; Philadelphia: Enterprise 7721; Chicago: 782-1119

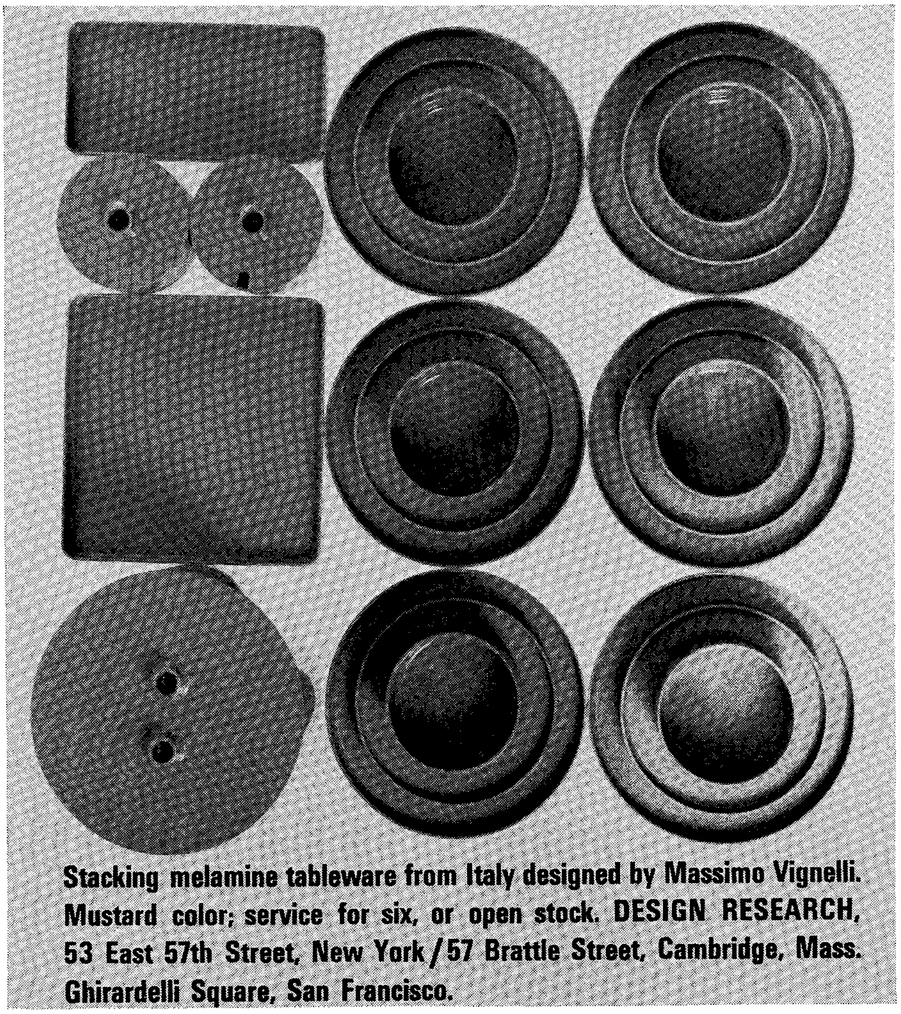
HARRIS TWEED
Harris Tweed
HANDWOVEN
100% VIRGIN
SCOTTISH WOOL

makes its presence known

In tones that animate the Autumn landscape...in textures luxuriant and rich . . . Harris Tweed continues to win admiring approval . . . is a composed and confident part of the current fashion scene. The Orb Mark on the label and this 100% pure Scottish Virgin wool tells you that every yard has been dyed, spun, handwoven and finished in the islands of the Outer Hebrides of Scotland . . . and nowhere else.

Look for the Harris Tweed label with its Orb certification mark to be sure you are buying genuine Harris Tweed. The Harris Tweed certification mark is owned and administered solely by The Harris Tweed Association, Ltd., Academy Street, Inverness, Scotland.

Address U.S. Inquiries to: Suite 807, 295 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



Stacking melamine tableware from Italy designed by Massimo Vignelli. Mustard color; service for six, or open stock. DESIGN RESEARCH, 53 East 57th Street, New York / 57 Brattle Street, Cambridge, Mass. Ghirardelli Square, San Francisco.

than educated guesses. A leading specialist on East Germany told me, "We work like chess players—*blindfolded* chess players. We have to rely on speculation, instinct, judgment. We know more about what is going on in Prague, Warsaw, and Budapest than we do about what is going on five miles from here over the Wall. D.D.R. watching is a lot tougher than China watching. Our area is relatively small, the people on the two sides of the Wall speak the same language, and we are in touch with them—and yet . . ." He shrugged. "I've read 'The Spy Who Came in from the Cold,' and I only wish we had an agent like that."

The technique of security has been developed to something like perfection in East Germany. Walter Ulbricht's secrets are well kept. He and a small group of Politburo members live in a completely secluded, tightly guarded community at Lake Wandlitz, twenty miles north of Berlin. There the top Party people occupy a luxurious ghetto, with its own power plant, shops, schools, and recreation facilities. The important decisions are made by a clique of perhaps not more than twenty people—high-ranking members of the Politburo and the Central Committee—either there at Wandlitz or in the Staatsrat Building, on East Berlin's Marx-Engels Square. This building, a modern structure, has the original door of a historic palace that once stood on the square and from whose balcony, in 1918, Karl Liebknecht proclaimed the first Socialist Republic in Germany. The top Party leaders have hardly any direct contact with the population, getting word of its activities and attitudes from the reports of Party organizations and of the State Security Police. The information apparatus of the S.E.D., or Socialist Unity Party, as the German Communist Party is called, is extremely well organized. On each level, a trusted Party member is held responsible for deciding what must *not* be told to his comrades on that level and what *must* be passed on to the level just below. Since the lower echelons know only what the upper echelons permit them to know, the major decisions in the D.D.R. are a closed book to everyone outside the tiny clique in which the power resides. Even the members of the Party Secretariat don't know all the secrets. The middle group of Party officials (with whom some contacts in the West are said to exist) know very little more than the general population, and simply spread selected information as they are ordered to. And the general population knows only what the S.E.D. paper, *Neues Deutschland*, wants it to know. One consequence of this system is that Western intelligence experts disagree on nearly everything concerning the D.D.R. Some differentiate between a "hard-line" group, referred to as the "bad guys," and a "soft-line" group, hopefully called the "good guys." Erich Apel, a Deputy Prime Minister who is said to have admired Rumania's economic independence to the point where he committed suicide late last year rather than sign a new trade agreement with the Soviet Union, was believed to be a good guy. Another supposed good guy is Willi Stoph, Ulbricht's second-in-command; he is often spoken of as a "real German," which means that he served in the Wehrmacht instead of living in Russia during the war, like his boss. He is said to be a genial fellow, at least by East German standards. The hard line is represented by Politburo members Erich Honecker, Alfred Neumann, and Paul Verner, the last of whom is East Berlin's S.E.D. boss. No one knows exactly where Ulbricht himself stands, but he is said to have mellowed after having reached the Biblical three score years and ten (he is now seventy-three), and to hope now that he will become known as the benevolent *Landes-vater*, the grand old man of East Germany. He also would like to be identified by his own people as a German rather than a Russian, which is what many of them consider him, because of the years he spent in Russia. It is an undoubted fact that the Wall has consolidated Ulbricht's regime. He can afford to relax a bit now, because his people can no longer get away. He is no longer a mere underling of Moscow. On the contrary, thanks to the economic progress that East Germany has made lately, he has become a respected partner. A few years ago, East German economists and scientists went to Russia to study the Soviet economy; today the Russians come to East Germany to study the new methods it has developed, and they tend to use the D.D.R. as a sort of laboratory where still more new ideas can be tried out.

In keeping with his role of elder statesman, Ulbricht now leaves day-to-day decisions to his lieutenants. No one can guess who his successor will be, though. (Both Stoph and Honecker are mentioned as possibilities. When Ulbricht went away for a vacation recently, Honecker appeared at official receptions in his stead, but since the vacation ended Honecker has become invisible and Stoph has been put for-

We hear
you'd prefer
jet travel,

so we're going
to take you
up on it.

Today, if you're ready.

On the all-new prop-jet NORD 262, with its unique one-abreast seating.

Remember our Convairs? They're being renovated. Completely: inside and out. All-new prop-jet exteriors—to get you where you're going in half the while. All-new plush interiors—to take you there in twice the style. And with cocktails, snacks and beverages available on all flights.

Flights of fancy? We hope you'll think so.

What is Lake Central coming to? To the same heart-of-industrial-America cities we've been serving for years. Only lots, lots faster.

As a matter of fact, Mach 1 is just around the corner.

LAKE
CENTRAL
AIRLINES

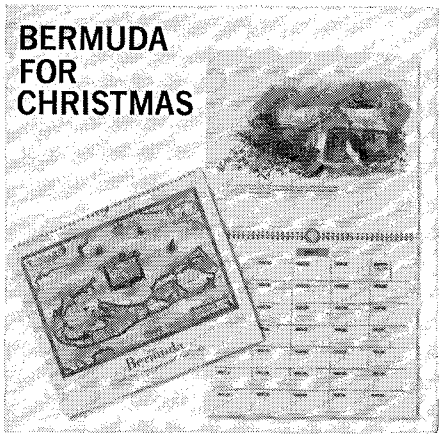
Serving 46 cities in Ill., Ind., Mich., Ohio, Pa., N.Y., Md., W. Va., and D.C.

Simply great

The color, the drape, the autumn zest of living in Ban-Lon® knits of Chemstrand's® Textralized® nylon. From a collection for us alone by Matti of Lynne in a chic print of bottle greens with vintage wine.
8 to 16, $35

BLOOMINGDALE'S
TOWN & COUNTRY
Third Floor
Also at all 4 branch stores
Lexington at 59th • EL 5-5900

ward as the No. 2 man. Such are the straws the experts catch at.) Everybody agrees that no younger East German politician has Ulbricht's skill, his flexibility, or his flair for what can and what cannot be done. In view of Ulbricht's reputation for political cunning, it is hard to imagine what was in his mind last February when, in an open letter to the West German Socialists and trade unionists, he issued a dramatic invitation to talk things over with the East German "Socialists" in a friendly dialogue. The West German Socialist party, the S.P.D., had persistently avoided any contact with the S.E.D. since the original split, at the end of the war, but in March, with a sort of "anything-to-get-started" attitude, the S.P.D. took Ulbricht up on his offer, and agreed to two meetings—one in the East German city of Chemnitz on July 14th and one in the West German city of Hannover on July 21st. In Bonn, the Bundestag expressed its opinion of the proposed get-together by passing a bill guaranteeing the East German officials safe conduct to and from Hannover—a provocative move that called attention to the fact that most of those officials are listed on the West German books as criminals. The announcement of the imminent dialogue caused a flurry of excitement among the East Germans. (A West Berliner I know received a letter from a prospective East German delegate to the talks saying, "We'll be in Chemnitz, even if we have to walk there.") Not that they were naïve enough to expect any world-shaking changes, but they did venture to hope that a discussion might lead to more contacts with the West—an easing of travel restrictions, perhaps, and the resumption of telephone service between East and West Berlin. (The only direct-wire communication between the two Berlins is a teletype cable, and that is reserved for official use.) Other hopes were generated, too. Some people thought this might even be the beginning of a more humane East German policy, in the style of the late Otto Grotewohl. Then, according to the best intelligence reports, Party officials in Dresden and Magdeburg—former Social Democrat citadels—sent SOS messages to East Berlin. Here they had at last conquered the plague of *Sozialdemokratie* (the old, prewar Socialist policy), and look what was happening! The State Security Police sent reports to East Berlin that worried the hard-line Stalinists, and it is believed in some quarters that the Russians were opposed to any dialogue at that time, for



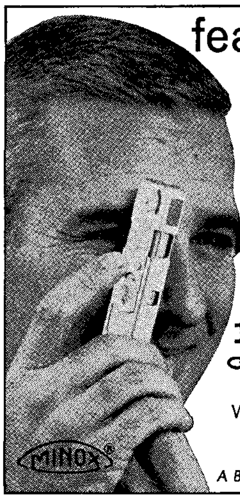
BERMUDA
FOR
CHRISTMAS

ENGAGEMENT CALENDAR
The thoughtful gift for friends you'd like to remember with more than just a card.
6 for $9.50 postpaid

A SPECIAL TREAT FOR THOSE WHO'VE LEFT A PART OF THEIR HEART IN BERMUDA – A VISUAL ENGAGEMENT PAD THAT PRESENTS A WHOLE MONTH AT A GLANCE. LARGE BOXES FOR EASY WRITE-IN. 17TH CENTURY BERMUDA MAP COVER; TEN FULL-COLOR PAINTINGS OF THE ISLAND TODAY. FINE STOCK, 10 x 12" FLAT; SPIRAL BOUND; FOR DESK OR WALL. PACKAGED, READY TO MAIL.

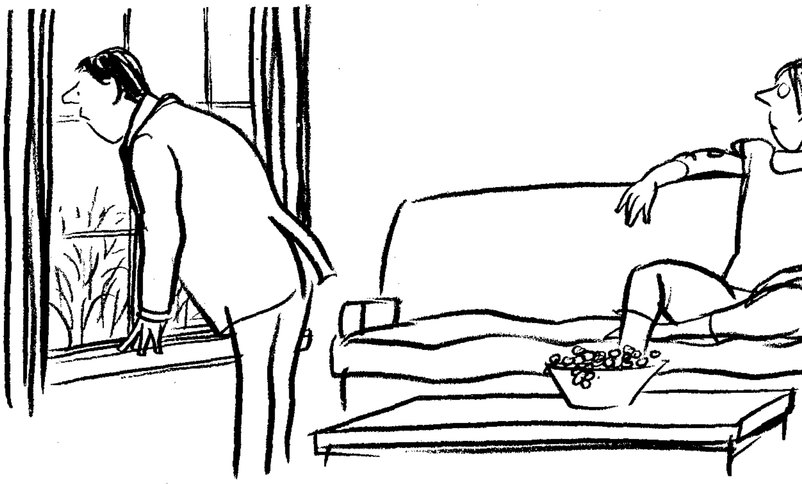
Write TRIMINGHAM'S, Hamilton, Bermuda, Dept. N-35.
Under six, $1.95 each postpaid.
(Add 65c each for Airmail).

Trimingham's
BERMUDA



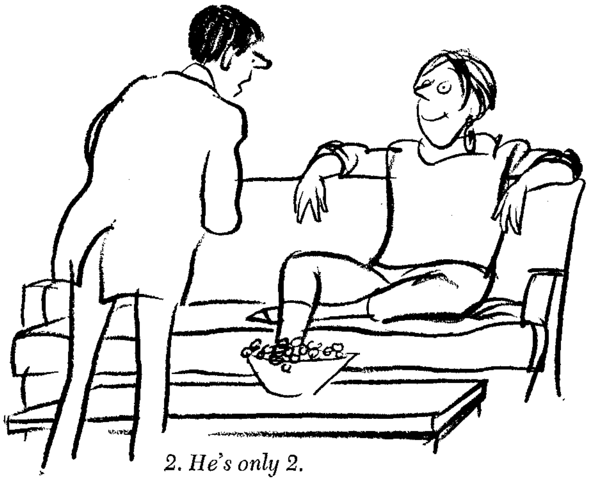
featherlight traveler!
3¼ oz.
Minox camera yields superb sports, pleasure and travel enlargements.
At fine camera stores.
minox
corporation
P. O. Box 1060
Woodside, N.Y. 11377
A Berkey Photo Company

DINE IN LEISURE AT THE
Casino
ON THE
Park
LUNCHEON • PRE-THEATRE DINNER
DINNER • SUPPER • SUNDAY BRUNCH
STEVEN WELTNER AT THE PIANO
Home of the Bombay Bicycle Club
ESSEX HOUSE
VINCENT J. COYLE, V. P. AND MNG. DIR.
TEL. CIRCLE 7-0300
160 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH



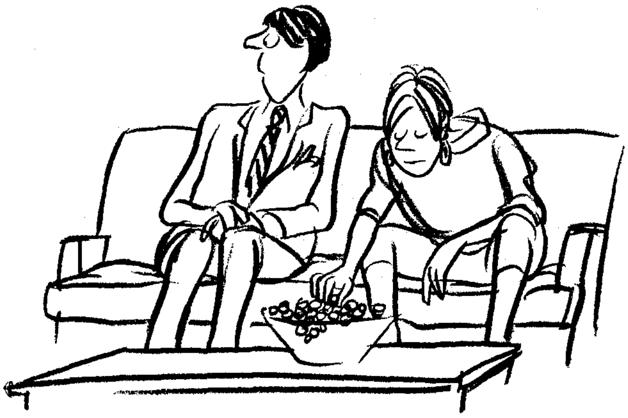
1. Don't you think Freddie's a little young to be selling lemonade?

It's high time he learned the economic facts of life.



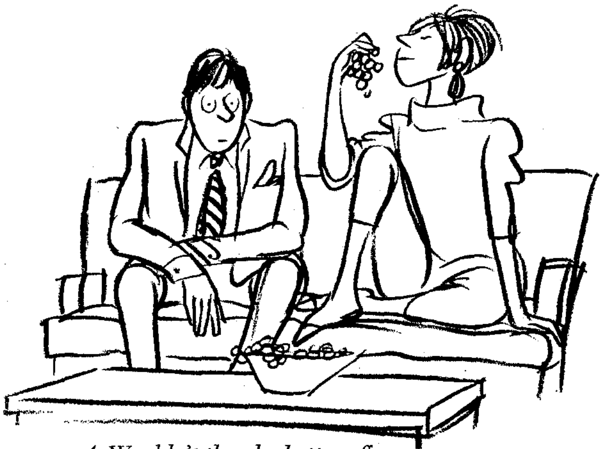
2. He's only 2.

But big for his age.



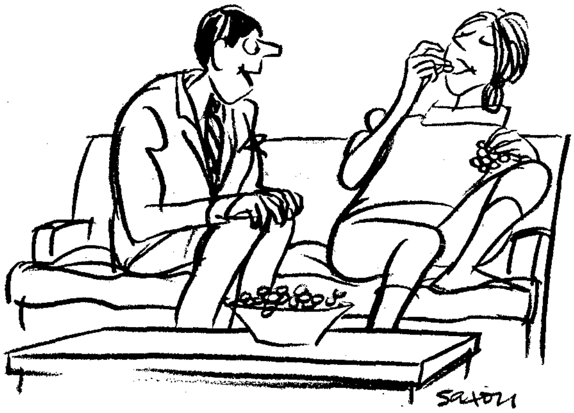
3. And what's that mess Jane is making in the kitchen?

Baking is a useful skill. She's past 3, you know.



4. Wouldn't they be better off making mudpies?

We have to have something to fall back on should something happen to you. I myself am taking up tailoring—I shortened all your trousers today.



5. Wait a minute! If I died, my Equitable Living Insurance would provide for you and the kids. You'd have money to live on, to pay off the mortgage, even educate the kids.

I wonder how you'll look with your ankles showing?

Look ahead with Living Insurance

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States

Home Office: 1285 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019

© Equitable 1966

If this could make George Washington President, think what it could do for you!

Caswell Massey Co. Ltd.
Trade 1752 Mark
Number Six
Cologne Water
Distributed by Caswell-Massey Co. Ltd.
Chemists & Perfumers
New York
Contents 8 oz.

Caswell-Massey No. 6 Cologne Water is strictly for heads of state. Past, present and future. Washington used it years before his inauguration. So did President Adams. Likewise Lafayette. Now, it's your turn. You'll know No. 6 by its high-spirited fragrance. (After 213 years, it's still pretty Revolutionary!)

Cologne Water and After Shave Lotion from $4; Toilet Water from $10; Whale Oil Bath Soap from $4.75.

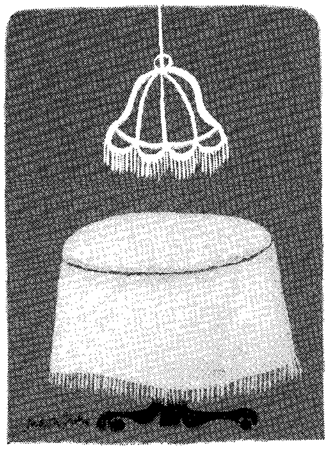
At the best men's shops and department stores, or write:

Caswell-Massey Co. Ltd.
Established 1752
America's Oldest Chemists & Perfumers
114 E. 25th St., New York, N.Y. 10010

the Bucharest Conference of the Warsaw Pact powers was only a week off.

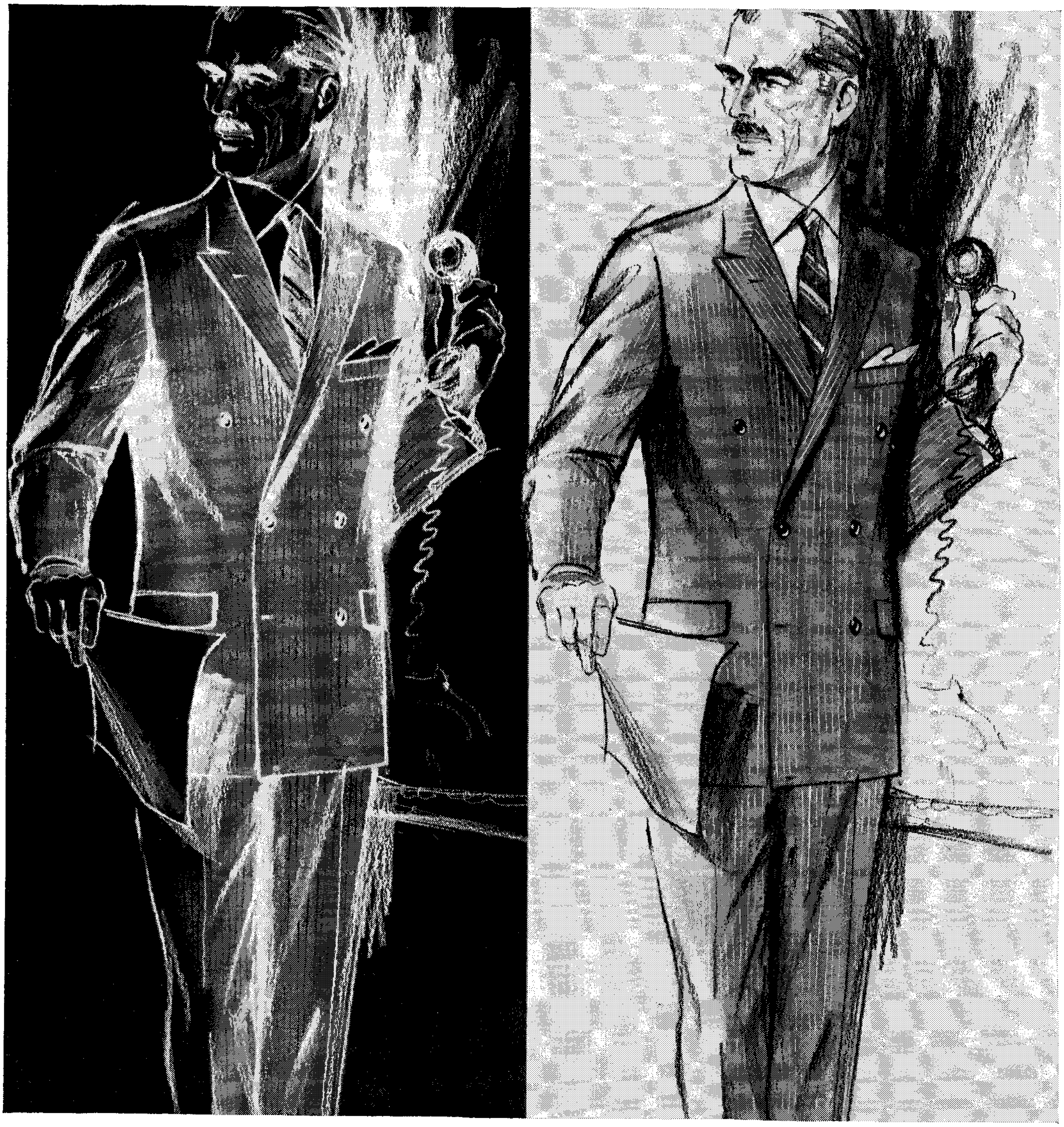
As plans for the Chemnitz meeting proceeded, Ulbricht began to stall, and finally, on June 29th, he announced that both meetings were off, blaming Bonn's safe-conduct act for his decision. This was a clever way of getting himself off the hook, because the safe-conduct act—branded the "handcuff law" in East Germany—was regarded as an insult by most East Germans, including those opposed to the Ulbricht regime. "Not all our leaders are common criminals," they declared resentfully. Observers on both sides of the Wall were left to wonder what Ulbricht had hoped to achieve with the dialogue in the first place. Had he seriously expected to make mischief among the West German Socialists by galvanizing the party's extreme left wing? If so, he must have been disappointed by the overwhelming show of unity at the S.P.D. Convention in Dortmund in June, when the presumptive Western participants in the dialogue—Brandt, Herbert Wehner, and Fritz Erler—received a huge vote of confidence and the moderate leaders remained in complete control. Now all sorts of East-West meetings, such as sports events and cultural, scientific, and medical conferences, have been called off by the East, and the climate has again become icy. The press attacks on the "Bonn revanchists" and the "Western imperialists" are more strident than ever. The thirtieth anniversary of the beginning of the Spanish Civil War was celebrated in East Germany with speeches that drew a parallel between that war and the one in Vietnam. Franz Dahlem, an S.E.D. functionary and a former member of the German brigade that fought against Franco, made a speech in East Berlin in which he compared "the American aggressors in Vietnam" to "the German and Italian aggressors in Spain who bombed cities and villages." Members of the Communist Pioneer youth organization were told by Ulbricht to organize "war games against the Fascists." The boys, who range in age from six to fourteen, were issued Army caps, field glasses, and wooden guns. Among young East Germans, there is widespread concern about the war in Vietnam. Ulbricht was one of the signers of the Bucharest Agreement, whereby the members of the Warsaw Pact promised to send "volunteers" to North Vietnam if Hanoi asked for them. Money and medicines are already being sent, and the East German workers have had to contribute a fraction of their wages to a fund for the relief of the North Vietnamese.

In West Germany, no politician will admit publicly that talk of reunification has begun to sound somewhat hollow in the past two years, but in West Berlin many thoughtful people are frankly pessimistic about reunification, and speak, reluctantly, of the "reality" of "the other Germany." In spite of the Wall, or because of it, East Germany is getting stronger. Life there is getting better, and the East Germans are developing an awareness of themselves as a nation, even though most experts on our side of the Wall believe that if the Wall came down tomorrow a majority of the population would take their chances as refugees in the West in preference to enjoying job security and the other blessings of "Socialism" in the East. West Berliners who have visited their relatives on *Passierschein* days have come to realize that East Berlin is no longer a city of apathy and despair. More and more of them—of all political orientations—feel that the West must intensify its efforts to build bridges to the East, to work toward a *détente*, to "live more closely with the people over there." When you ask just how this is to be done, they have no answer. Obviously, the big political opportunity in West Germany lies with the party that is able to come up with an answer. "The man who does something realistic about the other Germany will become Federal Chancellor," a West Berliner assured me. I reminded him that he hadn't talked that way three years ago. "No," he said. "But time is working against us. We can't wait forever."



As early as last fall, experts in West Berlin were detecting signs that the cultural thaw dating back to 1963 had come to an end and that a new freeze was setting in. East German writers were being forbidden to attend any more conferences in the West. After a soccer game between an Austrian and an East German team in Leipzig around that time, "major" riots were reported to have taken place. Young people had gone on a rampage,

doubly exciting
because
it's Baker



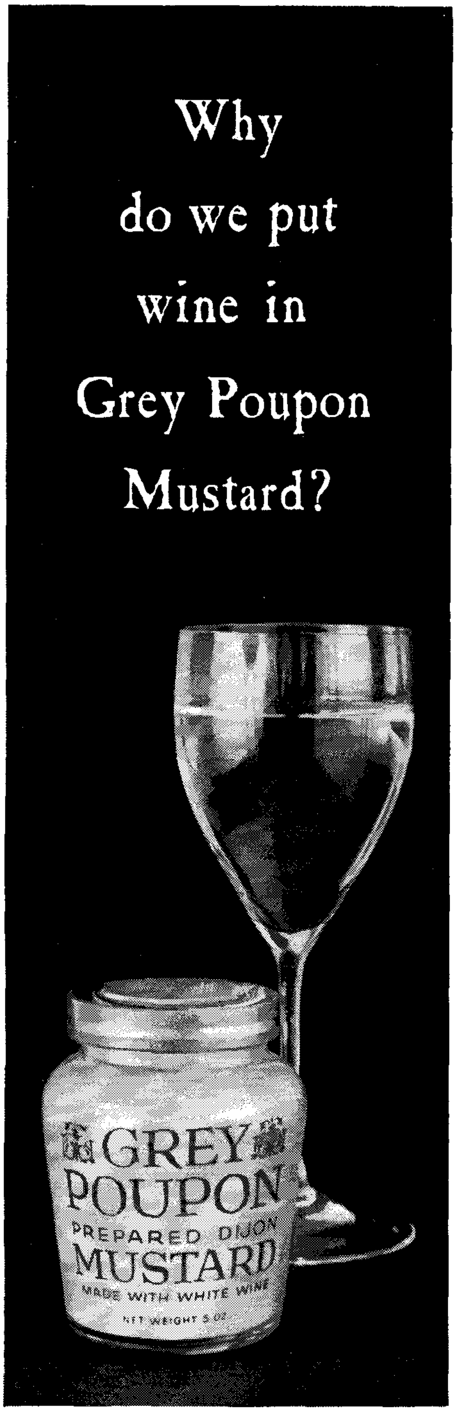
Half of the excitement is Baker's interpretation of the double-breasted suit: six buttons in a superbly striped and subtly shaped worsted. The other half is "hidden": a multitude of hand operations, extravagant hand-tailoring that makes a handsome difference in the way this suit fits, feels, looks and wears!

The "Lockwood," illustrated,
is available at the
social register stores in America

. . . a year or
two ahead

Baker Clothes

1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York City



Why do we put wine in Grey Poupon Mustard?

When it comes to good eating, trust the French. The original Dijon mustard recipe specifies white wine. Leave it out—and something vital is missing. Wine is one of the things that makes Grey Poupon the best mustard you ever tasted. One of the reasons why you will never again be satisfied with ordinary mustard. Grey Poupon is in a class by itself. That's why we're so sure you'll like it. Although Grey Poupon Mustard costs a bit more, it's well worth it.

GREY POUPON®
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

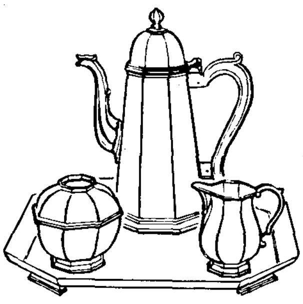
turning over cars and throwing stones at the police. The riots were major only by East German standards (the disturbance was nothing like as great as the one in West Germany when the Beatles arrived), but Paul Fröhlich, the S.E.D. secretary in Leipzig, a hard-line fellow, was much upset by them. The Party ideologists wondered who was to blame for the trouble. The Western imperialists, to be sure, but perhaps also some of their own intellectuals—filmmakers and authors, possibly, who had displayed "dangerous Western trends." The Eleventh Plenum of the Central Committee decided to clamp down on cultural doings. Three scapegoats were named. Professor Robert Havemann, a Munich-born Communist who was a noted physical chemist at Humboldt University, had spoken out against "dogmatism." He lost his job at the university, was thrown out of the Academy of Sciences, and was even expelled from the S.E.D. Havemann still lives in East Berlin, though; he is believed to have powerful friends in Russia who value his research into thermodynamics. A friend of Havemann's, the novelist Stefan Heym, known to Americans as the author of "Hostages" and "The Crusaders," was also accused of speaking out against "dogmatism," of writing dangerous satire, and of being out of step with the Party in general. Though he still lives in East Berlin, he is no longer allowed to represent the regime at international literary gatherings. The third scapegoat was Wolf Biermann, who is much admired on both sides of the Wall as a balladeer and poet. Biermann reminds some people of François Villon and others of the young Bertolt Brecht. He sets his poetry to music and sings it, accompanying himself on the guitar. When Joan Baez, the American folksinger, came to East Berlin in May after attending an anti-American Easter March in Frankfurt, she turned up with Biermann at a television studio where she was to tape a show, and during the program dedicated a "freedom song" to him. Since Biermann had been publicly admonished for his political independence, the S.E.D. *Funktionäre* were visibly dismayed, and the program has yet to be shown on East German television.

Much of the S.E.D.'s anger was directed against East German filmmakers. Several writers and directors were publicly criticized, and a number of recently completed films were not allowed to be shown. One, called "Spur der Steine" ("Trail of Stones") and

Get to know
John Widdicomb furniture
See it at any
John Widdicomb showroom
through your dealer
or decorator

John Widdicomb
MAKERS OF FINE FURNITURE FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

NEW YORK, 205 EAST 58th ST.
PHILADELPHIA, 2301 CHESTNUT ST.
GRAND RAPIDS, EXHIBITORS BLDG.
CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • CLEVELAND • DALLAS • DENVER • HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS • PITTSBURGH • ST. LOUIS • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO



"GEORGE I"
ENSKO
INC.
682 LEXINGTON AVE., N.Y.

"By the la', Harry, this shall not go for nothing!"

Taken from a very old English engraving, this print is attractively hand-colored. Sure to amuse any lover of the sport. Mounted in stunning grey and black frame 1¾" wide. Size over-all: 9" x 11". Priced at $23.75 postpaid.

A small catalog to be available Nov. 1 illustrates other prints published by us. Includes these subjects: Tennis, Golf, Yachting, Lacrosse, Whaling, Skiing plus a selection of college prints. Free on request.

THE MUNSON GALLERY
Established 1860
275 Orange St. New Haven, Conn.

based on a best-selling novel by the East German writer Erich Neutsch, was edited by state censors, released last June at the Workers' Festival in Potsdam, and given its première in East Berlin on July 1st. Some militant Party members created a disturbance, and the film was withdrawn, although it had previously been approved by the S.E.D.'s Film Council. Perhaps the film's portrait of a Party secretary as a rascal who seduces a young woman engineer and pokes fun at the S.E.D. made it seem too risky after all. Even Polish and Czechoslovakian films have been either severely cut or withdrawn altogether. East German intellectuals know that their friends in Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Hungary are dismayed by what is going on in the D.D.R.; they feel isolated not only from the West but from other countries in the Communist bloc. The Ulbricht regime considers the intellectuals very important people and is uneasy about them, yet East German writers and other artists have never achieved the prestige of some of their colleagues in Budapest, Warsaw, and Prague.

THE other afternoon, I drove a rented Opel across the line into East Berlin. At Checkpoint Charlie, the abnormal still seemed to be the normal. On the West Berlin side, small gift shops were doing a good business in cigarettes, chocolate, coffee, and other articles that can be taken into East Berlin in limited amounts. (The only clothing that can be taken in is new clothing, and the sales slip must accompany it.) Near the United States Army sentry station where I checked out, fresh flowers were lying at the base of the simple cross marking the spot where the young East Berliner Peter Fechter was shot in 1962 as he tried to escape across the Wall and was left slowly dying within sight of a helpless West Berlin crowd. Two stoical G.I.s on duty at the checkpoint were listening to jazz on their radio and paying no attention to the heavily armed Vopos—members of the People's Police—across the way. On the East Berlin side, the big stockade that encloses the border-control station had acquired certain embellishments since I was there last. The metal fence had been heightened and strengthened, and the slalom course between blocks of concrete that every car must follow had been simplified. It now consists of two narrow, sharp turns, which have to be managed cautiously. The lawns within the stockade were well kept, and there were nu-

THE
OUT
COAT

Donald Macdonald and his daughters, Grace and Linn.

ANTARTEX SHEEPSKIN

When you're out, be sure you're in Antartex. The warmest coats you can buy. Soft, hardwearing and shower-proof. Antartex jackets and coats are made of the finest sheepskins. By Donald Macdonald, Loch Lomond, Dumbarton, Scotland. 14 styles, 10 colors, in prices ranging from $75 to $165. Dry cleaning service. Catalogue on request.

Antartex
Sheepskin
No. 7 $165.
Fleecy Fur $140.

Antartex
Sheepskin
Special Order

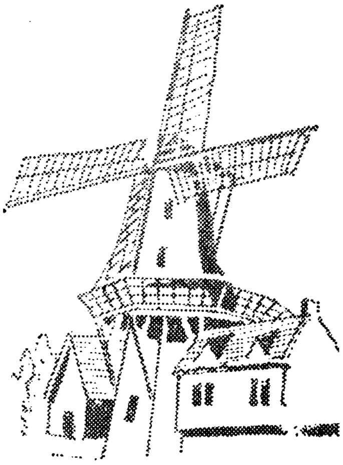
Antartex
Sheepskin
No. 3 $105.

Order from Antartex Warehouse, 1105 Lexington Ave., New York 10021, or visit:

Antartex Sheepskin Shops:

New York City, LE 5-9079,
139 E. 76th St. at Lex. 10021
Cambridge, Mass., 868-6083,
50a Boylston St., Harvard Yard 02138
Middleburg, Va., 687-6545,
U.S. 50 at Washington St. 22117

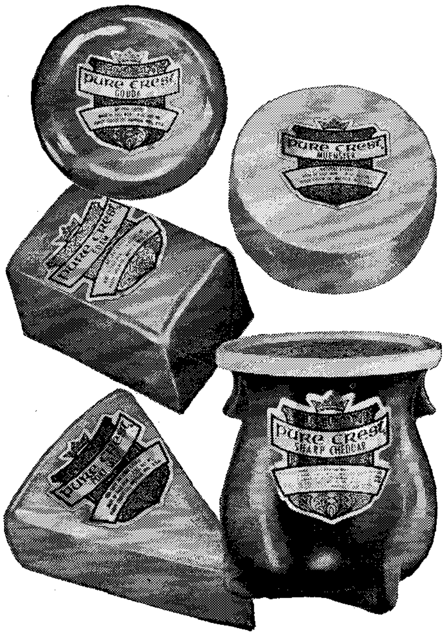
Miami, Fla., 444-0955,
3460 Main Highway, Coconut Grove 33133
Geneva, Ill., 232-4434,
200 South 3rd St. 60134
Minneapolis, Minn., 339-1276,
920 Nicollet Ave. 55402



Adventure Is Just Around The Corner!

Why travel the world over when you'll never find any better cheese than PureCrest — featured just around the corner at your fine food shop. These natural cheeses are masterpieces of curing, each one a treasure of superb texture and flavor.

For those who desire the finest, the exciting gourmet and specialty cheeses by PureCrest are an adventure in themselves.



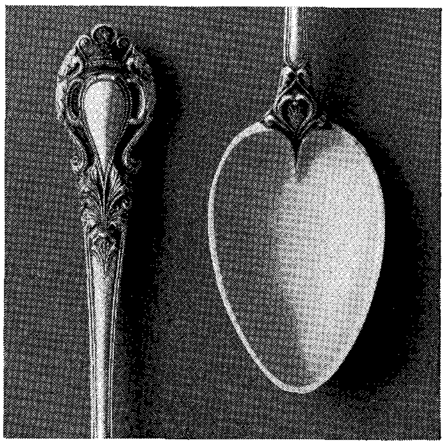
For Your Nearest Fine Food Store Write
PURITY CHEESE COMPANY
Mayville, Wisconsin 53050

merous beds of flowers to brighten up the place. A delegation of Chinese visitors appeared on a high platform near the boundary, from which they gazed impassively into the imperialistic West. The passport and currency checks were being conducted in a wooden barracks, and there I saw a motley crowd of bearded international beatniks who were going over for a look at the German Democratic Republic of Workers and Peasants. They were demonstrating their solidarity with the workers *and peasants by chatting cordially with* the Vopos. There were also several tourists from France and the Scandinavian countries, looking rather uncomfortable, because their passports had been taken from them and slid through a slit in the wall into a rear room. Each tourist had been given a tiny blue stub with a number on it, and each one held his stub carefully between thumb and forefinger, knowing that it was the only proof of his existence at that moment. I turned in my passport and received my stub. (It is sometimes said that the passports are photographed in the mysterious rear room, but I doubt it. The Vopos keep the document for ten or fifteen minutes, possibly in a calculated effort to demonstrate the power and importance of the People's Police.) On one wall, near the entrance, was a photograph of two attractive blondes wearing crash helmets, boots reaching up to their thighs, and practically nothing else; a sign explained that they could be admired at the Lucky Strike Club in East Berlin. On the other side of the entrance was a photograph of Ulbricht, gazing at us benevolently. Free travel folders were lying on a table in the middle of the room. The official D.D.R. travel bureau recommended its Service for Visitors from Abroad, at Hannoversche Strasse 2. An article in an illustrated pamphlet, entitled "The Heart of Berlin, More Beautiful Than Ever," began:

> A bus from Warsaw stops in front of the Hotel Berolina, and near the State Opera Unter den Linden one sees several Renaults with Swiss license plates, Mercedes limousines, and a Fiat sports car from Milan. The traffic cop in Marx-Engels Square shows a Danish businessman how to get to the Foreign Trade Ministry. The guard is changed in front of the Mahnmal Memorial. In the bar of the new Operncafé a Hungarian dancing couple try out new steps, and at the Auditorium Maximum of the Humboldt University the Rektor opens a meeting of the Academic Senate. In the State Library, next to the University, a curator carefully takes a Beethoven autograph out of the safe. It will be shown at an exhibition.... Seconds of the pulse beat

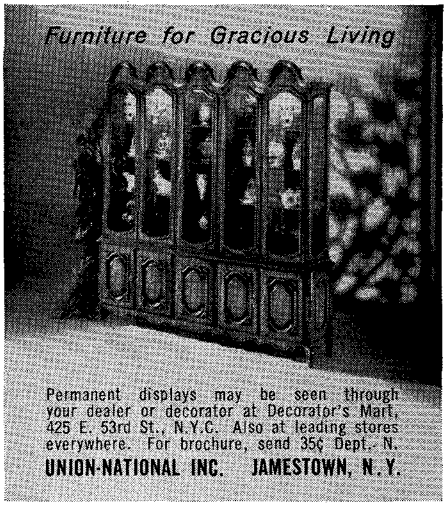
If you weren't born to Royalty, acquire it.

Royal Dynasty
STERLING SILVER



A rich and ornate design with intricate detailing and costly piercing. It does more than set a regal table; it sets a regal tradition. $55 for a six-piece place setting. At authorized Stieff dealers. Write for literature and name of nearest dealer.

Stieff
Wyman Park Driveway/Baltimore, Maryland 21211



Permanent displays may be seen through your dealer or decorator at Decorator's Mart, 425 E. 53rd St., N.Y.C. Also at leading stores everywhere. For brochure, send 35¢ Dept. N.
UNION-NATIONAL INC. JAMESTOWN, N.Y.

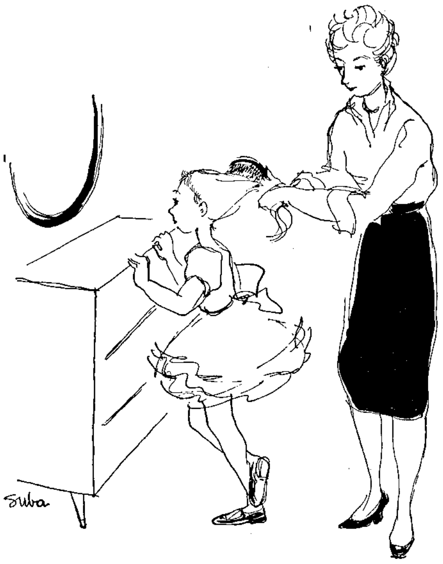
Now Bemelmans Bar is twice as whimsical and the Regency Lounge twice as regal.

We've doubled the room in the Bar, added more Bemelmans whimsy on the walls. And in the new white and gold Regency Lounge, there is Prescott's mural of England's *Frampton Court.*

HOTEL CARLYLE
MADISON AVE. & 76th ST. RH 4-1600

of our city in which we welcome you cordially. . . .

At last, my number was called and my passport returned to me, with a currency-declaration form, which I was asked to fill out. The Vopos were polite and helpful. When I had finally been cleared, I got into the Opel and negotiated the sharp curves between the concrete blocks. At the eastern end of the enclosure, another Vopo looked at my passport, then lifted a black-and-white striped barrier, and I was in East Berlin. A few East Germans were standing on the nearest street corner; because they were not permitted inside the stockade, they were waiting there to meet visitors. I drove toward Unter den Linden, where I had decided to park the car. When I got out, I stared around in amazement. I hardly recognized the place. The last time I was here, only a couple of years ago, the Via Triumphalis had been a ghost street, with a few showy buildings, like the Soviet Embassy, only pointing up the starkness of the ruins on both sides. Modern buildings had now filled in all the gaps. People were strolling between the two rows of linden trees in the middle of the avenue, and cars were parked underneath the trees. I noticed that every intersection now had a traffic light. There was not as much traffic as there is on West Berlin's Kurfürstendamm, but there was a great deal more than I'd ever seen before in my postwar visits. East German traffic experts, I knew, had been predicting that the cities of the D.D.R. would soon have a traffic problem, and now I could believe it. At the end of 1965, the experts said, there were two and a half million automobiles and a million motorcycles in East Germany, and every day three hundred new cars were being added; the D.D.R. now ranked



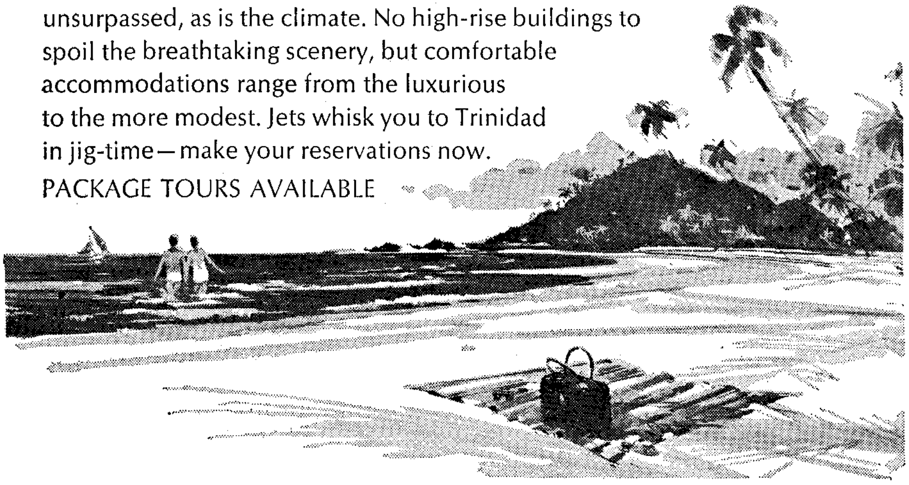
TRINIDAD IS IN

The Smart Set was almost 500 years behind Columbus in discovering Trinidad. But now that Trinidad is "in", things are happening much faster. It takes no time at all to discover that what you see and experience in Trinidad is the **real** thing. It's not imported from some other island or country. Here is where Calypso was born. Here is where steel drums first beat out their irresistible rhythms. Here is where the torrid limbo was first performed by unbelievably supple dancers. Yes, song, music and dance come natural to the gay Trinidadians whose lovely island is blessed with year-round Carnival spirit.

TOBAGO IS OUT OF THIS WORLD

Tobago, only twenty minutes away, seems to be on another planet. This is a completely unspoiled tropical Paradise—a Shangri-La for those who've been everywhere. Palm-fringed, velvet-soft beaches stretch for endless miles, snorkeling is unsurpassed, as is the climate. No high-rise buildings to spoil the breathtaking scenery, but comfortable accommodations range from the luxurious to the more modest. Jets whisk you to Trinidad in jig-time—make your reservations now.

PACKAGE TOURS AVAILABLE



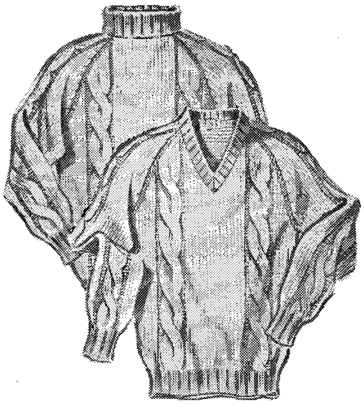
See Your Travel Agent

TRINIDAD AND TOBAGO TOURIST BOARD P.O. Box 1974, Dept. B New York, New York 10017

Chipp

Clothiers Furnishers

CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP CHIPP



CHIPP SWEATERS

. . . evidence the Irish, English and Scottish influence on broadening the color spectrum.

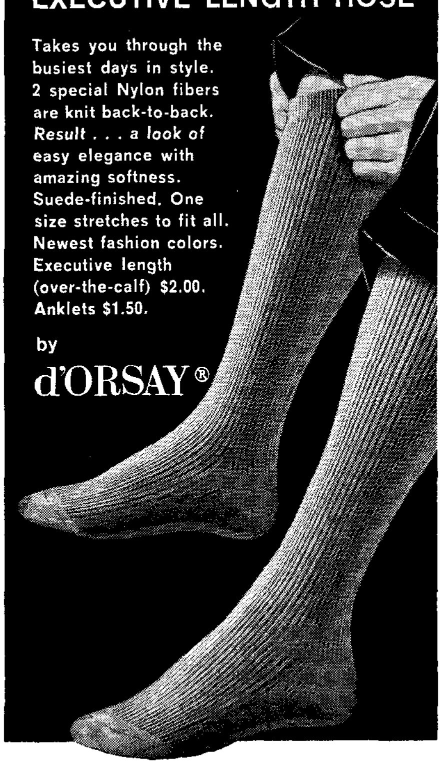
FISHERMAN KNIT—Turtle or Crew $47.50
white, barn red, blue haze
CASHMERE—V-neck Pullover 35.00
lovat, yellow, navy, barn red, natural, grey, slate blue (Slipover-$27.00)
SHETLAND CABLE TURTLENECK 20.00
chamois, corn cob, blue haze, crimson
SHETLAND CABLE V-NECK 20.00
corn cob, lovat, blue haze, chamois
SHETLAND CABLE CREWNECK 18.00
corn cob, lovat, blue haze, crimson, gold mix
LAMBSWOOL—V-neck Pullover 16.00
barn red, navy, yellow, lovat, grey, natural, slate blue (Slipover-$12.00)
BRUSHED SHETLAND CREWNECK 15.50
navy, crimson, lovat, corn cob, natural, blue haze, claret, yellow, frost green.

Please add 75¢ Postage.
Fall Brochure and Travelling Itinerary on Request

14 E. 44th Street
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017

"DEBONAIR"

EXECUTIVE LENGTH HOSE



Takes you through the busiest days in style. 2 special Nylon fibers are knit back-to-back. *Result . . . a look of* easy elegance with amazing softness. Suede-finished. One size stretches to fit all. Newest fashion colors. Executive length (over-the-calf) $2.00. Anklets $1.50.

by
d'ORSAY®

Featured at **LORD & TAYLOR**

New York, Manhasset, Westchester, Millburn, West Hartford, Bala-Cynwyd, Garden City, Jenkintown, Washington, Falls Church.

eighth among the countries of the world in the production of automobiles, and by 1970 annual production was expected to reach seven hundred thousand units. And yet customers at the East Berlin automobile salon Unter den Linden are being told that they may have to wait as long as four years for a car. No one may buy a car on the installment plan. On the contrary, a down payment has to be made months in advance. Last year, the price of the Wartburg, East Germany's medium-priced car, went up from 15,100 marks to 16,800—that is, from thirty-eight hundred dollars to forty-two hundred dollars—but there is clearly an excellent market for it among the prospering managers, technicians, scientists, professors, engineers, and doctors.

I went into the official Information Office just behind the Hotel Berolina, which is a skyscraper with a façade of blue ceramic tile, and there I saw a scale model of "the new Berlin" that had been set up on a large table. "The new Berlin" began at the Brandenburg Gate, but the model did not include the adjacent Wall. A *Funktionär* with a Party emblem in his lapel explained that "the Socialist Reconstruction of the capital of the D.D.R." had been decreed in 1958 by the S.E.D. *Parteitag* and was to be finished around 1970. One of the main attractions, and the principal future landmark of the city, he said, would be a new television tower—a column of white concrete twelve hundred feet high. Work on it had begun earlier this year, and had already progressed to about two hundred and sixty feet. "It will be the tallest tower in Europe—taller than the Eiffel Tower," the official said proudly. "At a height of six hundred and fifty feet, there will be a restaurant for eight hundred people, from which you can look out over our new city while you enjoy coffee and *Torte*." (In West Berlin, later, I was told that some East Germans are uneasy over the possibility that the tall TV tower may be used to jam Western programs.)

The official described other features of "the new Berlin," pointing them out with a cane as he talked. "The Alexanderplatz will be completely rebuilt, five times as large as it is today," he said. "This will be our largest hotel, with two thousand rooms. It will be surrounded by tall office buildings, and here there will be a central department store, with a fifteen-thousand-square-yard sales area. The Educational Institute, which was completed in 1964, stands there. Because of the

Imported . . .

ROYALL LYME *and* ROYALL BAY RHUM
TOILET LOTIONS

ROYALL LYME, made with the centuries-old technique of equelling the sweet oils of hand-pressed, plump West Indian limes and . . . **ROYALL BAY RHUM**, contains oil of the Bay Leaf, MENTHA PIPERITA and CAMPHYRE to produce cool and pleasurable after shave comfort.

At fine stores

ROYALL LYME LTD.
232 Madison Ave., N. Y. C. 10016

KOBE COAT

Comfortable, simple, light . . . for the man who enjoys his leisure. Made in the Orient of "Fuji" . . . a silken rayon mixture. Finely striped in Maroon, Blue, or Golden Brown. One size fits all.

$10 ppd.

JU 2-3622

send for new catalog

Penthouse Gallery
485 Madison Ave. at 52nd St., N.Y.C.

JOHN GARY

is romantically inclined in the

PERSIAN ROOM

October 5-November 1
Performances at
9:15 & 12:15
For reservations call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA
HOTEL CORPORATION OF AMERICA

wide frieze along its façade, people call it 'the giant with the sash on.' It will have the largest pedagogical library—four hundred and fifty thousand volumes—in *all* of Germany. Close to it is the Congress Hall, with twelve hundred seats. . . . Now let's look at Brandenburg Gate, the gate of peace." The official waited to let this sink in, then said, "Pariser Platz, the square in front of the Gate, will remain open, surrounded by trees. Around the Gate itself, there will be circular traffic, if and when our neighbors want it. Carl Gotthard Langhans, the builder of the Brandenburg Gate, would have liked this idea. The Gate will be comparable to the Étoile in Paris. A visitor entering our new city by way of the Brandenburg Gate will have a splendid view of Unter den Linden." I remembered as he spoke that I had heard much speculation in West Berlin over whether the Ulbricht regime would transfer Checkpoint Charlie from its present, unattractive site to the Brandenburg Gate, where visitors could get a different first impression of "the new Berlin."

Unter den Linden now ends at the Lindenforum, a complex of state institutions consisting of the former Zeughaus, or Armory (now the Museum of German History); the Memorial to the Victims of Fascism; Humboldt University; the Old Palais; the former Royal Library (now the State Library); and the former Prinzessinnen-Palais (now the Operncafé). "Our D.D.R. princesses are happier than the princesses who used to live here," the Information official said. "The center of the Lindenforum is the rebuilt State Opera, with Bebel Square to one side and St. Hedwig's Cathedral behind it. Nearer to the Brandenburg Gate, at the corner of Unter den Linden and Friedrichstrasse, on the site of the former Café Bauer, there will be a café restaurant for a thousand people, and on the other side of the avenue, where you may remember the Café Kranzler, there is an apartment house and the administrative offices of Walter Felsenstein's new Komische Oper, which stands nearby. Hotel Unter den Linden, with four hundred rooms, is now in operation—a luxurious place for our guests."

The cane flicked from square to square, and the Information official rattled off the names of new structures, built or planned, and their functions—Marx-Engels Square, the Staatsrat Building, the House of Youth and Students, the Volkskammer (parliament), the Council of Ministers, a monument to Marx and Engels (to stand in the square "that was the

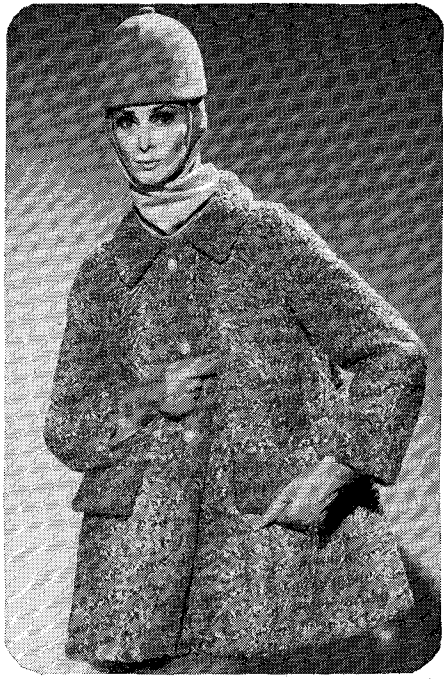
THE PURE SILK LUXURY TOPCOAT. The whole world looks to London for leadership in men's clothes and London looks to Aquascutum. This coat is a magnificent expression of the best in British craftsmanship. Silk has always defeated tailors who tried to make good looking coats of it. Now Aquascutum alone have triumphed with their new own-weave cloth and special tailoring. The result is the ultimate in luxury lightweight topcoats. At 100 Regent Street, London and fine stores throughout America, priced about $125. For name of your nearest, write or phone.

1966
THE QUEEN'S AWARD
TO INDUSTRY

Aquascutum
LTD. OF LONDON, ENGLAND
2 EAST 37 ST., NEW YORK 16, N.Y., MU. 5-9570

BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER,
MAKERS OF WEATHERPROOF GARMENTS
AQUASCUTUM LONDON LIMITED

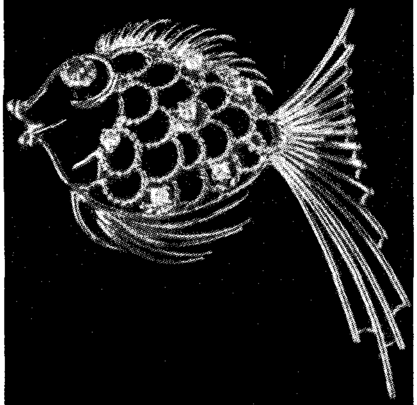
Discover collector's furs at N-M:



New flare silhouetted in grey Persian lamb. Our wonder world of furs is a few jet hours away. No traveling time? We'll fly to you with the finest fur selections.

Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

C'EST LES BERNARD



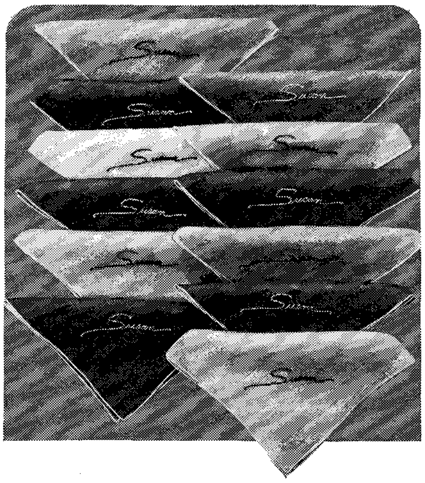
A FISH FOR COMPLIMENTS: poisson-shaped pin of polished and roped fourteen karat gold-plated sterling. The twinkle of the eye, a pseudo sapphire, skillfully diamond-set. $25. From a fascinating collection at Sakowitz, F & R Lazarus, Kaufman's Vendome. Or write Les Bernard, Inc., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016, or call ORegon 9-8855.

C'EST LES BERNARD

scene of violent class struggles, where the Volksmarine Division fought during the November Revolution in 1918"), and Museumsinsel, an island in the Spree, on which are clustered the Bode Museum, the Pergamon Museum, the National Gallery, the New Museum, and the Old Museum. "The restoration of the Old Museum cost over sixteen million marks," the official said. He aimed his cane at some new buildings along the Spree. "The Spree is one of the few rivers in Europe to flow through a big city that has not used its banks as the site of beautiful buildings and elegant promenades. Think of the Thames, the Seine, the Danube. Here in Berlin, the capitalists had no sense of beauty, and around 1900 they began to put up factories and wharves along the river for their own profitable ends. Today, we are beautifying the banks with parks and promenades. Incidentally, the whole of East Berlin will be heated centrally, by a big oil-burning installation, which will produce heat in winter and air-conditioning in summer. The D.D.R. has no oil of its own, but the Friendship Pipeline, which starts at Kuibyshev, in the Soviet Union, and crosses Poland, has now been extended into our country, so we'll soon get all the oil we need."

The official put down his cane and walked to the door to shoo away two young men who had drifted in during his briefing. They wore slim trousers and had Beatle haircuts, framing bored faces, and each carried a transistor radio blaring rock 'n' roll. I thought I might have seen them before, on the other side of the Wall, but they were East Germans all right.

The new appearance of East Berlin is matched by a new atmosphere, very different from that of three years ago. The people are beginning to see the fruits of their hard work, and they are proud of having achieved so much against heavy odds. Some observers speak of a "new East German nationalism," but this is not quite accurate, for nationalism in any part of Germany is bound to be German, not East German or West German. What the East Germans seem to be feeling most strongly is satisfaction that they need no longer merely accept orders from Moscow, and that people from other Eastern countries come to East Germany to learn something. People still are depressed about the Wall, but they have learned to live with it, because, as one of them said to me, "it's there and it's going to remain there." East Germany now has the highest living stand-



SHE'LL LOVE THESE...
IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS

12 assorted costume colored pure linen handkerchiefs. Excellent quality. Meticulously hand-rolled. Her name expertly embroidered in white.
BOX OF 12 .... $15.85
(per name)

Charge accounts invited. No C.O.D.'s. Catalog upon request.

MOSSE Linens
52 EAST 57 NEW YORK 22

NEW YORK'S BELOVED
Algonquin

Superb pre-theatre dining...and just a stroll to your theatre.
After-theatre drinks and Supper Buffet with "the talk of the town"

HOTEL Algonquin
59 WEST 44th ST.. NEW YORK • MU 7-4400

Indoor parking (no charge) for dinner guests and weekend visitors.

Leave it to the Italians to put romance in coffee!

Romance your taste with EXPRESSO COFFEE LIQUEUR! So smooth, so enticingly rich in flavor. Serve it tonight and often!

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR

EXPRESSO
COFFEE LIQUEUR
Bottled in Italy

Send for free recipes: Foreign Vintages, 630 5th Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Sole U.S.A. Distributors. 60 proof.

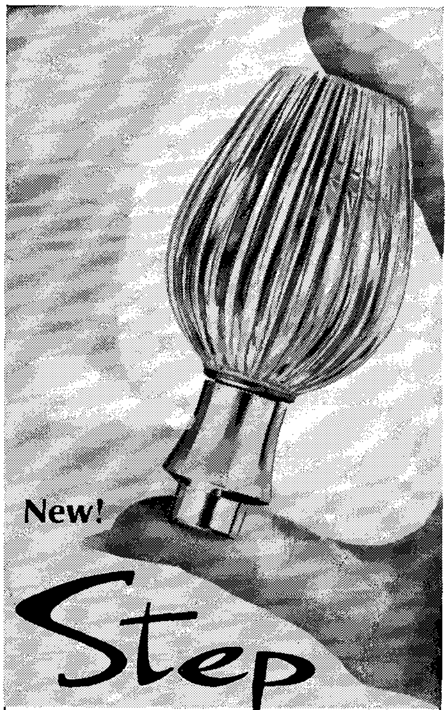
ard of any Communist country in the world, and people point out that although the D.D.R. received some financial assistance from the Soviet Union, it never got anything comparable to the aid given West Germany under the Marshall Plan.

The political attitudes of people here are determined largely by age. The elderly *Rentner*, or pensioners, who have to live on a hundred and twenty-four marks a month (thirty-one dollars)—barely enough to keep body and soul together—are solidly pro-Western, but they account for less than a quarter of the population. Children under fifteen account for another quarter. They are educated the way the regime wants them educated and know little of life beyond the Wall, so they don't question things. The young people between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five are the ones that the government is most concerned about; there are a lot of angry young men among them, dissatisfied with the old Stalinists, the Party hacks, the local functionaries. Finally, there is the generation of between thirty-five and sixty-five—the generation that includes the new managers, engineers, scientists, teachers, and technicians, who work hard, have achieved something, and would be unwilling to give up Socialist blessings like free medical care, cheap vacations, and low rents, though they wouldn't mind seeing less of the State Security Police. If a free and secret election were held tomorrow, they would certainly vote for some sort of "enlightened Socialism," as opposed to Ulbricht's version. They feel that the West has written them off, and they have bitter things to say about the rich, self-satisfied people in West Germany who don't want to be bothered with poor relations. "Naturally, we would like to have passports and be able to travel to France and Italy and Switzerland, but since we can't, we go to the Black Sea, or to the Tatra Mountains, in Slovakia, or to our Baltic beach resorts," a member of the over-thirty-five generation told me when I dropped in at his office for a chat. "Almost everybody can afford a trip like that. Two-week vacations, everything included, start at thirty-five marks, or nine dollars, and go up to ninety marks, or twenty-two dollars, for people with incomes above a thousand marks. Naturally, we would also like more luxury goods, but we know that imports are expensive. If we want fine woollens, French perfumes, and good coffee, we expect to pay for them. On the other hand, the necessities of life are cheap

Nothing surpasses a black-and-white Bachrach portrait except a portrait in Bachrach Direct Colour.

The cherished portrait is by Bachrach

Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PLaza 5-6233
Boston • Philadelphia • Washington • Short Hills, N.J. • Baltimore


New!

Step

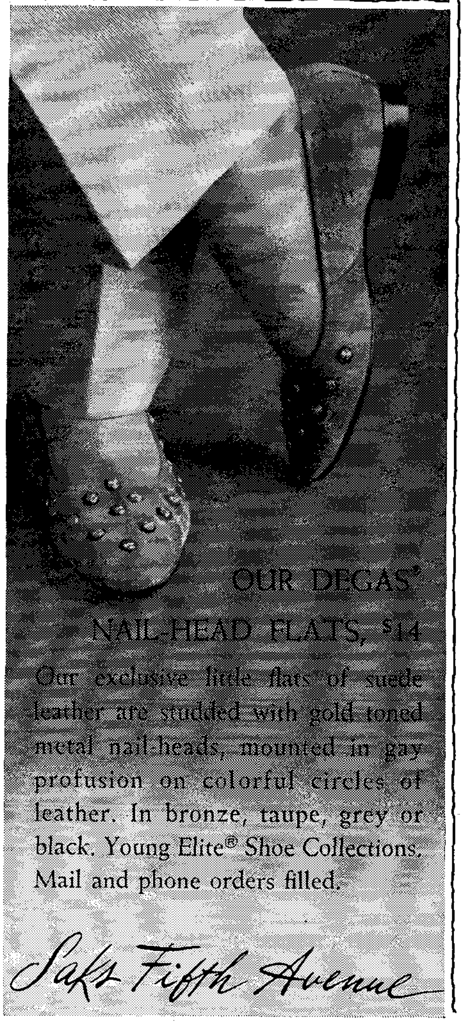
Perfume Dispensers give you more fragrance from your perfume

New patented perfume and cologne dispenser from France sprays such fine mist that perfumes stay fresher, last longer. **Absolutely leakproof, evaporation-proof, fully guaranteed.** Beautiful styles for purse and vanity table. As shown in Crystal table model. $12.00

others from $3.50-$35.

At fine stores everywhere

Step 5 E. 57 St., N.Y.


OUR DEGAS® NAIL-HEAD FLATS, $14

Our exclusive little flats of suede leather are studded with gold-toned metal nail-heads, mounted in gay profusion on colorful circles of leather. In bronze, taupe, grey or black. Young Elite® Shoe Collections. Mail and phone orders filled.

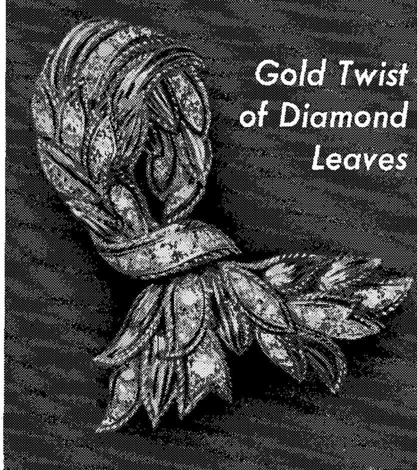
Saks Fifth Avenue

here. A cup of coffee at the new Café Moskau in Karl-Marx-Allee costs two marks, but I can get a decent lunch at our canteen for one mark. I pay sixty-five marks a month for our three-room apartment, and fifteen marks for the garage. Sometimes there are sudden price rises—a while ago, automobile batteries suddenly went up a hundred per cent—but we get along."

I saw many visitors from Eastern countries—Poles, Czechs, Russians, Hungarians—shopping in Karl-Marx-Allee. A contented-looking Russian bought three pairs of shoes at sixty-four marks a pair, peeling the bills off a thick wad of money. East Berlin is not the Paris of Eastern Europe—this distinction belongs to Budapest—but it is the leading shopping center; perhaps it might be called the Zurich of the Eastern world. At the Centrum Department Store on Alexanderplatz, there was a surprisingly varied selection of colors and designs on the textile counters, and a wide choice of furniture and household goods. A few years ago, the customer at this department store was always wrong and there was practically no service. Now the Centrum has salesgirls who are considerably friendlier than the ones in West Berlin (or, for that matter, in New York)—they really provide service with a smile—and there are posters everywhere exhorting customers to complain if they don't find what they want. Out on the street, the posters bearing political slogans have disappeared; in their places are posters advising people to relax, to take a vacation, to visit the nearest office of the D.D.R. travel agency. At least some of the people in positions of authority seem to have taken this advice to heart, for there is a sense of relaxation everywhere—among the new generation of managers, who are giving some attention to consumer goods; among the economic leaders, whose thinking now reveals a certain flexibility (though the word "profit" is still taboo); among the workers, who are the beneficiaries of new thinking about incentives and premiums; and among the technical directors of industry, who are given a good deal of freedom to experiment. "We no longer go ahead and make mistakes and then try to repair them," an East Berliner said to me. "We try things out first. We have become the industrial testing ground for all of Eastern Europe."

The war in Asia and the problem of China worry the East Germans. The Ulbricht regime follows the Moscow

VAN CLEEF & ARPELS
"Paris Jewel Boutique"


Gold Twist of Diamond Leaves

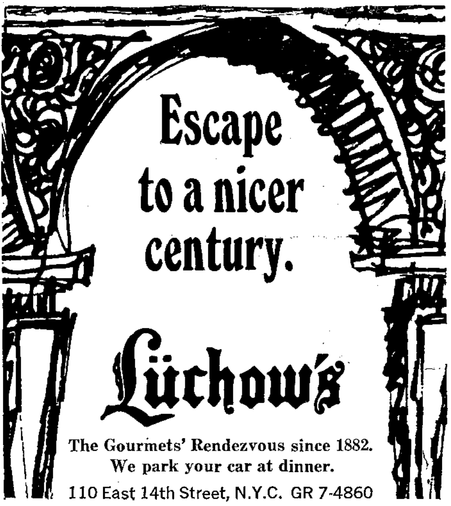
An exciting new look to compliment your fall wardrobe, spray clip with leaves fashioned of smooth and twisted 18 kt. gold, highlighted with sparkling pavé diamonds . . . $1,400. Matching ring and earclips available.
Design © Actual size.

746 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

LOST AND FOUND

In our twin castles by the sea you can really get lost to the world's cares. Some of our guests found that out years ago.

Chalfonte·Haddon Hall
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N.J.
Call Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York/Chicago/Washington/Boston/Toronto
For Reservations: Call collect 609-344-5131


Escape to a nicer century.

Lüchow's

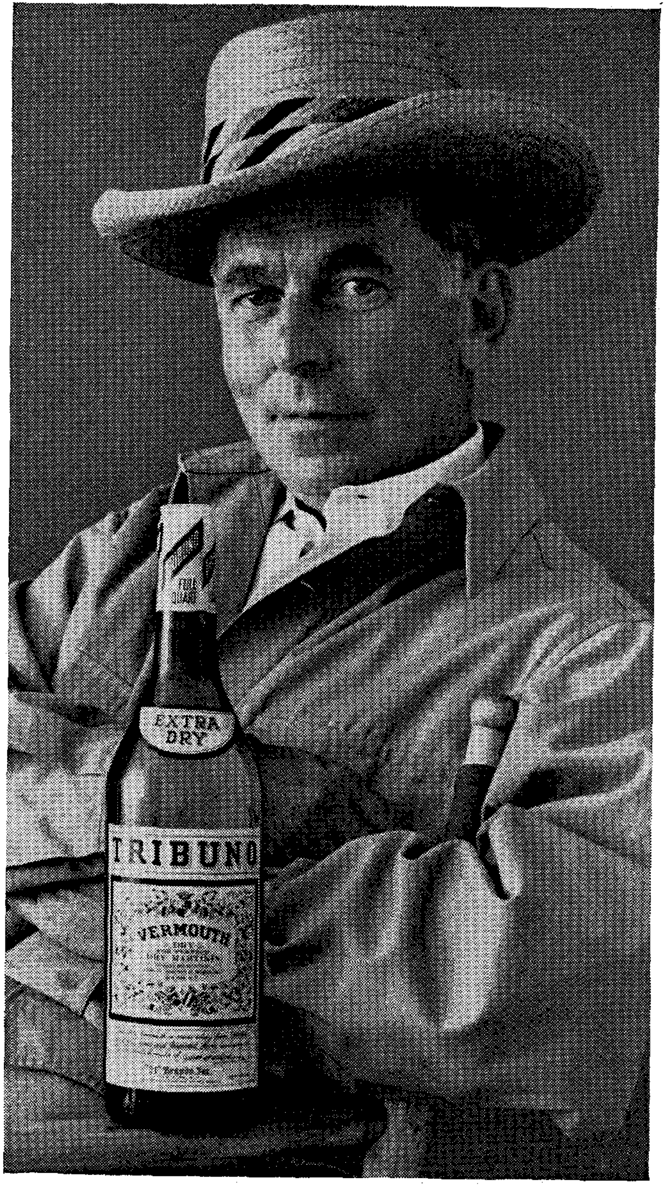
The Gourmets' Rendezvous since 1882.
We park your car at dinner.
110 East 14th Street, N.Y.C. GR 7-4860

line, and though *Neues Deutschland* has a correspondent in Peking, the paper rarely carries any news of China. But while the Sino-Soviet conflict is never analyzed, rarely even referred to, there is much concern about it. The Chinese are distrusted; they won no friends here when they accused the Russians of "selling out the D.D.R. to West Germany." Many East Germans nevertheless fear that the regime may be maneuvered into a corner. There is open criticism of Rumania, which is trying to break away from the Soviet hegemony, and which stands in relation to the Warsaw Pact as France does to NATO.

Before heading back to the West, I drove out to the suburbs, where large housing developments have risen in the past three years. Most of the houses, which range in size from one-story bungalows to sixteen-story apartment buildings, are put together in prefabricated sections, complete with windows and plumbing. The sections are set in place by cranes, and it takes about two hundred days to put up a ten-story building. The land between the new buildings was still plowed up; next year, a caretaker told me, there would be a lawn. Already, though, there were flowers on the balconies and a forest of television antennas on the roofs. The percentage of TV viewers is about as high as it is in England. People come home from work and settle right down in front of the television screen. Tuning in on Western programs is permitted, and they are quite popular. East Berliners, it seems, particularly love commercials for products they cannot buy. Certain West German programs have had considerable impact. A few days after a series of television interviews with "unorthodox" Western Communists, such as Austria's Ernst Fischer and Italy's Lucio Lombardo-Radice, whose views were at odds with those of the S.E.D. ideologists, the Party newspaper *Neues Deutschland* bitterly criticized the Comrades in the West.

On the way back to Checkpoint Charlie, I stopped at the new Komische Oper, which is nearing completion—an impressive rectangular structure faced with big white slabs of stone. The only decoration on the façade is three round arches behind large glass windows. During the construction of the new house, Felsenstein's company has been on tour, in Germany and abroad. When I reached the checkpoint, night had fallen, and it was very dark—bright street lights are still considered

"21" Brands, Inc. SOLE AGENTS IN U.S.A. VERMOUTH INDUSTRIES OF AMERICA, NEW YORK, N.Y.



Only one man knows Tribuno's secret

...and he keeps it under his hat!

Only this man, John L. Tribuno, knows the secret for making one of the world's *great vermouths . . . and he* keeps it under his Knox Planter. The secret is in the blending of 30 rare botanicals into a smooth, delicate vermouth that imparts a unique flavor to your cocktails. Tribuno Vermouth never overpowers. Get Tribuno, the vermouth blended for American tastes. Extra-Dry for frosty martinis. Sweet for crisp manhattans. *And for a special taste treat,* try Tribuno Extra-Dry or Tribuno Sweet on the rocks.

TRIBUNO VERMOUTH

CLARKS ORIGINAL **DESERT® BOOTS** ARE
UNNECESSARILY HANDSOME.

But with proper loving
neglect you can make
them look like this in
three or four years.

Desert Boots come in
Sand, Teak Brown or
Loden Green Suede
with Plantation Crepe
Soles at $14.95
(slightly higher in
Canada) at better
stores coast to coast

AND NOW
CLARKS ORIGINAL **DESERT BOOTS**
"JUST LIKE DAD'S"
FOR YOUR
YOUNG MAN

For the first time, that young man of yours can wear "Made in England" Clarks Desert Boots. These boots are distinguished by the same craftsmanship and materials that have made Clarks Desert Boot a world-wide favorite; and they are tough enough to take a boy-type beating.

Sized from 2½ through 6
in narrow and medium
widths in sand suede.
The price is
only $10.95.

Clarks
OF ENGLAND
333 BOSTON POST RD., NORWALK, CONN.

a capitalistic luxury—but the checkpoint area was brilliantly illuminated. I drove through the outer barrier and parked in front of a second barracks, where outgoing visitors are checked through. Again I received a stub with a number, but then I went back to the car, accompanied by a Vopo, who asked me to open the trunk and the doors and to raise the hood. He looked everywhere, conscientiously lifting up the front seats and letting his hand glide below the back seats. Eventually, I was allowed to drive on, around the sharp curves, and was stopped again in front of another barrier. Ahead of me I could see the G.I.s in their shed, and hear their radio music. A Vopo on guard at the right side of the barrier shifted his submachine gun and took my stub. On the left side was a second Vopo, on a low platform. He was talking on the telephone and watching the Vopo who was leaning into my car. Off to the right, a third Vopo stood on a high tower rising above the Wall. His submachine gun was aimed at me, or possibly at his colleague next to me. The well-guarded border guard gave me a stony glance and slowly lifted the barrier. I drove through the Wall and across the white line marking the boundary, and stopped in front of the G.I.s' shed. —JOSEPH WECHSBERG

• •

THE BEAVER'S STORY

The violent praise the destructive rites of the hawk;
A kingly deceit has the snake,
Vigilant, sinuous in leaves,
Coiled in a pattern of envy,
With a tongue of venom.

Deep forests protect the weak and provoke the strong.
Like a tree, antlers spring
From the velvet head of the elk.
Wolves hunt in a pack.
Ferocious bears have their cave in rock.

I would impose a form on the barbarous wilderness.
I do not trust the trees.
I trust my own teeth
To move them to my design
Away from this carpentry of death.

Flying out of the sunset, stiff, petalled lilies to pluck,
Flamingoes alight on the lake.
I study their stilted reflection.
At dawn they are gone.
In the reeds, the industrious moorhen,

So early building a nest where those fires were banked,
Knows already by instinct
How high, when the long rains come,
The water will flood, whose calm
Shall make the unwary succumb.

This benevolent water deceives who will not use it.
It speaks in my language, tacit.
In a climate of fear and conflict,
A secret architect,
I carry the plans of the city.

I construct where hostile conditions hold others in bondage.
I fell, and measure to usage,
Turning the course of the river,
Dragging logs of my labor
To uphold the measure of life.

Against wild nature I set the cool and Athenian;
A metrical city is mine:
Lanes in harmony laid
From the central beat of the blood.
I do not sprawl. I saw to the level of need.

—VERNON WATKINS

(Advertisement)

DINK STOVER ENCOUNTERS A RIVAL

OR "BYRON THORNCROFT IV ENTERS THE ADVERTISING FIELD!"

In which the agency hires a promising fellow, fresh out of Princeton, to share some of Dink's responsibilities in the media department, much to the latter's restrained enthusiasm.

As the scene opens, the Media Director has just escorted a clean-cut, crew-cut new arrival to the agency inside Dink's tiny cubicle. All three sit down amiably and prepare to chat. The Media Director opens the conversation:

"DINK," he began, addressing our hero by his nickname as chums often do in the advertising business, "meet the new man in our department. Byron Thorncroft IV! He comes to us with the enthusiastic endorsement of none other than the Board Chairman of ________" (here Dink's boss named his agency's most lucrative, prestige account).

Dink and Byron clasped each other's hand in vise-like grips, looked each other in the eye and said, "Bully, meeting you" in unison.

The Media Director continued: "Byron's a great admirer of yours, Dink. In fact, he confessed to me that it was your 14 touchdowns at Yale that inspired him to shatter the all-time Ivy League record — which, as you know, he did quite handily."

Dink smiled engagingly. "So this chap is the redoubtable Byron Thorncroft," he thought to himself. "And, just imagine, he's going to work in my little department . . . "

"Byron will be sharing a part of your office for the time being", his Boss explained. "Take him in tow. Show him the ropes. I expect soon *he'll* be making media presentations as creatively inspired as *Dink Stover's*," the Media Director concluded, then departed, happily humming "Nassau Hall."

Dink regarded Byron good-naturedly, "You can't imagine what a big kick it is for me to meet you, er — Byron."

"Please call me 'Tiger,' Mr. Stover," the neophyte importuned. "Everybody did at Princeton. Sir, I wasn't joshing when I said hat your magnificent gridiron career was the mpetus — the spur, if you will — that carried me on to even greater heights of success. Not that I don't expect some young chap to come along eventually and even eclipse my record," he added self-effacedly.

"I wager it will be years before somebody does," Dink said sportingly. "But please, Tiger, call me 'Dink.' And now to business. I suppose you majored in Eco. Have you ever developed a media presentation?"

Tiger shook his head. "Gosh, no. I studied Etruscan Civ mostly. By the way, Dink, sir, what exactly does 'media' mean?"

Dink felt a sudden surge of sympathy for the fellow. Clearly he needed reassurance. "Media is simply the vehicle for carrying advertising. Later on today you may be given a very important assignment to appraise the flourishing New England market. What you're to look for is maximum reach within your target audience; a favorable cost-efficiency level; deep penetration for prime prospects; gross impressions; media weight delivered; continuity and frequency of message exposure; and a desired market weight profile with good, positive rub-off. Now don't panic! Besides your own instinctive knowledge of the market, you have a good friend and teammate in our new computer. Just feed it your linear programming data and you'll get a prompt answer. In this case, it has to be The Boston Globe. High impact. Big circulation among Greater Boston's young, affluent families — and getting bigger all the time. Not to mention advertising linage growth — a whopping 14.1% last year, bigger than any other of America's top 50 newspapers save one." Dink stopped to get his breath.

"Boy, Dink, you've summed it all up so beautifully," said Tiger, greatly impressed. "The Boston Globe must really be a whiz. But ——"

"What's the matter?" Dink asked, sensing that something was bothering Tiger. "I hope my explanation wasn't too superficial."

"It's just this: On second thought, I really don't think I'm cut out to be a top-flight media man," said Tiger. "No offense intended, Dink, but my talents seem to lie elsewhere — like maybe in our copy department. I must show you the short stories I did in college. There's one about rhino stalking on the slopes of Kilimanjaro with a real O. Henry twist."

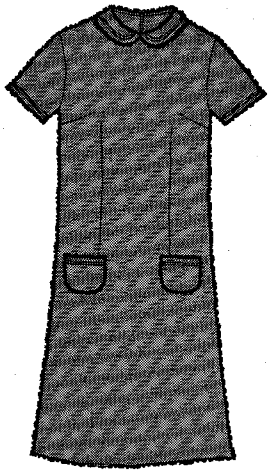
Later, and with heavy heart, Dink phoned his Boss, the Media Director, of Tiger's irrevocable decision to leave media and try his hand at writing ads. "Tough we had to lose him," Dink explained. "But, then, I wouldn't worry about Tiger. With his pluck and drive, he'll be scaling the ladder of success in any field of endeavor he chooses." He paused:

"By the way, sir, should I have somebody come up and remove Tiger's desk from my office now?" Dink inquired earnestly.

"The Boston Globe must really be a whiz. But . . . "

TENTION STAUNCH ADMIRERS OF DINK STOVER! Follow the stirring adventures of our hero faithfully — as recorded in this journal by the number one newspaper in Boston — The Globe (which has more ders and carries more advertising than any other Boston newspaper). The Boston Globe. Morning, Evening, Sunday. A Million Market Newspaper. New York, Chicago, Detroit, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.



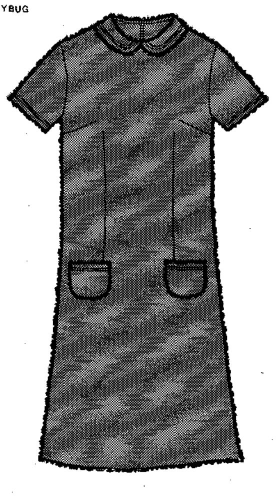
The Simple

LADYBUG® people don't overdo it. They like the forceful impact of something simple. Even on the most festive occasions, LADYBUG people are apt to show up in little dresses of fresh coloring and quiet grace, unbedizened by the folderol of the season. Write for your nearest Ladybug Shopkeeper. 3 to 13. About $26.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© 1966, LADYBUG



Things

Very easy to do ... the elegantly simple quiet little dress, stitched at the pockets, the cuffs, and the pan collar. Wool jersey backed with acetate tricot, colored in starlight tones ... Baby Blue, Fresh Green, Candy Pink, Maple Sugar, Peach Fuzz, Buttercup. At nicer stores. 3 to 13. About $26.

Ladybug®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

THE AIR

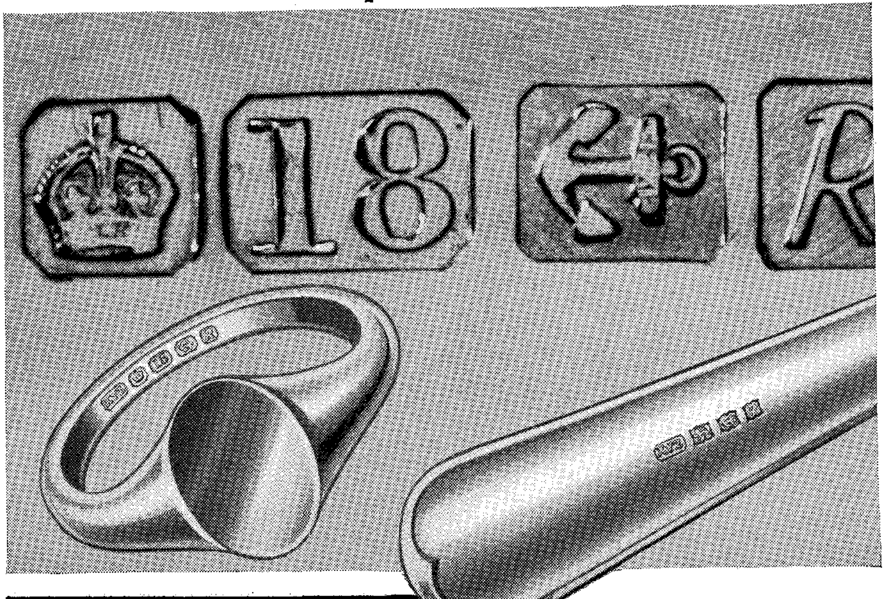
Living-Room War

I READ in the paper a while back that sixty per cent of the people in this country get most of their news about the Vietnam War from television, so for the past couple of weeks I've been looking, with admirable regularity, at the evening news shows put on by the three networks, to see what sort of Vietnam coverage the viewers are being given. If my own experience is any guide, I'd say that sixty per cent of the people in this country right now know more about the "weather picture" over major metropolitan areas than they could ever wish to know and a good deal less about Vietnam than might be helpful. For example, in a random selection last week, C.B.S. ("The C.B.S. Evening News," with Walter Cronkite, 7 P.M.) ran a three-minute film that showed a Marine company breaking off an unsuccessful engagement with some North Vietnamese (the Marines had been trying to get them off the top of a hill), that included a moving, emotional scene of wounded soldiers (ours) being helped, stumbling and limping, across a ravine, and that closed with a short interview with an out-of-breath, bright-eyed, terribly young Marine sergeant who said that it had been a tough fight but the Marines would push them off the hill tomorrow—they always did. A.B.C., which has its evening news show at five-forty-five in the afternoon, didn't have any film on Vietnam (although it often does) but instead had a few minutes' account by Peter Jennings of the results of another Marine operation—Operation Irving (Operation *Irving*?)—a statement about a cessation of bombing in the demilitarized zone, and the latest battle-casualty statistics. N.B.C. ("The Huntley-Brinkley Report," 7 P.M.) had a three-minute film of some of our soldiers helping several dozen South Vietnamese out of an Air Force plane that had just returned them from a Vietcong prison camp. The former prisoners seemed (as one might imagine) in pretty miserable condition, and there were numerous closeups of scrawny limbs and of mournful, undernourished faces. Our own men seemed strikingly large, healthy, and compassionate. C.B.S., again, showed a five-minute film of a company of South Vietnamese troops on patrol coming under Vietcong sniper fire. The technical quality of the film, as of N.B.C.'s, seemed remarkably good. You could see a handful of soldiers, under cover of some trees, firing into a line of trees that appeared to be several miles away. The rifle fire sounded clear and sharp. The camerawork was expert and agile. There was a sequence, very close up, of an American adviser asking someone over a field telephone to send in a couple of armed helicopters. You could hear everything the adviser said (he seemed calm and matter-of-fact, and he, too, was terribly young). Then there were more scenes of soldiers, crouching and standing, firing toward the distant line of trees, and later, up in the sky, far in the distance, the two helicopters. At the end, C.B.S. correspondent Morley Safer came on to say that there had probably been only three or four Vietcong snipers, that nobody knew whether or not the southern troops had killed them, and that that was the way it often was in Vietnam.

That's the way it often is with television's reporting of the war, and it's hard to know what to make of it. The technique that goes into the filming—to say nothing of the arrangements for getting the stuff out of the field and into Saigon and over here to the networks within thirty hours—is often extraordinarily good. But what it all adds up to seems not nearly good enough, and when I write "seems" I mean "seems," because I certainly don't have any shimmering private vision of how this war ought to be reported. I do know, though, that the cumulative effect of all these three- and five-minute film clips, with their almost unvarying implicit deference to the importance of purely military solutions (despite a few commentators' disclaimers to the contrary), and with their catering (in part unavoidably) to a popular democracy's insistent desire to view even as unbelievably complicated a war as this one in emotional terms (our guys against their guys), is surely wide of the mark, and is bound to provide these millions of people with an excessively simple, emotional, and military-oriented view of what is, at best, a mighty unsimple situation. I don't for a moment suggest that the networks should stop showing film of men in combat—although I can't say I completely agree with people who think that when battle scenes are brought into the living room the hazards of war are necessarily made "real" to the civilian audience. It seems to me that by the same process they are also made less "real"—diminished, in part, by the physical size of the television screen, which, for all the industry's advances, still shows one a picture of men three inches tall shooting at other men three inches tall, and trivialized, or at least tamed, by the enveloping cozy alarums of the household. I should add that the networks don't always run combat footage in their Vietnam news reports; now and then they have human-interest stories (about a Vietnamese village, or an Army medic helping Vietnamese children), some of which are fine, if rather too smooth, and once in a great while—or so it seems—they'll come up with a whole program devoted to Vietnam. Saturday before last, in fact, I was all set to watch a show called "ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam" ("A report on Operation Market Time: the Navy and Coast Guard's attempt to stop the smuggling of Vietcong supplies and weapons"), but when the time came for it they showed us Jim McKay instead, standing in front of a gray screen and reading aloud the scores of all the college football games that had taken place since the fall of Constantinople. Then, on Sunday, N.B.C. came along with a weekly program called "Vietnam Report," which sounds good on paper, but which, the week I saw it, consisted in its entirety of Senator Fulbright expressing his views on Vietnam for about thirty minutes. I suppose I shouldn't knock as earnest an undertaking as this, especially when I think of Jim McKay and all those football scores, but it seems to me that Senator Fulbright's views on Vietnam are fairly well known by now, and that N.B.C., by having him repeat them at this time, was trying rather too evidently to appear as the Giant Communications Network Not Afraid to Air the Voice of Dissent but without incurring any bruises, or even any personal discomfort, in the role. Senator Fulbright was accompanied on the program by an N.B.C. correspondent, Robert McCormick, who fed him some bland, leading questions about the "wisdom of our involvement," etc., and then appeared to vanish into thin air while the Senator uncoiled his opinions. (He was against our "involvement.") It all sounded very safe and institutional, and rather like a rerun.

On balance, it seems to me that C.B.S. has probably been doing the best job lately of reporting on Vietnam, because in addition to having some es-

192 years before Columbus set sail Britain had a system of Hallmarking



A complete Hallmark looks like this:

on 9ct gold	XYZ	9·375	⚓	R
on 14ct gold	XYZ	14·585	⚓	R
on 18ct gold	XYZ	♔ 18	⚓	R
on 22ct gold	XYZ	♔ 22	⚓	R
on Sterling Silver	XYZ	🦁	⚓	R

This is what the individual symbols mean:

XYZ This is the mark of the Maker. Each manufacturer has his own symbol.

9·375 This is the mark which tells you the quality of the gold. This is 9 ct.

This is 14 ct. 14·585 This is 18 ct. ♔ 18

This is 22 ct. ♔ 22 This is Sterling Silver. 🦁

⚓ This symbol tells you at which Assay Office the gold or silver was tested. This one is Birmingham. There are other Assay Offices at London, Sheffield and Edinburgh, and these are their marks.

London Sheffield Edinburgh

R This is the Date Letter. A different letter is used each year. You can tell the age of a piece of jewellery or silver ware by this symbol.

A BRITISH HALLMARK is a certification mark struck on an article of gold or silver after it has been officially tested for fineness or quality. Four qualities of gold (9ct, 14ct, 18ct and 22ct) are thus marked and two qualities of silver (Sterling and Britannia).

The hallmarking of gold and silver articles is one of the most important forms of consumer protection that exists today.

666 years ago, in the year 1300, the system of hallmarking was instituted in England by an Act of Parliament. Today the British Hallmark still stands as a symbol of integrity and is so accepted in every part of the world.

Look for a genuine British HALLMARK it's your official safeguard

BRITISH HALLMARKS

FOR FREE BOOKLET—All about British Hallmarks including charts of Date Letters, etc., post this coupon now.

Name ....

Address ....

....

State ....
(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE)

To: The Assay Master, The Assay Office, Information Department, Newhall Street, Birmingham, England.

MINDING OUR OWN BUSINESS
BACKSTAGE AT BUSINESS WEEK

PRINTING
BW
JH

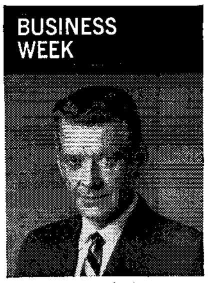
QUICK! Another 30,000!

If the law of averages hasn't been repealed, the current issue of BUSINESS WEEK will draw requests for about 30,000 reprints of editorial matter. In 1965, more than 1,500,000 reprints were bought and paid for.

Sounds like quite a business we have going on the side. But, of course, our real business is supplying news, facts, and features that assist executives in the manly art of management. The fact that we receive so many reprint requests indicates that we're doing a pretty good job. Whose requests? Corporations. Banks. Investment houses. Universities. Professional, trade, and civic organizations. Government agencies. There just never seems to be an issue of BUSINESS WEEK that doesn't contain items of reprint-importance.

As a matter of fact, the author of "Minding Our Own Business" predicts that when even *this* column appears in BUSINESS WEEK, it will produce requests for a thousand reprints. Would you believe a hundred? Fifty? Two from his mother?

You advertise in
BUSINESS WEEK
when you want
to inform
management
A McGraw-Hill Magazine



pecially enterprising photographer-reporter crews in Vietnam it has Eric Sevareid in Washington. Mr. Sevareid came on the other evening at the end of the seven-o'clock news and spoke for a few minutes about the political significance of recent military actions in the Mekong Delta, and I thought it was the most useful and intelligent few hundred words about the war I'd heard in two weeks of listening to television news reports. —M. J. ARLEN

•

THE MISSING PERSON

He has come to report himself
A missing person.

The authorities
Hand him the forms.

He knows how they have waited
With the learned patience of barbers

In small shops, idle,
Stropping their razors.

But now that these spaces in his life
Stare up at him blankly,

Waiting to be filled in,
He does not know where to begin.

Afraid
That he cannot answer even

To a description of himself,
He asks for a mirror.

They reassure him
That he can be nowhere

But wherever he finds himself
From moment to moment,

Which, for the moment, is here.
And he might like to believe them,

But in the mirror
He sees what is missing.

It is himself
He sees there emerging

Slowly, as from the dark
Of a furnished room,

Only when it is dark,
One who receives no mail

And is known to the landlady only
For keeping himself to himself,

And for whom it will be years yet
Before he can trust to the light

This last disguise, himself.

—DONALD JUSTICE

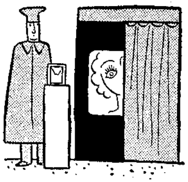
Winter
Is At
Its Best
In
Palm Beach
At
The ocean Towers
PALM BEACH, FLORIDA'S
NEWEST LUXURY APARTMENTS
LOCATED ON THE OCEAN
POOL AND CABANAS AIR-CONDITIONED
PRIVATE BEACH MAID SERVICE
ELECTRIC KITCHENS LAUNDRY FACILITIES
1-2-3 BEDROOM APARTMENTS
FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED
SEASONAL OR YEARLY
For Further Information, Write or Call:
OCEAN TOWERS
170 NORTH OCEAN BOULEVARD
PALM BEACH, FLA., 833-5588

EMILY SHAW'S INN
POUND RIDGE, N. Y.
Finest type of American Food and Cocktails
Merritt Parkway, exit 35, north on 137,
or Route 22 to Bedford Village.
John F. Shaw, Pres.
CLOSED MONDAYS • Pound Ridge 4-5779
VISIT OUR WALK IN WINE CELLAR

TIE WIDE & HANDSOME!
Seen in our second storey: 4½" wide ties. Black polka dots on white cotton, white on black. $5 ppd; black shirts. S, M, L. $7 ppd.
serendipity 3
225 E. 60th St., NYC TE 8-3531

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Young Folk



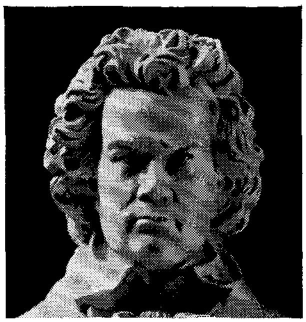
“The Crazy Quilt” was produced and directed by a thirty-year-old Californian named John Korty. The movie is based on a short story by Allen Wheelis called “The Illusionless Man and the Visionary Maid,” which is my idea of a terrible title; I am glad that Mr. Korty thought of a shorter, less pretentious one. Here in the matter-of-fact late middle of the twentieth century, a girl may be described as a maid only if that is her occupation and not her condition; the words “visionary maid” conjure up for me a domestic who, through some odd twist of personality, finds herself turned on by such normally non-psychedelic experiences as bedmaking and vacuum cleaning. The heroine of “The Crazy Quilt” is nobody’s servant, though she is ready to be almost anyone’s slave. She is a relentlessly fey creature named Lorabelle, and an invisible narrator assures us that she believes in everything from Providence to butterflies. As for her husband, Henry, the illusionless hero of “The Crazy Quilt,” he is the sort of grumpy loner who a hundred years ago would have relished the role of village atheist; he is a type familiar enough to give us reason to fear that the better we know him, the more didactic and tiresome he will become. It is with the uneasy relationship between these opposed natures that the movie deals.

Mr. Korty, in his youth and ingenuousness, does not share my suspicion of Lorabelle and Henry, but that is not to say that the subject matter of “The Crazy Quilt” lacked obstacles for him to struggle against. Like most of his contemporaries, Mr. Korty yields to the temptation to discuss in print what he has intended to do on film, and it may be helpful to quote from his published “Notes” on “The Crazy Quilt”:

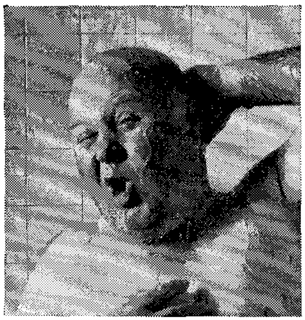
> For some reason, I like to do things the hard way. Most young directors make their first feature film on a story involving two actors in one location with a plot which spans only a few days and lends itself to a straightforward dramatic treatment. “The Crazy Quilt” had a cast of fourteen, required dozens of strange locations, and followed a story line (with more ups and downs than San Francisco’s topology [*sic*]) spanning about 50 years of time and balancing constantly between fantasy and reality. . . . Allen Wheelis’ story . . . struck a responsive note in me

Who would you put in the box?

“Dizzy”?



Beethoven?



Uncle Louie singing “Danny Boy”?

with "Superlife" Coating
Scotch
BRAND
recording tape
DYNARANGE SERIES
201

Build a world of your own on Scotch Magnetic Tape

Whatever your listening preference . . . “Scotch” Brand “Dynarange” Tape helps you create a new world of sound. Delivers true, clear, faithful reproduction across the entire sound range. Makes all music come clearer . . . cuts background noise . . . gives you fidelity you didn’t know your recorder had.

Best of all, “Dynarange” is so sensitive it gives you the same full fidelity at a slow 3¾ speed that you ordinarily expect only at 7½ ips. Lets you record twice the music per foot! The result? You use less tape . . . save 25% or more in costs! Lifetime silicone lubrication protects against head wear. Ask your dealer for a demonstration. Magnetic Products Division 3M COMPANY

"SCOTCH" AND THE PLAID DESIGN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE 3M COMPANY

COME TO SPAIN
(And the Rest of Europe)
Fall, Winter 1966-1967

1. From $371, Olé Tour, 15 days.
3 unforgettable days in Lisbon. Then a short flight to Seville for 3 more magical days. Again, by air, for 6 days in Madrid. Price includes air transportation, hotel accommodations and breakfast.

2. From $406, Canary Wonderland Tour, 15 days.
Fly via Madrid to the enchanting tropical island of Gran Canaria. Sandy white beaches, 18 hole golf course, fine restaurants and night clubs. Price includes all transportation, hotels and breakfast. (Alternate 2 week tour of both Gran Canaria *and* Tenerife from $436.)

3. From $472, "Enjoy Spain" Holiday Tours, 15 days.
Choose the Andalucian guided tour by air-conditioned motorcoach. See Madrid, Granada, Torremolinos, Seville, Cordoba and other points en route. Or take the Palma tour for $22 extra. 5 days of Mediterranean sun on the island of Mallorca with more wonderful days in Madrid and Barcelona. Prices include all air travel, first class and deluxe hotels, most meals.

4. From $535, "Spain, James" 15-day Guided Tour.
Travel by private car with English-speaking chauffeur. See Madrid, Toledo, Merida, Seville, Ronda, Fuengirola, Granada, Cordoba and all the fabulous sights on the way. First class hotels and paradores. Price includes transportation, hotels and breakfast.

5. "Spain/Israel Times Four" Tours—$999—3 weeks.
4 fabulous itineraries . . . with leisurely visits to your choice of Europe's most fascinating cities including Madrid, Venice, Athens, Paris and a comprehensive tour of Israel. Other highlights: a dream cruise on the Mediterranean and motor-trips to the world's most beautiful and historic sights. Price includes deluxe and first class hotels, sightseeing, most meals and all air travel.

Extensions available on most tours.
Check tour number you are interested in on coupon and send for free brochure or see your Travel Agent.

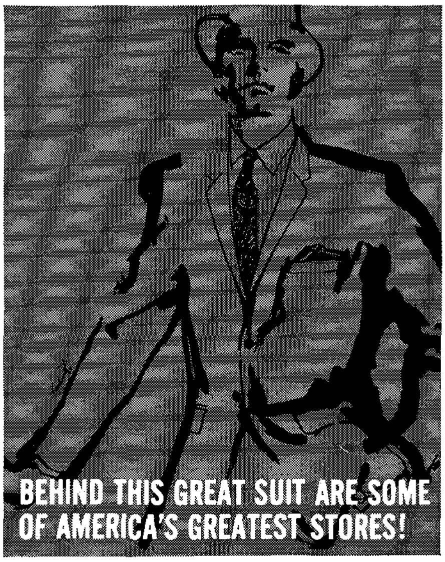
Dept. NYH
IBERIA
AIR LINES OF SPAIN
518 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N. Y.
☐ 1. ☐ 2. ☐ 3. ☐ 4. ☐ 5.
Name
Address
City State
My Travel Agent is

*Prices are based on round trip jet economy fare from New York and vary in accordance with date of departure. Air fares subject to government approval. Double room occupancy.

and put into words something I wanted to say. Basically it seemed to be a fable about the difference between what we have been looking for in the world and what we have found . . . a film about disillusionment but . . . also a film about discovery.

Mr. Korty, who is evidently more at ease back of a camera than in front of a typewriter, is to be congratulated first on the ambitiousness of "The Crazy Quilt." It must have been difficult to make a movie of such technical excellence on a low budget (the movie is said to have cost under a hundred thousand dollars), and the difficulty must have been greatly increased by the fact that the tone of the movie is lyrical—the hardest of all tones to sustain over an extended period of composition and the one that has to be made to seem the most nearly effortless. Mr. Korty is also to be congratulated on having introduced so much humor, visual as well as verbal, into his movie. When Lorabelle, in despair over Henry's prolonged lack of affection, undertakes a series of ill-starred love affairs, they become chapters in a comic Book of Hours; poor Lorabelle may be suffering tortures, but the tortures are depicted in the most lighthearted manner imaginable, and we need feel no qualms over laughing at them. Finally, Mr. Korty is to be congratulated on the care with which he has chosen his principals. Lorabelle is played by Ina Mela, a pretty girl with sad eyes and a delightful smile, and her husband by Tom Rosqui, who conveys sufficient intelligence to justify the arrogance of Henry's determination to feel nothing and yet remain alive. Burgess Meredith, as the narrator, is effectively wry, and the music, which is by Peter Schickele, is admirably bold and delicate.

AT the Bleecker Street Cinema, a freaky double bill: a spy spoof called "Zero in the Universe," written by George Moorse and Jock Livingston, directed by Mr. Moorse, and starring Mr. Livingston, and a science-fiction spoof called "Sins of the Fleshapoids," produced and directed by Mike Kuchar. "Zero in the Universe" bumps along, seemingly for several hours, and perhaps one minute out of ten contains something amusing. It was shot in and around Amsterdam, and I wonder whether being so far from home didn't lead Mr. Moorse and Mr. Livingston into being easier on themselves than they would have been here. "Sins of the Fleshapoids" is fantastic only in the degree of its heavy-handedness. There is nothing in it for anyone over ten, and I am inclined to make that ten months, and not ten years. —BRENDAN GILL


BEHIND THIS GREAT SUIT ARE SOME OF AMERICA'S GREATEST STORES!

GEORGE MUSE CLOTHING CO.	Atlanta, Ga.
HAMBURGERS	Baltimore, Md.
LOVEMAN'S	Birmingham, Ala
KENNEDY'S	Boston, Mass.
JACOBI BROS., INC.	Buffalo, N. Y.
FRANKENBERGER'S	Charleston, W. Va.
TATE-BROWN CO.	Charlotte, N. C.
LYTTON'S	Chicago, Ill.
MABLEY & CAREW	Cincinnati, Ohio
B. R. BAKER	Cleveland, Ohio
THE UNION	Columbus, Ohio
JAS. K. WILSON	Dallas, Texas
RIKE-KUMLER CO.	Dayton, Ohio
COTTRELL'S	Denver, Colo.
YOUNKER BROS.	Des Moines, Iowa
HUGHES HATCHER SUFFRIN	Detroit, Mich.
SAKOWITZ	Houston, Texas
L. STRAUSS	Indianapolis, Ind.
IVEY'S	Jacksonville, Fla.
ROTHSCHILDS	Kansas City, Mo.
HARRIS & FRANK	Los Angeles, Calif.
MARTIN'S	Louisville, Ky.
BEASLEY BROS.—JONES-RAGLAND, INC.	Memphis, Tenn.
JORDAN MARSH	Miami, Fla.
BRILLS	Milwaukee, Wisc.
JUSTER'S	Minneapolis, Minn.
CAIN-SLOAN MEN'S SHOP	Nashville, Tenn.
BAMBERGERS	Newark, N. J.
GODCHAUX'S	New Orleans, La.
BROADSTREET'S	New York, N. Y.
ROTHSCHILDS	Oklahoma City, Okla.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER	Philadelphia, Pa.
HANNY'S	Phoenix, Ariz.
HUGHES & HATCHER	Pittsburgh, Pa.
MEIER & FRANK	Portland, Ore.
BERRY-BURK & CO.	Richmond, Va.
NATIONAL CLOTHING CO.	Rochester, N. Y.
STIX BAER FULLER	St. Louis, Mo.
Z.C.M.I.	Salt Lake City, Utah
ROOS/ATKINS	San Francisco, Calif.
JACK PENDOLA'S	Tampa, Fla.
DAMSCHRODER'S, INC.	Toledo, Ohio
RENBERG	Tulsa, Okla.
RALEIGH HABERDASHER	Washington, D. C.
STRAWBRIDGE & CLOTHIER	Wilmington, Del.

Behind this great suit
is a great American fabric!

© 1966 Burlington Industries, Inc.

A Raeford fabric—like this subtly striped 100% wool worsted, an outstanding example of The American Way With Wool. Where can you find the suits? See the adjoining list. (And why not take this page with you as a reminder?)

Raeford Worsted Company. A Division of Burlington Industries

Burlington

Raeford

CHARTREUSE

For sale.
Secret potion four centuries old.
Said to hold certain powers of satisfaction.
$109.77 the case.

You should hear the tales they tell. Of its supernatural powers. Its mystic workings. That it can break a spell. That if taken at full moon on three successive nights it can bring back the one you love. Or help you find her. Or change the winds of fortune that blow over a great house. But those are only tales.

The truth is, Chartreuse is a curious liqueur, a strange one, shrouded in mystery and guarded by secrecy on the alpine slopes of le Massif de Chartreuse. A spirit derived from more than a hundred herbs by the patient Pères Chartreux who care nothing for the passage of time. Its only proven power: that of pleasing people for centuries.

Chartreuse, strangest of all liqueurs, stranger on the rocks and with soda than anything you've tasted.

Chartreuse Liqueur

Since 1605. Green Chartreuse, 110 proof. Yellow Chartreuse, 86 proof. 12 fifths per case. $109.77 suggested consumer case price in N.Y. Send for recipe booklet.
Schieffelin & Co., 30 Cooper Sq., N.Y.

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

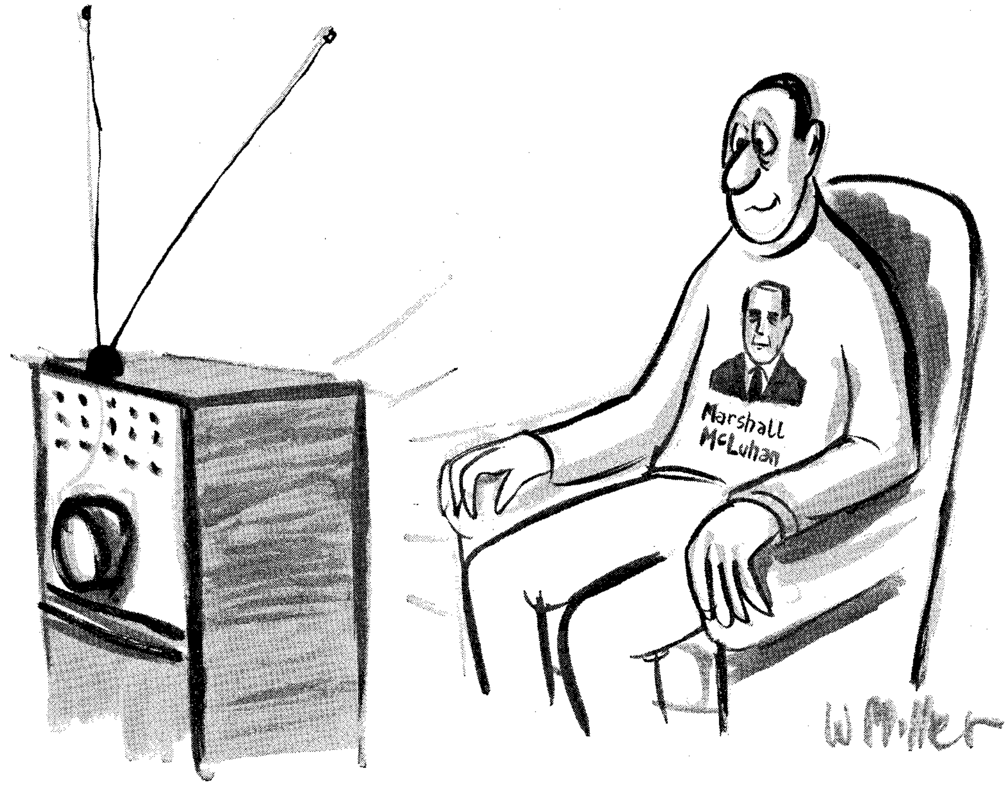
FEMININE FASHIONS

AN old bearer of legends keeps stopping me on street corners to mention the ancient belief that some furs aged their wearers. And I can remember that not so long ago black Persian, black Alaska seal, and minks with huge shawl collars were promoting many of their owners into the dowager class. They must have thought that Furs (like diamonds) Are Forever. Not only that, but those warm furs were so heavy that shoulders began to droop woebegonely by late afternoon, dragging Madam down with them. But now all that has changed, and it is not simply the current belief that Youth Is All that has been doing the changing, for great strides in the techniques that make furs maneuverable have occurred, too. (And lots and lots of lovely money helps.) The delight in dresses that are snug at the top, cupped right up under the bosom, and high under the arms before they swing out into a more or less A-line skirt has had a tremendous effect on furs that were once considered bulky. So many of the results are actually coat-dress in cut, and under these no one can wear anything but a skimp constructed of light wool or jersey. (No wonder the suit is disappearing from winter wardrobes.) Reiss & Fabrizio does beautiful things of this sort in Persian, Persian broadtail, and India lamb, one of them (this is black Persian) with real patent leather as facings inside the high lapels. This job, let me add, has a double-breasted closing on which the buttons on one side are arranged in a row that starts noticeably lower than the row on the other side. It also appears that the horizontal working of furs has become epidemic, even among the fluffiest of pelts. I had thought, and said, that women would resent the bulky look it imparts, but, real Cassandra that I am, women just didn't believe me, they just didn't. Neither did the fur market. So it must be assumed, as I progress through the ensuing sermon, that the furs I speak of are worked as round as can be unless I say they aren't. Another thing—the best of the custom furriers are now so artfully dovetailing their horizontal mink and sable skins that there is no seam at all down the sides or the back. Esther Dorothy, and others as well, will rarely let an up-and-down seam in the house. And this stunt is hard to do.

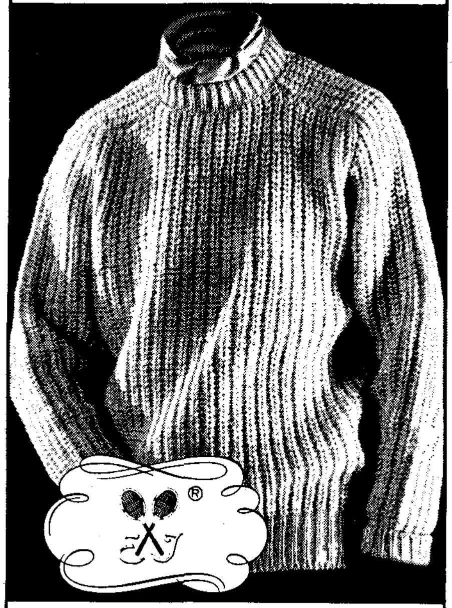
So, too, is the stunt of two- or three-shaded minks worked in chevron patterns, or striped like a barber pole, or inlaid in mosaic style. Mighty Emeric Partos, of Bergdorf Goodman, is fascinated by such manifestations, so a cube coat of his (or a coat dress, or a tunic to be worn over slacks) is apt to come to pass with a broad black mink turtleneck collar, and sleeves and hem of the mink, too; through the wide middle, a patchwork of large harlequin diamonds in white and two shades of gray mink takes over. A snap closing, front or back, is its security. Partos also admires chevrons, which he puts, for one, on a coat with the Vs going across you, in Autumn Haze and white mink, alternating with six horizontal bands of Autumn Haze, the last one at the hem. A suède belt belongs with this. Reiss & Fabrizio has done a coat that suggests a bathrobe, likewise with chevrons, these little more than half an inch wide, not to mention a self tie and fat lapels, and this firm has also concocted a barber-pole coat on which the spiral bands, naturally, are diagonal. I saw this deal, which wraps across in front, turned out in Cerulean and Lutetia mink.

And irreverence for and nonchalance about the best furs has not yet reached its summit, even though Revillon and Georges Kaplan have been fun-loving and irreverent revolutionaries since the days when their domicile was Paris. There are now new outfits that would stun the public even at Gstaad, and Partos has done them. One costume (and this is gospel truth) is equipped with leggings of brown Persian. The leggings zip up the back. The costume further involves a long, straight tunic of brown wool that descends just below the tops of the leggings, plus a coat of beaver, dyed red, that ends in a flare just above the knees. The whole thing also appears in a combining of black Persian and royal beaver. Furthermore, the adventurous Esther Dorothy has taken India lamb, which is very flat, and dyed it red or buttercup before converting it into separates, among them tapered slacks, little circular skirts, sleeveless dresses, vests, and—best of all—nightshirt coats, with slits up the sides, deep cuffs, and all, including closely packed buttons down the front. These can all unbutton, but no one really needs to fasten more than three of them.

Furs worked in two opposite directions produce a two-tone look. Reiss & Fabrizio plays this trick in several coats, one of them of black mink, all in diagonal stripes, with the fur pointing first up and then down. This coat is shown in ranch, too. It has been passed on to me by Alfred Rainer that mink with the hairs slanting upward results in a look of greater depth and a more sub-



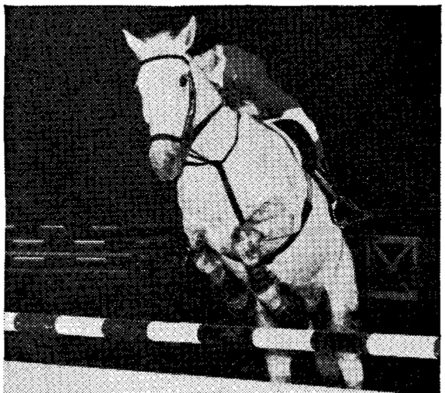
® **LESSON IN... RELAXMANSHIP®..**



SLALOM SWEATERS...
made for us in England, on a hand frame, in natural colour wool. Rugged and warm. Sizes 38 to 46. Slalom Sweaters . . . — **$35.00 ea.**

(Please add 75¢ postage in U.S.A.)
Address mail orders to --

Eddie Jacobs LTD.
4 E. Redwood St.,
Baltimore, Md. 21202



NATIONAL HORSE SHOW

ONE OF AMERICA'S GREAT SPORTS EVENTS

Tuesday, Oct. 25
thru Tuesday, Nov. 1
Evgs. 7:45 PM • Mats. Daily 2 PM (Sat. & Sun. 1:30)

INTERNATIONAL JUMPING CONTESTS
CANADA • CHILE • IRELAND • MEXICO • U.S.
Nightly and Oct. 25, 28, & 30 Mats.

Evenings: $9, $8, $6, $4, $3
Sat. & Sun. Mats.: $6, $5, $4, $3.50, $2.50
Other Mats.: $5, $4, $2.50

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED
Add 25c per order for handling.
Enclose self-addressed, unstamped envelope.

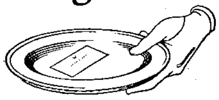
MADISON SQ. GARDEN
50th St. & 8th Ave. — Phone PL 7-8870

dued surface; in mink slanting downward, there is a definite sheen. Among the many handsome deals of slanting-upward but *un*striped mink is one of the darkest possible ranch with a petal collar. This (and not by coincidence) is a Rainer idea.

It is not easy to track down all the lambs that have lost their way and strayed in our direction. Persian, as far as I am concerned, is curly and bumpy, and variants of it come from both Afghanistan and Russia. (Someone told me that a certain coat was of Russian Persian, whatever *that* can be.) There is also Southwest African lamb, called Swakara by those who are on a nickname basis with it, which is more or less Persian in attitude, and there is Argentine lamb, slightly ruffled and quite inexpensive, and there is India lamb, which is very smooth, and—as if you didn't know—Russian broadtail is like silk moire. It's too much to keep track of; a search for the country-of-origin tags as one goes along is the most practical suggestion. Me, I'm going to describe all the bouncy, curly lambs as Persian and let it go at that.

THERE is no A in my list, but B is for Bergdorf Goodman, where the works of Partos dwell, all of them custom. There's that cube black mink I have already talked about, and there are other little square coat dresses. One of them is a Turncoat (you can wear it back to front, see?), and it is shown in tourmaline mink. It's a smock, really, shirred all around the wide, oval neck. A mere slip of an evening dress of pink chiffon sits underneath, sporting a band of tourmaline mink at its hem to complete the costume. (The pink chiffon I could do without; there must be something else in the store.) Mr. P. likes to make this smock in chinchilla, too. He gets around to chevrons in a coat that comes close to being incomparable—all in two-inch *vertical* stripes in which Blue Iris mink alternates with Vs of white and Blue Iris. Partos is not immune to sports, for which he has ordained a costume that starts out by looking very businesslike—a belted jacket of dark-brown bogus leather, car-coat length, and pants of the same stuff that end in suède desert boots. *But* the jacket is lined with palomino mink, so there! For the hour when dusk approaches, all the great furriers of our town play with dresses and suits of Russian broadtail, but none of the others are as skimpy as the Partos ventures. On his one-shoulder dress a single bra breastplate juts out on the vacant side (iridescent sequins,

White Glove Elegance



in Washington

A sparkling symbol of traditional luxury in the world's most glittering capital. Just two blocks from the White House. Quiet, dignified atmosphere. International clientele. Singles from $16 to $22. Doubles from $21 to $27. Suites from $45. Family Plan. Free Parking.

For Insured Reservations call:
In New York CH 4-0700
Chicago SU 7-4585 • Los Angeles DU 2-8408
or any Sheraton Hotel

Sheraton-Carlton Hotel
SIXTEENTH & K STS., N.W.
WASHINGTON 6, D.C.

SUCCESSFUL GIFT-GIVING is in the BAG!

Full-size, English-made, saddle-styled bag of contrasting dark and light tan grained leathers. Adjustable for hand or shoulder to fit any woman's sport outfit.
$16.95

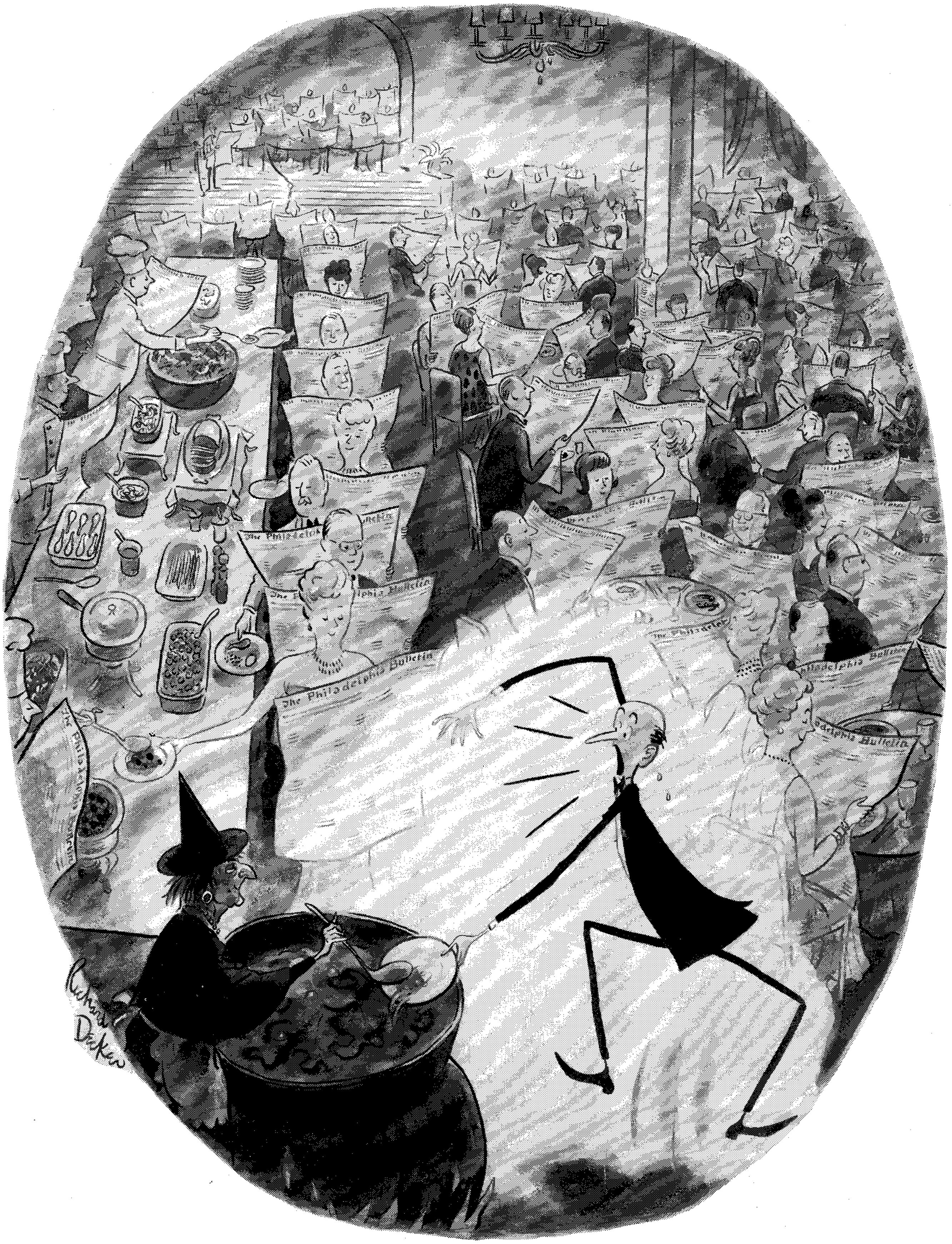
FREE Catalog 1001 Gifts for Horse & Rider

SINCE 1875 **KAUFFMAN'S**
Dept. N Y, 141 East 24th St., N. Y. 10010
(212) MU 4-6060 • FREE PARKING

A continental restaurant of unusual charm where superb food takes precedence over all.

PIERRE GRILL
BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON • DINNER
EVERY DAY INCLUDING SUNDAY
TELEPHONE: (212) TE 8-8000

Hotel Pierre
Fifth Avenue at 61st St.

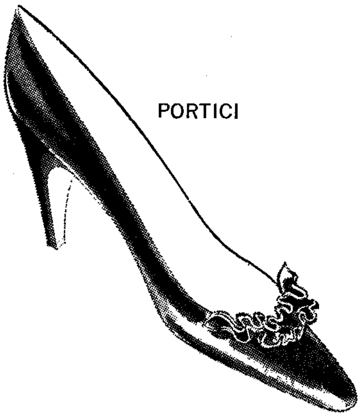

The Philadelphia Bulletin

In Philadelphia nearly everybody reads THE BULLETIN

(Advertisement)

shoes create international trends

BALLY



BALLY

New York: 673 Madison Ave.
Philadelphia: 1733 Walnut St.
Chicago: 909 No. Michigan Ave.
San Francisco: 255 Geary St.

BALLY

shoes create international trends

OUR CHANGEABLE DROP EARRINGS, 17.50

Quick-change artistry for evening drama—the double-leaf top of pretend pavé and simulated baguette diamonds, the drop, a simulated pearl. To be interchanged with a simulated emerald, sapphire or ruby. Each additional pair of drops, $8. Costume Jewelry Collections. Mail and phone.

Saks Fifth Avenue

no less, make this), but a wide, one-sleeve stole can cover those sequins as it wraps diagonally upward around you. Another dress is even more meagre, with little puckers under the brassière top and string shoulder straps above it. Its accompaniment is an extremely short jacket with revers along the deep neckline. When Partos goes lavish instead of meagre, he is lavish indeed. Witness a greatcoat of fisher in a blond, blond shade, as well as a flaring theatre coat of black satin that is lined with black mink through which run white ermine stripes. A week ago, I was talking about the tremolos of wispy feathers that Pauline Trigère is adhering to the surface of chiffon; a contribution by Partos in the same vein is a dolman cape of black sable with white vulture feathers quivering all over it. It terminates in a high, jet-beaded yoke that projects upward into a tall split collar. A more conventional Partos performance, in natural Russian sable, is a most circular cape that dips in back. (It is *not* compulsory to order the brown velvet pants and the blouse of gold lamé that are exhibited with it.)

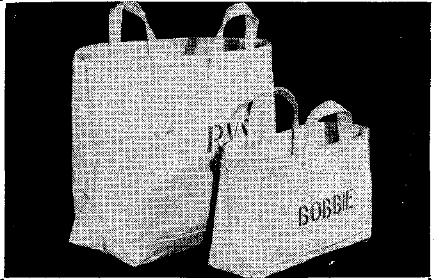
AMONG the skills of Reiss & Fabrizio is an infinite capacity for collars, and happy am I, who have for solid weeks been sated with turnover collars that convert into lapels. A dressmakery coat dress of Russian broadtail has the familiar snug top and the familiar A-line skirt, but the collar is adventurously ruched into a band at the base, above which there are puffs the whole way around. A second coat dress, of natural brown Russian broadtail, is surmounted by a split band collar, four inches high, that can be adjusted into almost anything, if you just happen to be a professional model, that is. It can coil, or cross high up, or drop into a V-neck formation with points on each side; these tricks *any*one can do with it. In the R. & F. collection of youthful coats is one of India lamb, the ombré vertical stripes shading from charcoal to near-white. Its collar slants inward toward the neck, then dips to a small plastron high on the chest, with a button on each side. Below all this, the coat is loose and double-breasted. There are more monkeyshines at the top of other things; viz., a mink ascot in a black-and-white checkerboard that snuggles between the lapels of a coat I saw in black Alaska seal. There is what we call Interest below the waist on this one, too—a deep fold at each side of the skirt, front and back, with a small band of seal bridging the tiny gap between the folds

The Talbots

Wraparound. A basic skirt for the casual wardrobe, this wraparound corduroy steps out with two big pockets, a generously cut overlapping back panel, and smooth fitting button-front waistband. Washable. S, M, L for sizes 8-20 in cranberry, blueberry, pine, and espresso; $15.00 Postpaid.

Send for free catalog
THE TALBOTS • HINGHAM 136, MASS.

CANTON CARRY-ALLS



Large Size - 24" x 8" x 14" Holds everything: ski-boots, clothes, bottles, ice, last minute loads.
Small Size - 12" x 6" x 9" - Use it for lunch, books, knitting.
BOTH made of #6 white canvas. Tough, washable. Stand alone—fold flat.
Unmarked: Large $5.00* Small $4.00*
Marked with initials or name up to 6 letters:
Large $6.00* Small $5.00*
If more than 6 letters add 20¢ per extra letter. Specify Red or Blue letters.
**Postage & Handling: 50¢ per bag East, 75¢ per bag West of Mississippi. (Actual postage billed on 3 or more to one address.)*
CANTON CARRY-ALLS
CANTON, CONNECTICUT—06019 203 693-8551

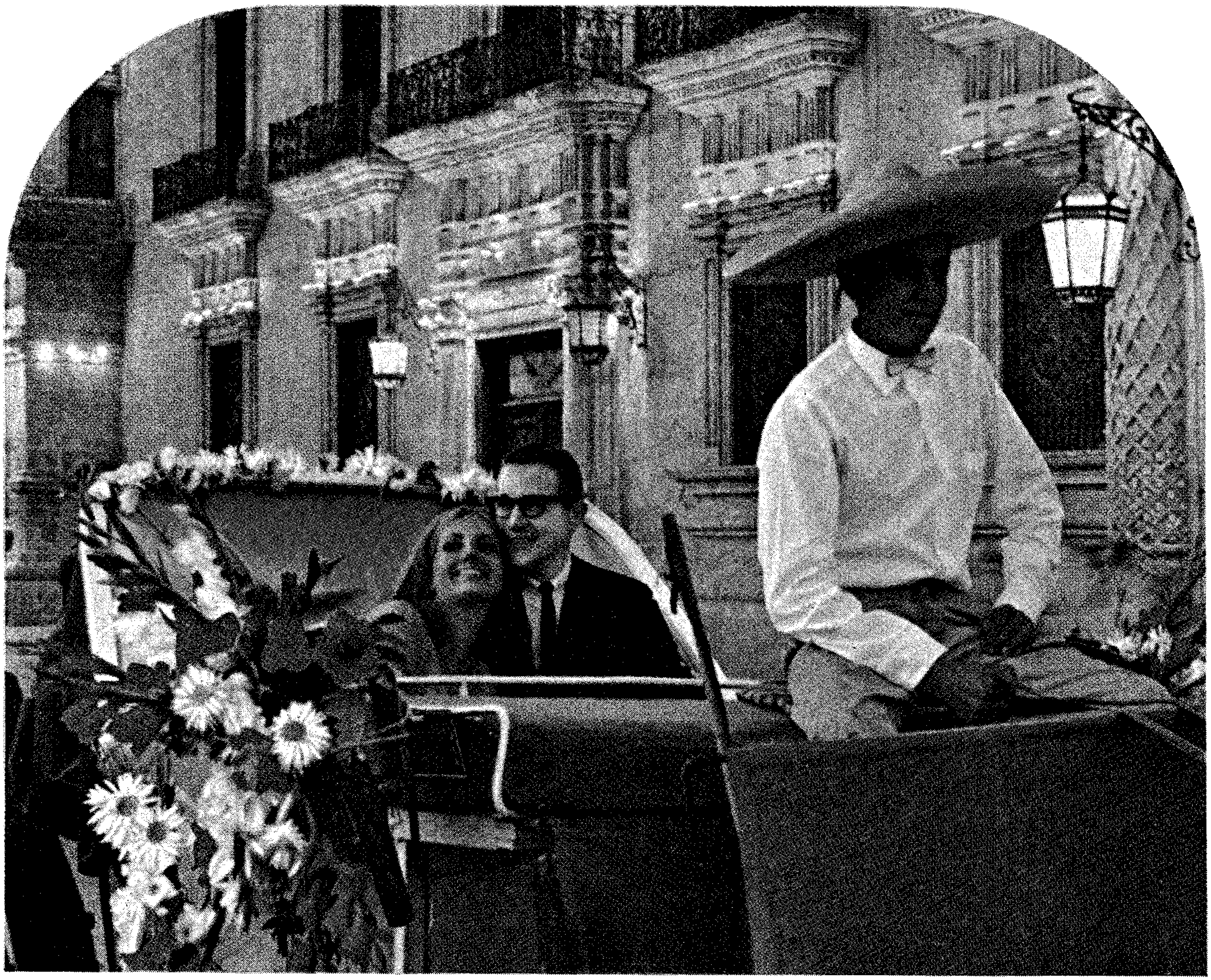
Read What A Famous Authority Says About America's Most Distinguished Steak House Restaurant

"Without a doubt, Pen and Pencil serves the best steak in the country."

—Frederic A. Birmingham, former editor of Esquire, author of "The Complete Cookbook for Men"

Bruno's
PEN and PENCIL

205 E. 45th St. • MU 2-8660 John C. Bruno



méxico

is a colorful carriage ride, an unexpected serenade, a fiesta every day. There's more to do in Mexico.

Mexico is a thousand and one things to do . . . all in one place. Mexico is music . . . everywhere. Mariachis and marimba bands and strolling guitarists. In the parks, on the beaches, in restaurants and hotels. Mexico is the excitement and variety of innumerable bazaars where you can buy everything from inexpensive gifts and toys to top craftsmanship in ceramics, textiles, leather goods, paintings, silver, jewels, rugs . . . and paper flowers. There are superb restaurants serving French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, American and true Mexican gourmet cuisine. And the hotels? Everything from the most modern buildings to remodeled castles. Balconies with magnificent views. Colorful patios. Intimate lounges. And you can fly inexpensively from Mexico City to any one of the coastal resorts in an hour or two at the most. It's easy to combine an afternoon of shopping or sightseeing in bustling Mexico City with an evening on the beach sipping a cool drink from a coconut shell. Or just get away from it altogether on a leisurely Caribbean island or in romantic out-of-the-way Mexican towns. The excitement and gaiety of metropolitan Mexico will always be there to come back to. There really *is* more to do in Mexico.

Contact your travel agent or
Mexico Information Office
DEPT. NY-10-3, 2 East 55th St.
N.Y., N.Y. 10022

Gentlemen:
Please send illustrated literature on Mexico.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________________
State __________ *ZIP* __________

Home of the 1968 Olympic Games
Site of the 5th World Golf Championship, 1966
World Soccer-Football Cup, 1970
Mexican National Tourist Council
Mexican Government Tourist Department

Pay a little more and get carpeting. It's cheaper.

Just because you pay more for commercial carpeting when you buy it doesn't mean it "costs" more.

Over the years, carpeting costs less to maintain than an ordinary tile floor. You don't have to sweep it, mop it or wax it. Just vacuum it. That takes a lot less time and a lot less people.

So when you add it up, in the long run, carpeting is usually cheaper. And then, of course, carpeting is always more beautiful. At least, ours is. Mohawk "Primitives" are part of the most remarkable collection of commercial carpets around.

Our inspired designers are inspired by nature, primitive art, mythology, even you. (Some of our most imaginative designs were created for customers who had special preferences and requirements.)

And have you ever considered the "hidden" advantages of carpeting?

Like silence?

Carpeting will make your office or restaurant or hotel as quiet as a proverbial mouse.

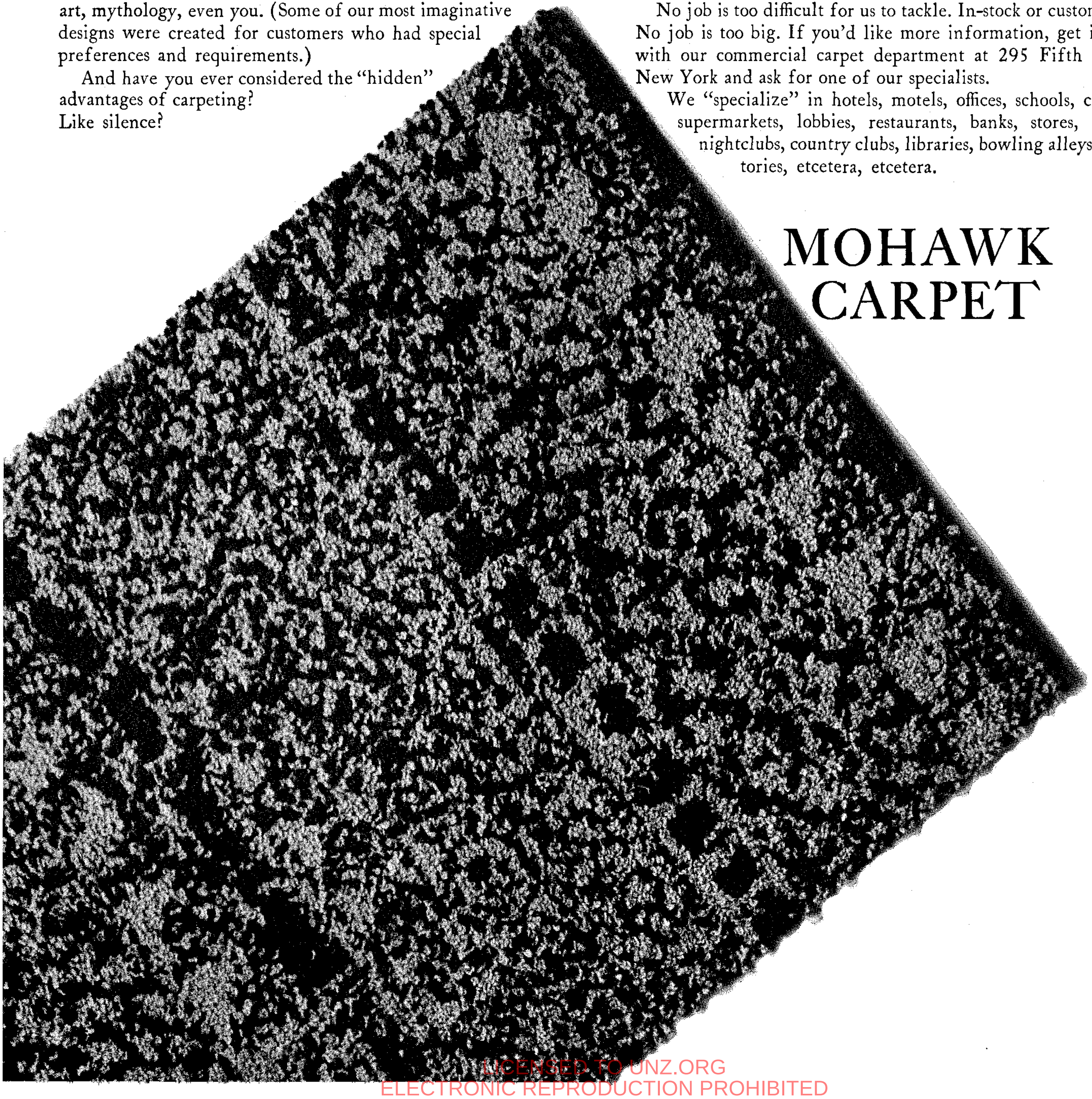
Nicer for you to work in. Nicer for people to buy in. (People tend to spend more money in places where they are more comfortable.)

Mohawk's Primitives are woven from the very first miracle fiber: wool. And not just 100% wool, but 100% of the best wool. It lasts and lasts and lasts and lasts. (Put our Cloud-Step carpet cushion under it and you can add another "lasts.") It's also soil-resistant, stain-resistant and the "bouncy" pile keeps bouncing back.

No job is too difficult for us to tackle. In-stock or custom-made. No job is too big. If you'd like more information, get in touch with our commercial carpet department at 295 Fifth Avenue, New York and ask for one of our specialists.

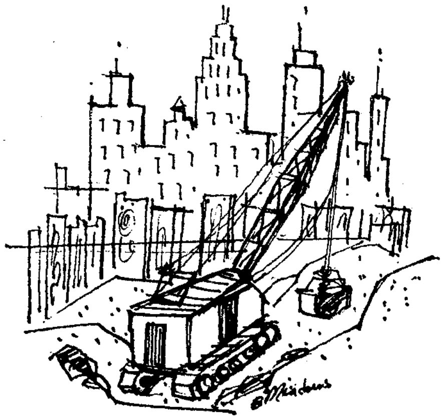
We "specialize" in hotels, motels, offices, schools, churches, supermarkets, lobbies, restaurants, banks, stores, theatres, nightclubs, country clubs, libraries, bowling alleys, dormitories, etcetera, etcetera.

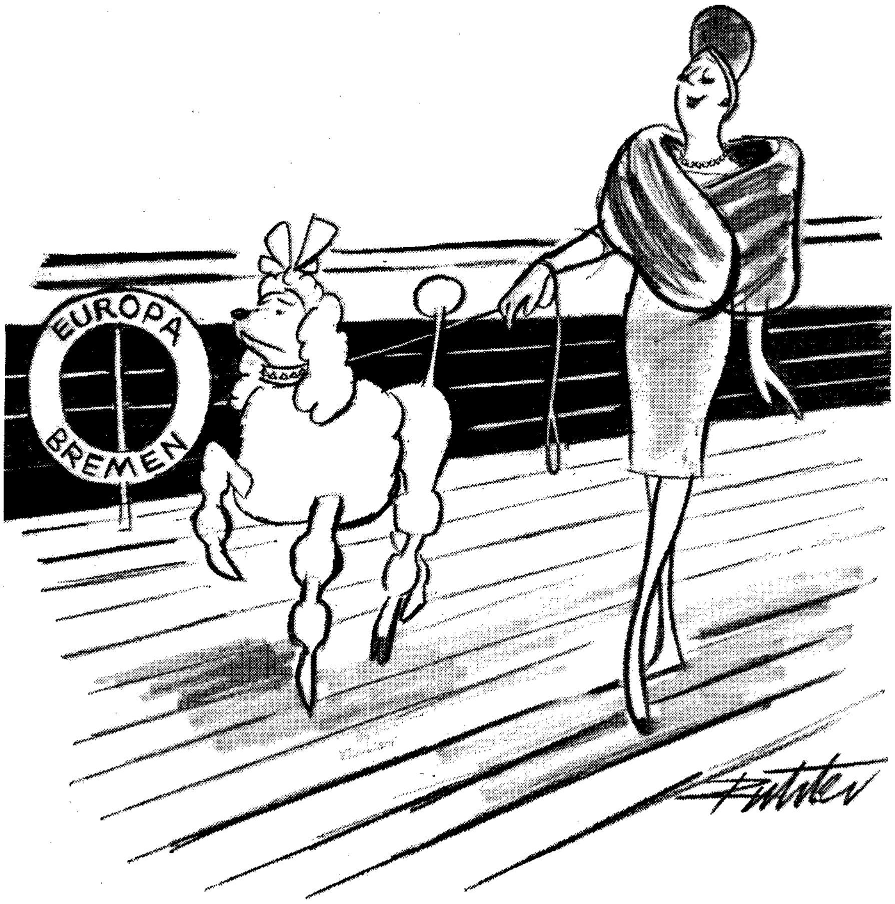
MOHAWK
CARPET



at each hip, to suggest pockets. Among the minks is one in demi-buff (it has a reddish cast, I'd say), striped around and around, with grosgrain in between the stripes. This is A-line in front; in profile, there is a forward thrust in the skirt in the direction I hope you're going. The back is straight. For late day and for evening, R. & F. has dyed India lamb strawberry ice cream, and has used it to make an ensemble involving a sleeveless dress and a slightly fitted jacket, this with four pink buttons down each side. And for informality and the sportive instinct, there are lioness skins that are malleable, sleek, and tawny—malleable enough to be worked up into a trenchcoat with buttons and belt of hazel pigskin. Jaguar is in the shop, the skins used horizontally, for a coat with more than a hint of waist. I don't like spotted furs treated this way, though, not even if they are Somali. Calf stencilled to look like cheetah is handled in just about the same fashion. A bunchy fur that is new to me is Arctic wolf—a very fluffy white stuff with streaks of gray. A coat of this is tied across the front by a cobra sash. This is collarless and sleeveless, just begging for a go-around with your black turtleneck sweater.

REISS & FABRIZIO dotes on collars, but Esther Dorothy often altogether does away with them, for she is fond of dolman capes from which the arms emerge through slits and above which a bejewelled neck rides high. The neckline is plain, but there is devious shirring and pleating around it. At the moment, Esther Dorothy is in possession of broadtail dyed "shy" pink. Down the back, the skins go diagonally, and there is some shirring at the sides up to the shoulders. The design looks great, too, in good old Russian broadtail. Mink dyed black is responsible for an oddity that is collarless and displays quite a deep V in front, with emerald buttons below; the back of this coat is sunburst seams from the neck





Status Symbol

Going to Europe used to be a status symbol. It still is if you go by ship. Particularly an NGL ship.

It's smart, too, because aboard NGL's floating resorts you get an extra vacation for the price of your ticket. Five gourmet meals a day. Sports and spa facilities to keep in trim. Also, first-run movies, dances, parties, bridge, games, libraries, nurseries, beauty salons—even a kennel for your dog. Above all, the Lloyd regards every passenger as a VIP and service aboard is in the grand manner.

For those who must work, the Bremen provides multi-lingual secretarial service. All NGL ships have hostesses to smooth every detail of your trip.

Perhaps you don't give a rap about status. But you'll find that NGL ships are symbols of luxurious travel and have preserved the tradition of gracious living.

GO BY SHIP—GO NGL

TS BREMEN MS EUROPA

From New York to England, France and Germany

See Your Travel Agent

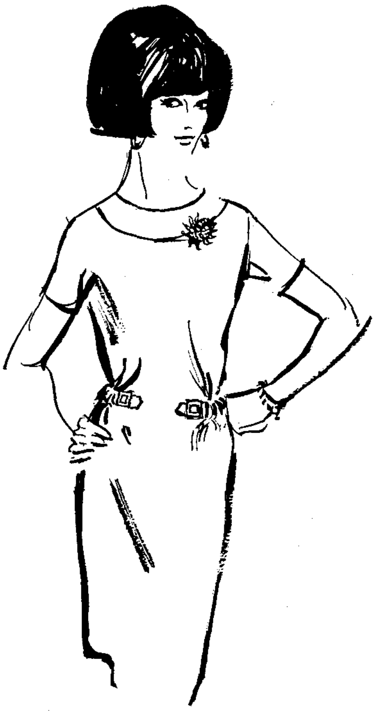
NORTH GERMAN LLOYD

666 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10019, PL 7-9300

Chicago—Los Angeles—Toronto

NGL Ships are of West German registry

RALEIGH'S SHEATH . . . by Richard Frontman . . . pure virgin wool designed for flattery . . . elasticized at waist sides for figure definition . . . Lt. blue, mint, turquoise, pink . . . 8-18 . . . **$40.**

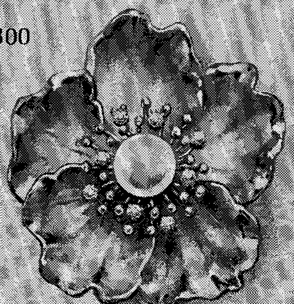


all mail orders postage free

Raleigh Haberdasher

1310 F St., Washington, D.C.

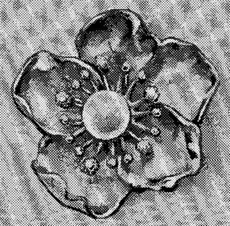
$300



SAY IT WITH ROSES

. . . but a little differently

$175



Alpine Rose Pins,
18K yellow gold,
cultured pearl and diamonds.
Actual Sizes Shown

Write for our catalog.

Schwarzschild
Brothers, Inc.
Broad at Second, Richmond, Virginia
VIRGINIA'S LEADING JEWELERS FOR OVER 60 YEARS

down. Esther Dorothy calls it an all-purpose coat, but I can't imagine it on a bus. I happen to love the look of fluffy fur hems and bands. They have been absent for a long time, but now Esther Dorothy has dreamed up a coat of beige India broadtail with sable circling the neck and making a wide band down one side, and she has gone this one better by making a triumph of a coat in dark ranch mink (this has a low waist, for a big fat surprise) with sable at the neck *and* around the circular hem. Moreover, Miss Dorothy has revived an old pet of hers, and I would say it is for the elegant woman who *thinks* she has everything, poor dear. This requires placing broad, diagonal bands of Russian broadtail on stiffened black lace, through which your pink chiffon dress or your own well-kept skin glimmers. The coat I saw that embodies all this is full-length cardigan in style, collarless and meant to be wrapped. Lace peeks out all around its edges, too. Fromm Brothers has produced a new mutation of fox known as Golden Amber; golden peanut butter is what, I keep saying to myself. Anyway, Miss Dorothy has whipped it (maybe it's *whipped* golden peanut butter, at that) into a collarless coat, nice and bunchy but shaped under the bust, nonetheless. Complete ingénue endearment is the effect of black Argentine broadtail when it becomes a small-top A-line coat with a band collar and eight dull-gilt buttons marching down the front, a bit offside, with black silk tassels in their tiny teeth. The tassels reappear on the tops of the low pockets. The price is ingénue as well, compared to what I've been going on about. It's $1,995.

Alfred Rainer's poised, serene, and well-travelled customers will have no truck with stunts in anything; they are for simple, quiet opulence. An instance of what they get in return is a shell of black Russian broadtail with a snap-in facing and revers of white mink. But the shell is just as effective with only a sable neckpiece to keep it company. Sometimes the poplin shell raincoats here get linings of ranch mink, horizontal through the body and vertical down the closing. When the weather is fine, you simply substitute a shell of Russian broadtail, and no headwaiter will ever ask you if you have a reservation. A coat of Canadian ermine has the skins split, very narrow and horizontal. The coat wears a normal waist, for heaven's sake, and four jet buttons go down each side of the top below the wide, high lapels. Among the other

De Busschere

Belgian
Shoes

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President

GRACE
Black Calf
Built up leather heel
$60

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

MARC CHAGALL's

METROPOLITAN OPERA
LINCOLN CENTER
OPENING SEPTEMBER 1966

FIRST
AMERICAN
POSTER

Created for the opening of the new Metropolitan Opera House.

Commissioned by Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts for the List Art Poster Program of The American Federation of Arts.

39 x 25" Red, blue, green.
$25.00
(plus $1 for handling and postage; add sales tax where applicable. No COD's)

Original edition in full color, printed by Mourlot, Paris.

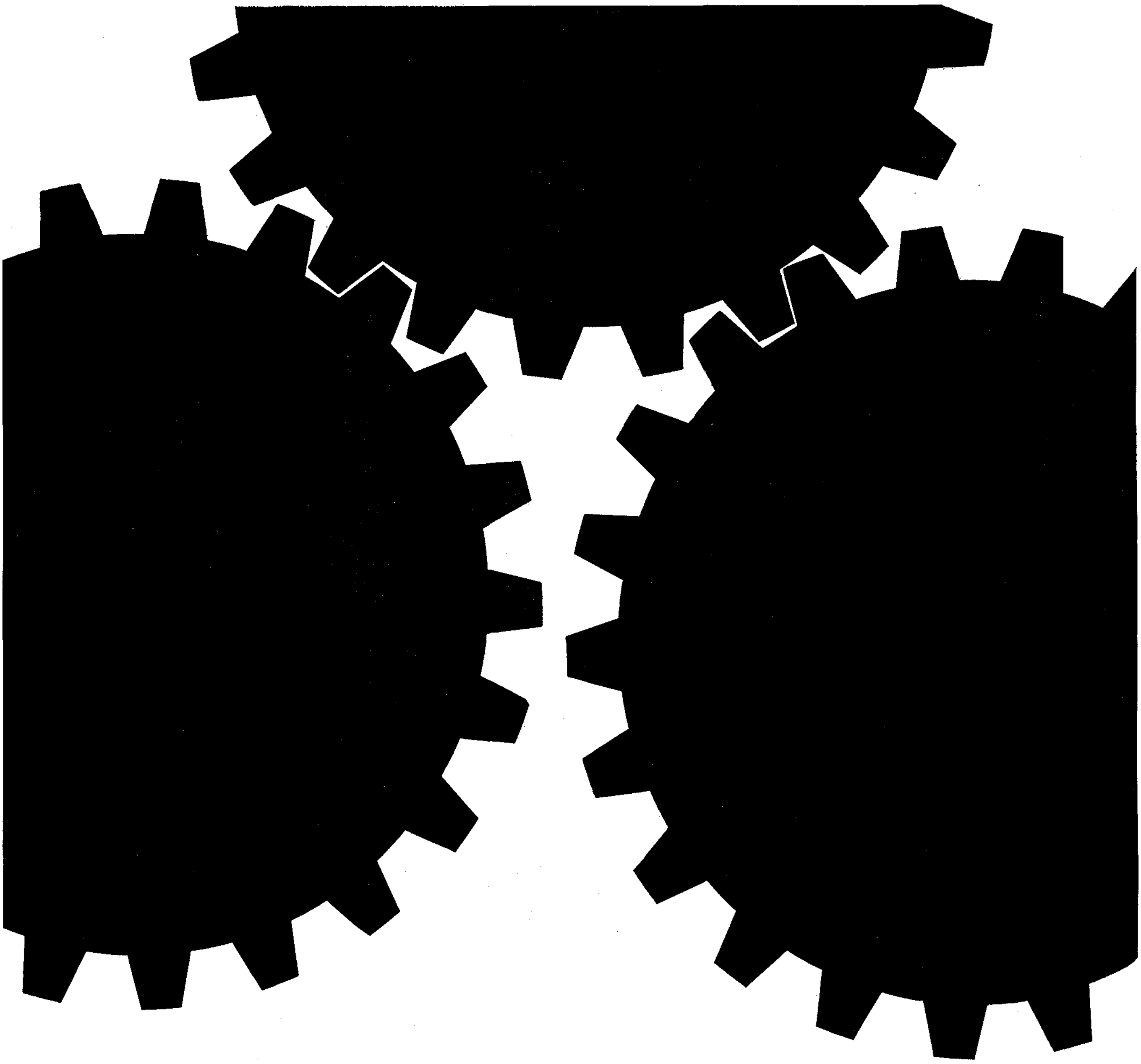
POSTER ORIGINALS LIMITED
51 East 78 Street New York, N.Y. 10021

EUROPE by CAR

Write for FREE 70 Page Full Color Catalogue, Savings on Car Rental and Purchase

VOLKSWAGEN	SIMCA
MERCEDES	JAGUAR
CITROEN	PEUGEOT
RENAULT	MG, ETC.

EUROPE BY CAR, INC.
630 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. LT 1-3040
9000 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, 272-0424
CAR (S) ______
Name ______
Address ______
City ______ State ____ NE-15



Creative advertising, creative journalism and creative readership, combined into one powerful selling force.

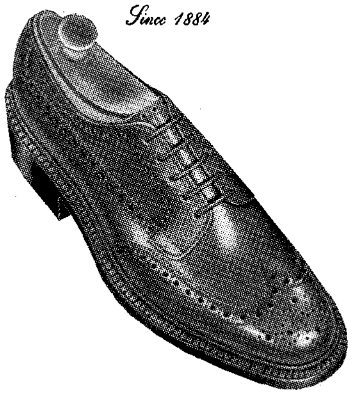
THE WALL STREET JOURNAL

Editions published: Eastern, Midwest, Pacific Coast and Southwest/Distributed everywhere every business day.

© 1966 Dow Jones & Company, Inc.

Alden
OF
NEW ENGLAND

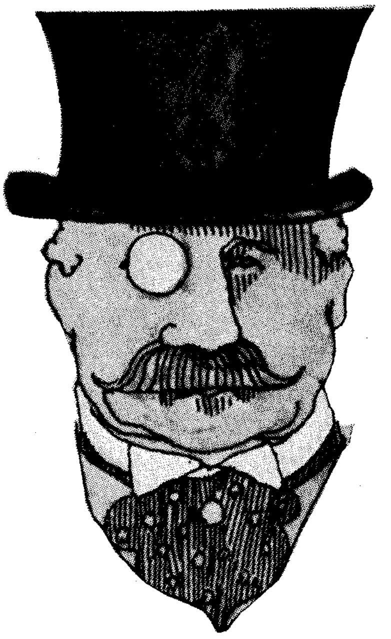
Custom Bootmakers
Since 1884



Ivy Guild Choice

An old school favorite available in hand stained English Albion grain or imported black calf. Fully leather lined. Available at finest shops or please write

C. H. Alden Shoe Co.
Brockton 64, Mass.



WE KNEW HE WASN'T A REAL ENGLISHMAN WHEN HE ASKED "WHAT ARE VIYELLA® SOCKS?"

What Englishman worth his tea and crumpets hasn't heard about Viyella Men's Hosiery? Spun in England from fine cotton and the softest wool, Viyella is shrink-proof, fade-proof, moth-proof and almost never needs darning. Anklet length...$1.50 per pair. Garter length...$1.75 and over-the-calf length...$2.00 per pair.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF KAYSER-ROTH

goodies is a young coat of black Alaska seal with a back belt that ends in two gilt curtain-ring circles; tiny round buttons parade in single-breasted fashion down the front. A coat of black Persian broadtail appears in five horizontal tiers, between which are bands, three-quarters of an inch wide, of black satin; a black satin tie cinches it across the front. And nobody but Rainer showed me a mink jacket—and I can't conceive of anything more all-purpose than that, especially for travellers. His is in what is called Black Caviar mink, which is as near to black as a mutation can get, I guess. Darling is what *I* call this jacket, which goes no farther than the hipbones and which bears a ring collar that stands away from the neck. One other thing is prominent in my memory—a tailored stroller of hair seal (very dark gray to cream, with black splotches) on which black Russian broadtail tries to look like narrow bands of leather (how far can the mighty fall, I wonder) atop the pockets. It also makes a band on the convertible collar. Oh, and there's a coat of Matara seal with that very dark ranch mink around the neck and descending the side front, in a manner I particularly love.

AND now, if no one minds, I shall slope off into the horizontal myself—in my Thrift Shoppe raccoon of the days when Harvard football teams spoke only to Yale and Yale spoke only to Princeton. You can tell that it's an oldie; the skins are vertical. And it weighs a ton. —LOIS LONG

•

The League of Women Voters of Manatee County is conducting a Fund Drive to raise money to overcome voter appeal by supplying posters and literature throughout the county.—*Bradenton (Fla.) Herald.*

Well, bless their busy little hearts!

•

The South Vietnamese government is planning a 300-mile bicycle race north of Saigon to show the people of the area that it has their sporting and cultural interests at heart. The 150 cyclists will race along roads frequently ambushed by the Vietcong.—*Washington Post.*

That ought to set any doubts at rest.

•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Times*]

GOODLAND, Kan. (AP)—Meredith Myers asked his junior high school glee club to sing out a bit louder during a practice period. The singers raised their voices.

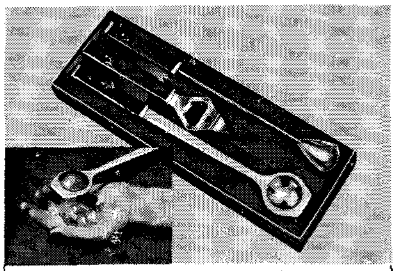
This is no so-so cooking rum.
(This is some gourmet rum)

WORLD FAMOUS
IMPORTED
MYERS'S
RUM
Planters' Punch

Myers puts rich, zesty gourmet flavor into everything you cook. Try this great favorite to see what we mean: Black Bean laced with rum—follow soup directions, adding 1/2 oz. Myers Rum per can. Garnish with lemon slices.

Myers—the true Jamaican Rum. 84°

FREE BOOKLET—Full of exciting food and drink recipes using Myers Rum. Write GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., Dept. Y1015 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y.

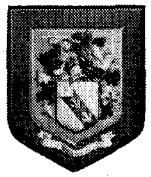


Amazing Ice Cracker Rosewood Bar Set

Amazing Tap-Icer cracks ice with a few easy taps. The secret's the exclusive vibrator handle. New 3-Piece Set includes Tap-Icer, chrome plated can/bottle opener and swizzle spoon—all with hand-rubbed rosewood handles and mounted on handy, hang-up rack. Money back guarantee. Gift boxed: 3-Piece Set, $4.95. At gift shops, department stores or post-paid from

TAP-ICER
95-T Springfield Ave., Springfield, N.J. 07081

FAMILY ARMS
Direct from England



genuinely emblazoned from old records filed under 100,000 British & European surnames. In relief and full colour on immaculate OAK WALL SHIELDS for mural decoration.

7" x 6". ....$ 9.00
14" x 12"........$25.00
12" x 10". $20.00
22" x 18"........$40.00

postpaid. Your check is returned if the Arms cannot be traced. School, Ship, Regimental Shields, Trade Marks, etc., similarly reproduced. Write Britain direct.

YORK INSIGNIA LTD., YORK, ENGLAND

Revolutionary
Idea
The Blazer
becomes a suit...
of pure virgin wool
by
HART
SCHAFFNER
& MARX

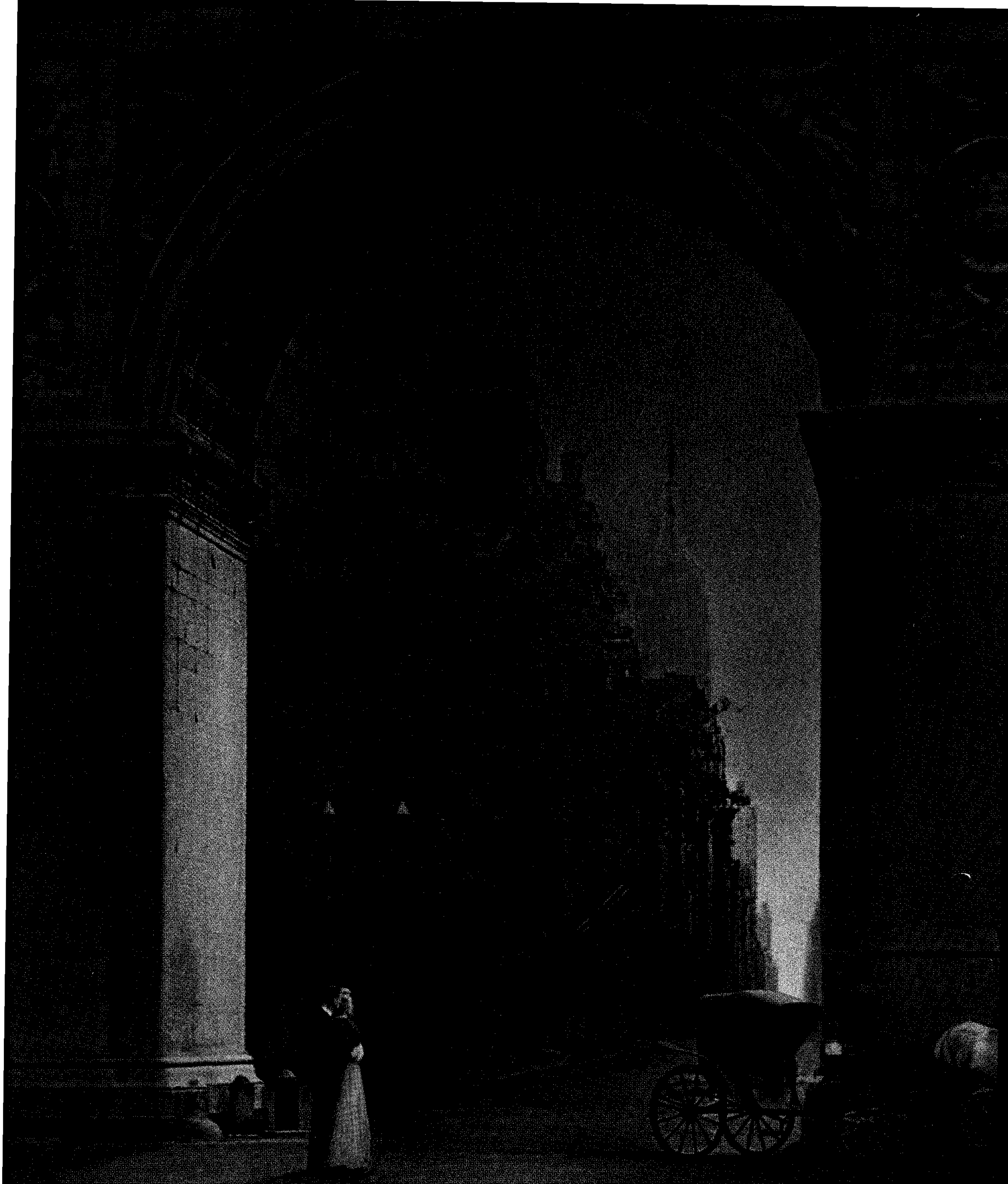
Declare war on ordinary stuff. Wear the new Blazer Suit that does double duty. Wear it as the classic sport coat it is, with contrasting slacks. Wear it with the matching trousers as a business-like suit. The fine hopsack fabric is woven of the world's best—pure virgin wool. Shrugs off wrinkles; gives and springs back with every move.

Note how Racquet Club styling tends to slim a man. Lines, straight. Shoulders, natural. A tall, trim look.

And Hart Schaffner & Marx tailoring keeps it trim. For example, flip a lapel forward with your fingers. See how it flips back, lies flat. Stays that way permanently because of row upon row of interloop stitching inside. The look you buy is the look you keep.

Don't surrender to ordinary clothing. Try a new Blazer Suit by Hart Schaffner & Marx. Revolutionary!

The wool mark is awarded to quality-tested products made of the world's best... Pure Virgin Wool.



Evenings that memories are made of—
so often include

DRAMBUIE

THE CORDIAL WITH THE SCOTCH WHISKY BASE

IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.   80 PROOF

DRAMBUIE
Prince Charles Edward's Liqueur
DRAMBUIE
A LINK WITH THE '45

THE WEDDING GIFT

When Fletcher was getting married, he wrote to his best friend, MacIver, "I'm marrying a girl named Leslie. Her father is a doctor who calls himself a physician, they live not only in a small New England town but in a small New England college town, and they always travel first class. But Leslie and I are happy, and I can go on welding old car fenders into park monuments because she likes to walk barefoot." MacIver, who had lived in an old, converted water tower at college, and who was called the Plaid Buddhist by his friends, never answered this letter, but he was knocking around India at the time and it probably never reached him.

After he was married, Fletcher wrote to MacIver again. "I didn't know anybody in New England, and since none of my friends could pay their fare out of New York, Uncle Barden was my best man (he doesn't like me), and my cousin, Uncle Barden, Jr., from Deerfield, was an usher, and there was a thunderstorm in the morning, which made the wedding a really lovely thing. Since my folks couldn't make it, we've decided to spend the summer in Montana with them. And this fall I'm going back to Stanford to business school—that'll make six years in the place altogether. Don't know where we'll be living yet. (Mac, it just occurred to me, how do you measure rainfall?) My only requirement is space. Maybe some old garage wide-open for a sculptor who's welding tin knee-deep in serenity." MacIver didn't answer this letter, either.

Two months later, one day when it was raining in Montana, Fletcher was washing breakfast dishes at the sink. Nearby, in the dining room, Leslie and Fletcher's mother had spread a tablecloth over the table and were beginning to lay out wedding presents on top of it. Fletcher listened to them for a while and then went to the doorway. He had a wet dish towel in his hand. "Why do we have to display them?" he said.

"It's the tradition," his mother said. "This is traditional."

"I feel like a peddler."

His mother frowned and set a silver-rimmed salad bowl down on a carefully rumpled piece of tissue paper.

Leslie said to her, "He's in a bad mood because he hates housework."

"Well, whose tradition is it?" Fletcher asked. "Maybe we should print catalogues."

"It looks so nice, dear," his wife said.

Fletcher felt like a repentant dog,

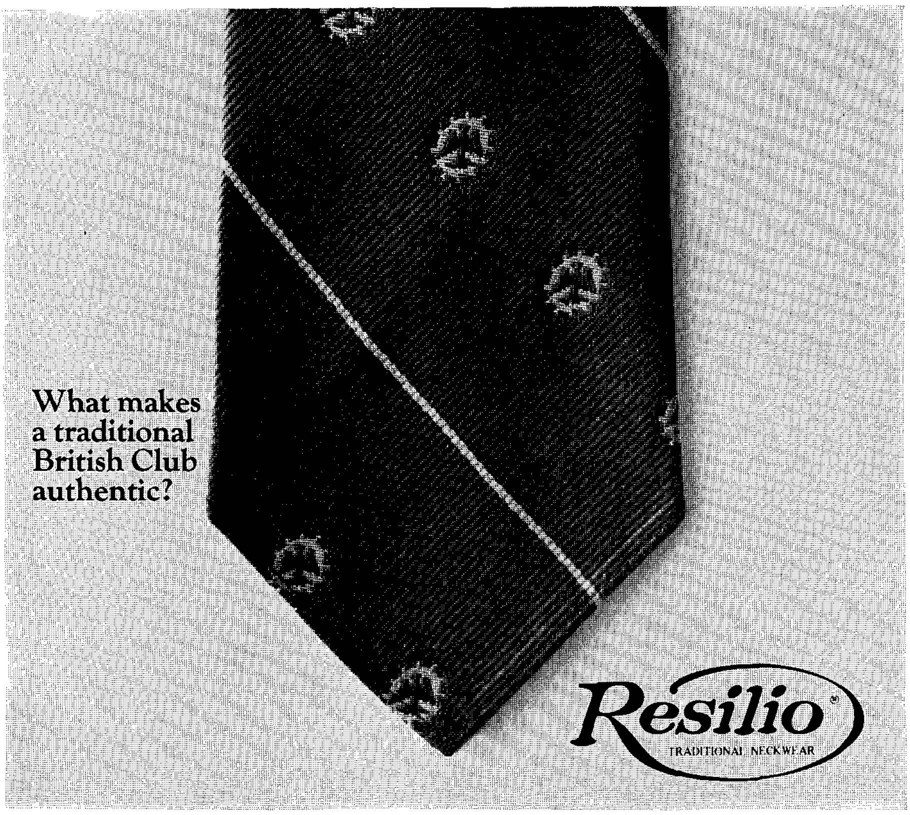
Brawny shirting for the rugged outdoorsman

For letting a shoot or weekending in the country... our robust wool tweed sport shirt tailored for us in Great Britain to our specifications with our traditional button-down collar. Our exclusive tweed is done with herringbone, window pane, glen checks or birdseye patterns in the rustic colorings of the English countryside; wheat, blue lovat and barn red predominating. S, M, L, XL. $20

High Wood, Men's Store, Street Floor

Third Avenue at 59th Street

Bloomingdale's Men's Store



Truly authentic clubs proudly display their actual British social club insignia woven into the finest repp fabric. Thus, a true British club tie may cost slightly more but you can be sure it is authentic and a distinguished complement to any business or evening wardrobe. Be completely knowledgeable about traditional ties by sending for the free brochure "Tiemanship" Resilio Traditional Neckwear, Empire State Building, New York 10001.

P.S. All Resilio British Clubs are completely authentic.

BEWITCHING . . .

say some ghosts who think we're the most! We've everything unimaginable for little goblins and witches. Skeletons that rattle, spine-chilling costumes, crazy hats, scary bats. Before your pixies trick or treat, wax your broomstick and fly up and sample our witches brew. We'll bet our last pumpkin you'll find something wonderfully gruesome at a price that won't scare you! Come up and haunt our store until you find just the right fright! We gift wrap and ship everywhere. Happy Halloween!

Rappaport's
TOY BAZAAR INC.

1381 Third Ave., New York 10021, N. Y.
our address since 1892

Toy Headquarters for Smart New York
(TRafalgar 9-3383-84)

Her Majesty®

Full length loveliness in whisper-soft brushed tricot of 80% acetate, 20% nylon, ruffled and stroked in cluny lace. Completely washable. Pink, blue or yellow. Sizes 4 to 6X, 8 to 14. Peignoir or matching gown, each $6.00.
At M. McInerny, Ltd., Honolulu, Hawaii;
and other fine stores everywhere.
Her Majesty®, 130 West 34th St., New York.

and went back into the kitchen. Then he came out again. "You know, it's funny. I was walking down the street yesterday and I ran into Larry Fajardo. He said he quit his job with the railroad because they made him the night flagman."

"Larry Fajardo grew up here with Fletch," his mother said.

Leslie was propping a new waffle iron half open. "I know," she said. "Fletch has told me about him so many times. Isn't he the one who brought a cap gun to third grade and shot down your teacher?"

"The funny thing," Fletcher said and paused. "The funny thing is that we stood there yesterday about five minutes talking to each other." Then he went back into the kitchen again and finished wiping the dishes.

After a while, his mother went upstairs to get the linen that had been put away in the cedar chest, and Leslie made coffee for herself and Fletcher. "I hate this instant stuff," she said.

Fletcher hitched himself onto the counter and took a sip of his coffee. "Larry Fajardo used to hold his nose when he laughed in school so he wouldn't laugh out loud."

Leslie took his hand. "You hate this kind of thing, don't you? I mean getting ready for parties and society-page sort of things." She smiled. "Poor dear, you're just dying to pick a fight."

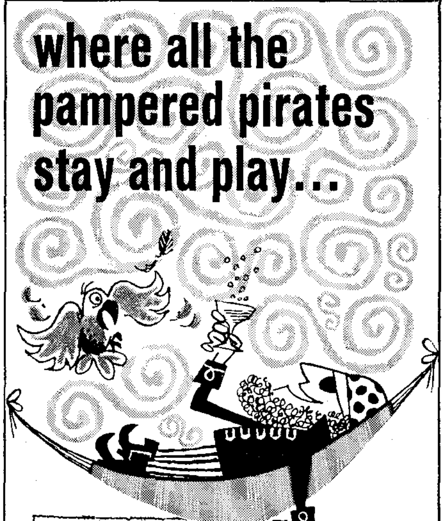
For a long time, Fletcher watched the rain out the window above the sink. "When the sparrows wake up in the morning, I can hear them singing. You know that? I've never heard the morning like that—as loud as that—but when I get up and go out to the garage, nothing happens. Leslie, you know how I feel? I feel like a paper sack full of groceries. The daylight, the hours of work are passing me by!"

"There's one doughnut left," Leslie said. She got it and broke it in half.

Fletcher took a bite. "A year ago," he said, "I used to say, 'I'm twenty-two and if I live to be seventy-two that gives me fifty years,' and I worried about it because fifty years didn't seem time enough to get everything done. I used to say, 'How can a man build a world out of scrap metal in just half a century?' But now I sleep on schedule and don't worry as much as I used to." He fell silent. Outside, in the puddles, light spattered, and the trees conveyed a gentle quality to the day.

Leslie watched him look out the window; then she asked, "Fletch, darling, why are you so reluctant to introduce me to your friends?"

"You'll meet plenty of them this



where all the pampered pirates stay and play...

Bluebeard's Castle
AND BEACH HOTELS
ST. THOMAS
VIRGIN ISLANDS

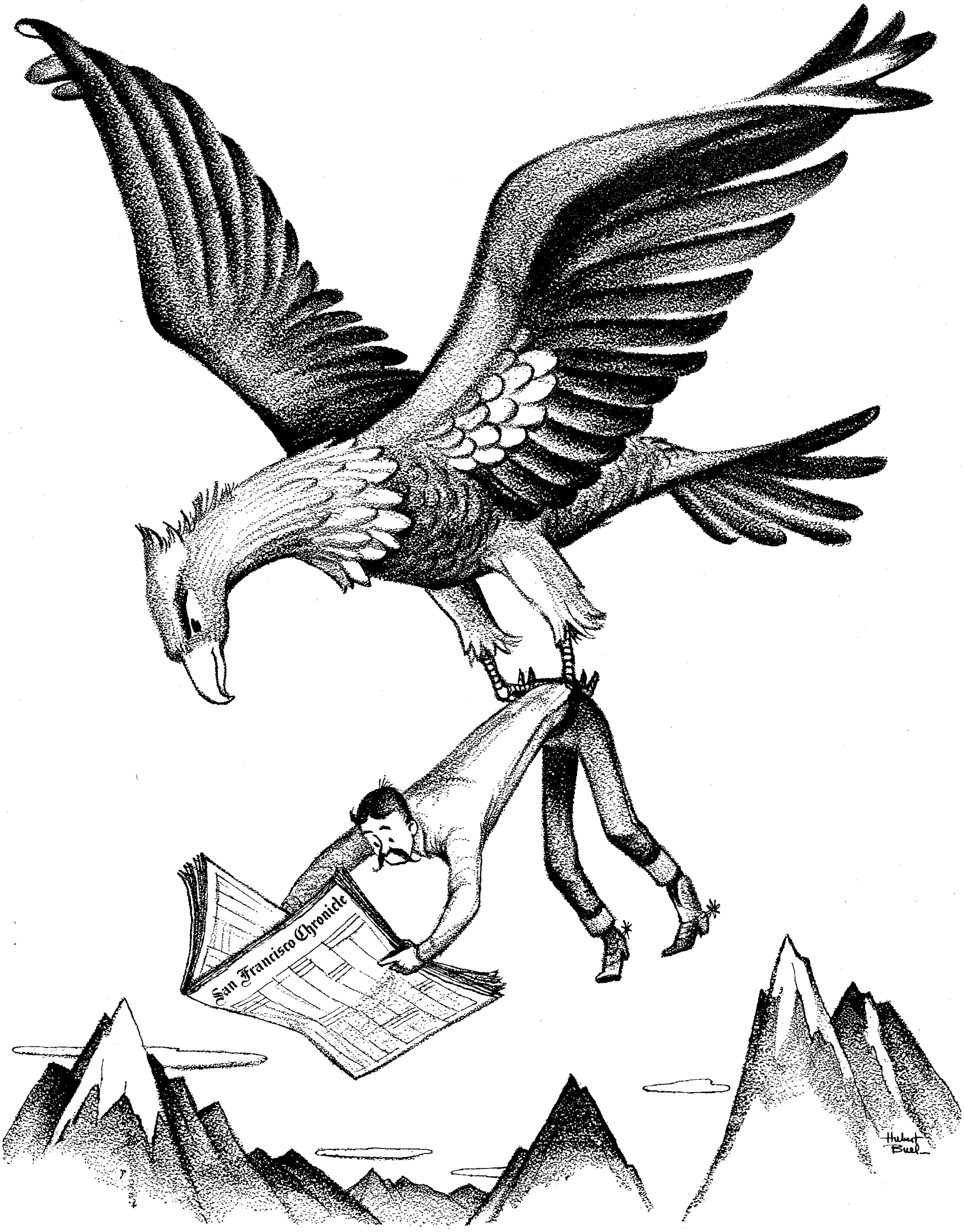
Set your spyglass on BLUEBEARD'S, high over the sky-blue harbour. Drink in the new Dungeon Bar, survey your domain from the 300 year old tower. Go Calypso in the Pirate's Parlour. Feast on the starlit Buccaneer Terrace. Then dream of doubloons in your air conditioned room—100 of them, all delightful. Treasure hunt the mile long beach at BLUEBEARD'S BEACH HOTEL. You'll be a V.I. Pampered Pirate! Milan V. Glumidge, Gen. Mgr.
For color folders, information see your Travel Agent
LEONARD HICKS, INC., Representatives
532 Madison Ave., New York 10022 • MU 8-0123
Atlanta • Chicago • Detroit • Miami • Toronto • Washington

Make Wine at Home

Federal law permits heads of households to produce, tax free, up to 200 gallons of wine annually for home use. All new VINO KITS include complete equipment for easier-than-ever wine making... reuseable fermenting/aging tanks, compact water-seal valves, and a saccharometer to scientifically measure sugar content for finest wines every time.
23-page booklet with all-season recipes provides practical instruction for year'round enjoyment of this fascinating hobby! Satisfaction guaranteed if used as directed.
Standard Kit (Reuseable, 10-bottle capacity) $6.98
Master's Kit (Reuseable, 35-bottle capacity) $9.98
Citation Kit (Reuseable, 75-bottle capacity) $12.98
Vino CORP. POST PAID (No C.O.D.'s)
Box 68-YY East Rochester, N. Y. 14445

900 NORTH MICHIGAN
Jacques
FRENCH RESTAURANT
CHICAGO
Dine in our beautiful
Year-around Garden or
Continental Dining Rooms.
Also facilities for private
parties. Parking at Delaware
entrance. For reservations: WH 4-4795
OPEN DAILY 11:30 A. M. TO 12:00 P. M.

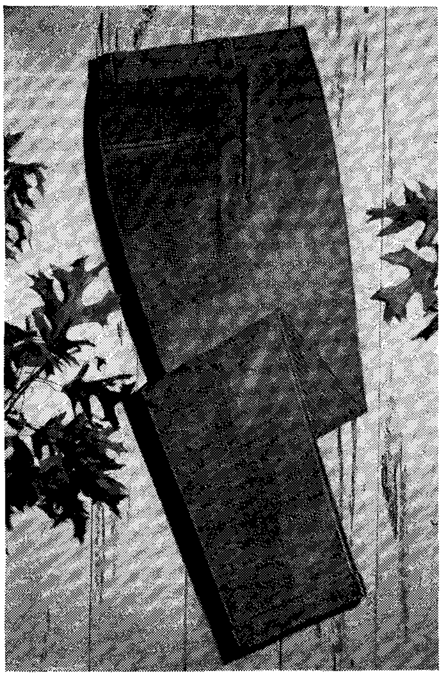
THE CHRONICLE MEANS THE WEST


San Francisco Chronicle
Hubert Buel

THE COVENTRY

Youthful lines contribute substantially to the fresh, uncluttered appearance of the Coventry. Compactly styled with a small brim and well-defined cut edge, it is presented in the richest of English colourings. At fine stores.

KEENS / BRITISH HATS
felted in England
530 Fifth Avenue • New York 36



At Ease...

IN PAUL STUART'S COUNTRY TROUSERS OF **WIDE WALE** COTTON CORDUROY. PERFECT FOR OFF-DUTY WEEKEND ACTIVITIES. SUPERLATIVE FABRIC, QUIET STYLING, RUGGED TAILORING. IN NATURAL, BONE, OLIVE OR DEEP BROWN. STATE WAIST SIZE. $18.50
PLEASE ADD 70C FOR POSTAGE. SHIPPED UNCUFFED.

at
Paul Stuart
18 EAST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

afternoon. The ones who can get off work."

"Darling, even on the street, when we run into somebody, you just stand there shifting your feet and you don't say a thing!"

"Well, what do you want me to say? Take Larry Fajardo in my arms, blubbering like an idiot, and cry out to him, 'Larry! Larry, what happened? Where'd we get lost? Where'd we go wrong?'" Fletcher slid off the kitchen counter and went into the dining room.

Leslie followed him. "Are you ashamed of me? Are you afraid to have them meet me because I'm so . . . so unwestern?"

Fletcher was fingering a wedding card engraved with purple flowers and a long poem that rhymed. "It's an art, you know, giving things to people," he said. "You can't go into a store and buy something off the top of your head. It ought to be like writing a poem."

"It was awfully difficult getting something for you," Leslie said. "I finally decided on the watch because it was the most practical."

Fletcher looked at his watch and wound it two or three turns. Leslie was dressed in an old sweatshirt, a pair of his Levis that had shrunk, and sneakers. "Ten o'clock," he said.

"Look, Fletch," Leslie said all at once. "That pepper mill Aunt Sarah sent us is short and fat like her! And see, that one from the Lewisohns has a stock-market air!" Her voice was suddenly carefree. "And the Simonds, who have such a big family, sent us one for each end of the table!"

"How many do we have?"

"Eleven."

"Eleven pepper mills," Fletcher said, and felt better. "MacIver would like that. He'd probably carry one around in his pocket."

"Maybe he'll send us the twelfth from India."

Fletcher shrugged. "I guess he never got my letters."

"India has post offices, you know," Leslie said.

"MacIver moves around. Anyway, he probably gave up the act of correspondence. He was always giving up things. One day it would be sex, the next day restraint."

"It bothers you, doesn't it, that he hasn't written."

"I don't know," Fletcher said.

"And so now he's an Indian mystic."

"He said he was going there to teach them softball."

Leslie took Fletcher's face in her

Treadway
Inns
Good Food, Drink and Lodging

Treadway's Sign of Hospitality

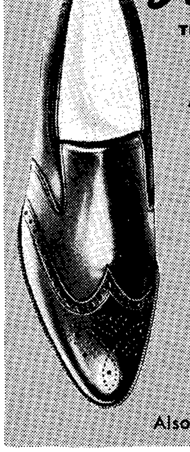
The sign of the Colonial Watchman has been a Treadway symbol of hospitality in America for 54 years.

Treadway Inns are in: DELAWARE-Dover; MAINE-Northeast Harbor*; MASSACHUSETTS-Amherst, Andover, Cambridge; Nantucket Island*; Sturbridge, Williamstown; NEW HAMPSHIRE-Franconia*; NEW YORK-Thousand Islands*, Batavia, Canton, Corning, Niagara Falls, Rochester; OHIO-Aurora; PENNSYLVANIA-Lebanon, Meadville, St. Davids, Split Rock Lodge, Lake Harmony; VERMONT-Rutland*, Middlebury; COLORADO-Breckenridge. *Seasonal

Write for: Treadway "Rest and Ramble" Travel Guide; Conference and Group Meeting assistance; Franchise Information.

To: Treadway Inns Corporation, 339 East Avenue, Rochester, New York 14604. Room 311.

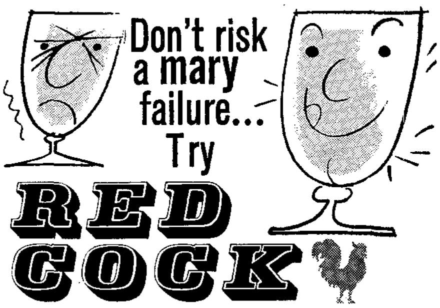
COUNTRY INNS • RESORTS • MOTOR INNS



Fellman, Ltd.
THE "PERSONAL" BOOT SHOPS
World shoe fashions

AMBASSADOR
Greek Collection

The long lean look.
Light clean simplicity.
World-famous
Freudenberg calfskin.
Glove leather lined.
COMO WING SLIP-ON.
$24.95
Major credit cards honored
FELLMAN, LTD.,
6 E. 46th, N.Y. 10017
Also 49 W. 43rd & Newark, N.J.


Don't risk a mary failure... Try
RED
COCK

FOR PERFECT BLOODY MARYS'!
Just add to tomato juice and Vodka
Send $1 for 2 bottles Red Cock Bloody Mary Mix; Box 71, West Redding, Conn.
Also available at Bloomingdale's

JET IRISH

T 70 LAHINCH 18½
T 70 LIOS DÚIN BHEARNA LISDOONVARNA 25
T 70 BAILE UÍ BHEACHÁIN BALLYVAUGHAN 24½
T 70 INIS DÍOMÁIN ENNISTYMON 16
ENNIS GOLF LINKS
FÁILTE
TOURIST OFFICE
RINN EANAIGH SHANNON AIRPORT 16 T11
CENTRE
SRÁID NA CATHRACH MILTOWN MALBAY 19½ L52
GAILLIMH GALWAY 40
TOWN MALBAY

In Ireland, you belong

Smart hotels for the good life, village taverns to sing in, castles to explore, superb dining, fine horses to ride, theater and music festivals—everything's easy to find in Ireland. Even the signposts speak English!

If you *do* get lost, even *that* can be fun. Most Irishmen think they're born with two missions: to show you a good time and to convince you that *you belong*, right there in the middle of their blessings.

Same when you *fly* with the Irish. Indeed, they do have the big Boeing Transatlantic Jet Fleet, the razor-sharp crews, the new Shamrock One-Eleven Jets, covering the Continent in every direction from Dublin. But wait till you feel the loving warmth in every little thing the Irish do for you on board. They'll even help arrange a stopover in Ireland, at no extra air fare, on your way to or from the rest of Europe.

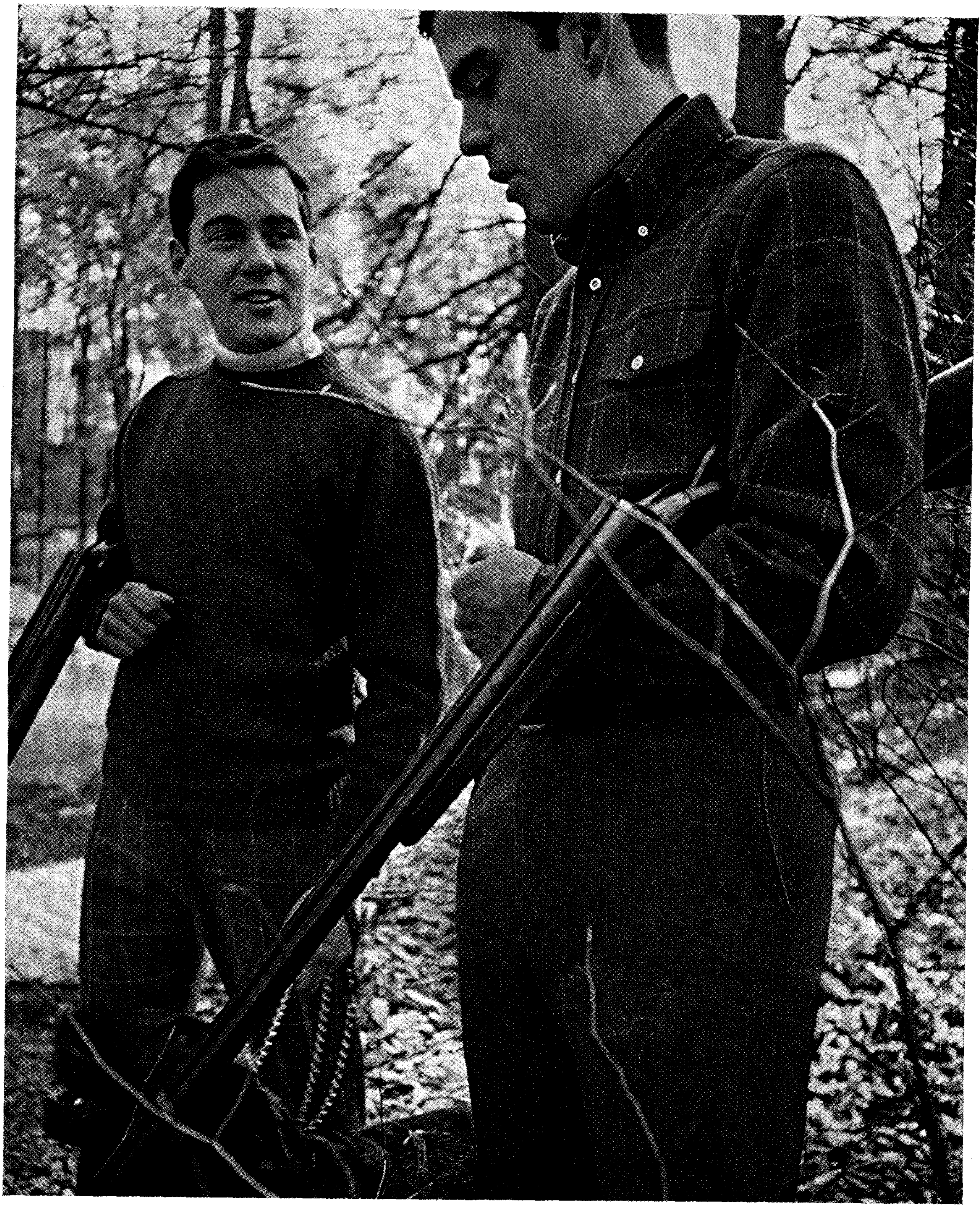
If you travel for pleasure, you belong on Irish. Ask your Travel Agent.

OFFICES IN: New York, Boston, Chicago, Cleveland, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Montreal, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Toronto, Vancouver, Washington, D. C.

IRISH AER LINGUS

IRISH INTERNATIONAL AIRLINES
572 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036

This is Wren's Gamekeeper sportswear collection.
You can almost hear the pheasant break from cover.



Your hunt is over. The rugged relaxed look in sportswear is here. Pheasant may be the game you're after, but it's also the color key for this shirt, sweater and trouser group by Wren. Or perhaps you'd prefer one of the five other country side color combinations. Feel free, they all give you the same masculine good looks. The all-wool shirt, in classic button down, about $16.00. Sweater, in 100% virgin Shetland wool, about $15.00. All-wool trousers, each about $25.00. At the finest stores. Wren Ltd., 390 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10018.

Wren Ltd.®

hands and kissed him very lovingly. "It's hard for you here, I think."

Fletcher held her close to him and over her shoulder surveyed the wedding presents. Everything was there to start a new home. "Let's go out to the garage," he said. "I want to show you what I've been working on."

A FEW minutes later, the delivery man rang the doorbell. Fletcher's mother called out to him from the upstairs window and carried the linen as she went down to the door. The package was a small one—about a foot long and only two or three inches wide. It had all kinds of stamps and postmarks on it and looked as though it might have travelled through half the post offices in the world. In fact, it didn't look like a package so much as like a small animal killed on the highway. Fletcher's mother put it down and went on to the dining room, where she began laying out the linen. Then the back door opened, and Fletcher came in carrying an enormous thing made out of old car hubcaps and chrome bumpers. Leslie darted past him and cleared space for it at the end of the dining-room table. Fletcher set the thing down, and the two of them stood back looking at it admiringly.

Fletcher's mother did not ask what it was. Instead, she said, "Fletcher, why can't you ever make something that looks like something!"

"It's my wedding present," Leslie said.

Fletcher's mother glanced at her with sympathy. "People can't tell what it is!"

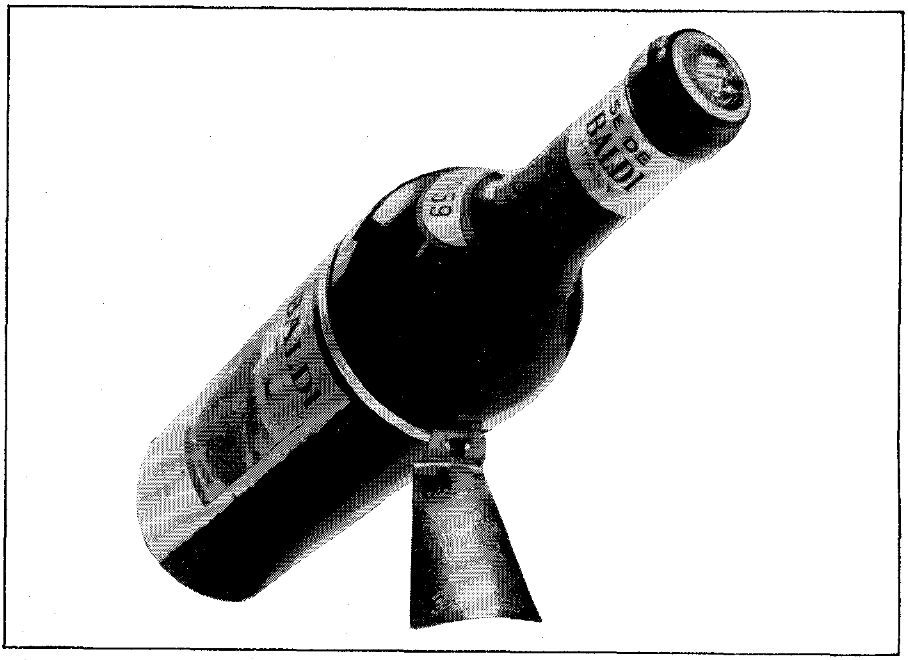
"It's a candleholder," Fletcher said.

"I suppose you're going to leave it there," his mother said.

"I want him to," Leslie said. "You see, what does it matter if it resembles anything or not? A work of art is an expression of a man's heart, an expression of love, and if that love is communicated to the beholder then nothing else is required."

"Look, it only holds one candle," Fletcher said. "All the other parts reflect the flame. Wherever you stand, you see this one flame burning every-

Frescobaldi Chianti
is so wonderful, one really should cradle it properly.



That's why we're offering this clever little device.

Now every bottle of Frescobaldi Chianti Superiore comes with a "cradle" to tilt the bottle at table...save your precious tablecloth...add a gracious touch to your dining. And it will enhance the most delicious Chianti you ever poured! Why not enjoy a bottle this evening?

Sole U.S. Distributors: Fontana Hollywood Corp., N.Y.C.

Today's way to relax: The chair Raymond Loewy*designed for your BarcaLounger-Break

The first truly contemporary reclining chair created by the well-known designer Raymond Loewy eases tension, erases fatigue and adds beauty to your room. With BarcaLounger's smooth *relax-action*, you can sit back, recline, read or watch TV—even work. Your chair will move as you move, adjust to your position automatically, effortlessly. The rest is easy!

BARCALOUNGER®
The best known and most respected name in reclining chairs

*Raymond Loewy/William Snaith, Inc.

HANG THE EXPEN$E!
BUY YOURSELF SOMETHING LAVISH!
LIKE BALM ARGENTA HAND LOTION ® PILLOWS
$1.75!

Balm Argenta, very likely the world's finest hand lotion, now comes to you in tiny foil pillows in a handsomely decorated dispensing carton. There are 12 matchbook-size packets, each holding 8 individual applications, 96 pillows in all. Can't break or spill, loves travel. Tuck a packet in your purse or pocket. Carry the secret of soft, lovely hands wherever you go.

BALM® Argenta PILLOWS
AT SMART STORES EVERYWHERE

If It's from Hardy & Hayes . . .

It's Very Special!

It's happy-ever-after with this charming Frog Prince. And you'll fall in love with the slinky Snail Maiden with the swirl on top. Both are 14K textured yellow gold, imported. Frog has spiral pin back, snail regular pin back. Actual sizes shown. Frog . . . . . . $35. Snail . . . . . $32. Please add 5% for Pa. delivery. Designed by Grosse.

Hardy & Hayes
FINE JEWELERS SINCE 1887

Hardy & Hayes Bldg. Pittsburgh, Pa. 15222

where, and it's like standing on a hill and watching a fleet of old sailing ships on the horizon of the sea."

Fletcher's mother looked at the metal sculpture and shuddered. "Well, since you're going back to school this year, maybe you can take some art courses."

"They still quarry marble in Carrara," Fletcher said. "There are tinkerers all over the world!"

"Your father and I thought you were through with tinkering. An artist is one thing, but puttering around full time . . . "

"Don't worry, I'm through. This is the last one," Fletcher said. "And I'll tell you why. Because whenever I confront a piece of metal these days I just stand around shifting my feet. I don't have much to say to it."

"Darling, you're not being fair to your mother," Leslie said. "She's thinking in terms of your career. She meant it was tinkering as compared to your real profession."

"I know, I know," Fletcher said.

His mother put her arm around Leslie's shoulders. "When Fletcher was a little boy, he used to go out in the street and kick a football up and down alone all day."

"I know, I know," Fletcher said.

Leslie said, "An artist is a professional craftsman. Otherwise, sculpting or painting is just a hobby."

"I know," Fletcher said. "I don't know how I got started. One day, I passed an automobile junk yard and I just thought that if a guy could build something lyrical out of all those wrecked cars . . . " He stopped and waved his hands in a vague gesture.

Fletcher's mother at that moment felt the same sort of compassion that she used to feel when she watched him play outside in the street on lonely days. Then she remembered the package. "You got another wedding present," she said. "It's on the piano stool."

Leslie picked it up and smiled with delight. "It's from India, Fletch!" Eagerly, she pulled off the bedraggled string and uncovered a thin, dilapidated box. Inside it lay a silver utensil of some kind. Leslie handed it to Fletcher. "What is it?" she said. "It almost looks like a little bell, but the ringer has fallen out."

"I don't think it's a bell," Fletcher's mother said.

"It's a candle snuffer," Fletcher said.

"A what?" his mother said.

Fletcher held it out and demonstrated. His voice was deliberate and very precise. "This is the handle and

Eli Keen's Sons
by
JOHN FREDERICK PETO

Oil on Canvas 20 x 16 Inches

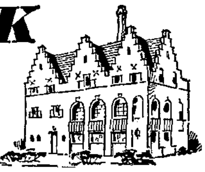
Painted: March, 1888

HIRSCHL & ADLER
Galleries inc.
21 E. 67th St. • NY 21 • LE 5-8810

London mixed grill, Dover sole, and Yorkshire pop-overs are all as near as a taxi ride to
Keen's
English Chop House.
72W.36,N.Y.—WI7-3636
Now open Sundays, 4-11 P.M.

CONTENTED LEATHERS LOVE LEATHERCRAFT!!
They know that experts clean them best!! COATS • JACKETS • HANDBAGS • GLOVES . . . Cleaned & Reconditioned Like New! Send $2.00 ppd. for SUEDECRAFTER® Suede Spot Cleaner for home use. Mail Order Svc. Pick-up 50 Mi. Radius N.Y.C.
LEATHERCRAFT PROCESS OF AMERICA, Inc.
54 West 56th Street, N.Y.C. • JUdson 6-3737

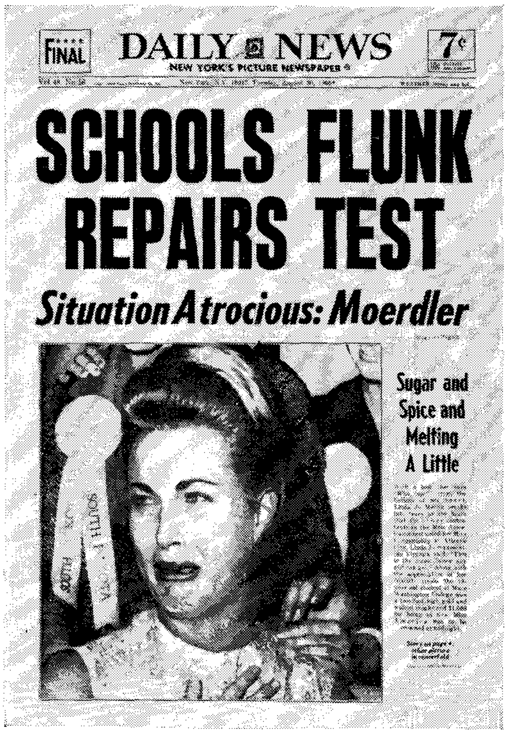
KNIFE & FORK INN . . .
ATLANTIC CITY'S FINEST SEAFOOD
Est. 1912



CAN A VASSAR GRADUATE FIND HAPPINESS WITH THE NEWS?

Her chances are good. 1,226,000 News readers have been to college.

In London, Christie's will auction a Rubens a picture-framer's wife thought was junk. In Paris, Monique predicts the sambeli will be the new darling of the discotheques. In New York, the Markets Commissioner wants to fix the price of milk, Kathy Larkin knows where there's a python coat for sale and Dorothy Rose says a dog can teach a child how to love.



FINAL DAILY NEWS 7¢

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER

SCHOOLS FLUNK REPAIRS TEST

Situation Atrocious: Moerdler

Sugar and Spice and Melting A Little

THE NEWS IS WHAT'S HAPPENING.

For what's happening where, 6,884,000 people read the New York News. And one out of six has been to college.

Obviously, a lot of News readers have the drive to lead the good life.

And the money. One out of every two people in Westchester reads The News.

2½ million News readers took a vacation last year. In this country. And abroad.

Almost a quarter of a million News readers are in families with incomes of over $20,000.

If a Vassar girl can find happiness with your product, it's time you advertised it in the New York News. After all, 125,000 readers already have at least *one* Cadillac in the family.

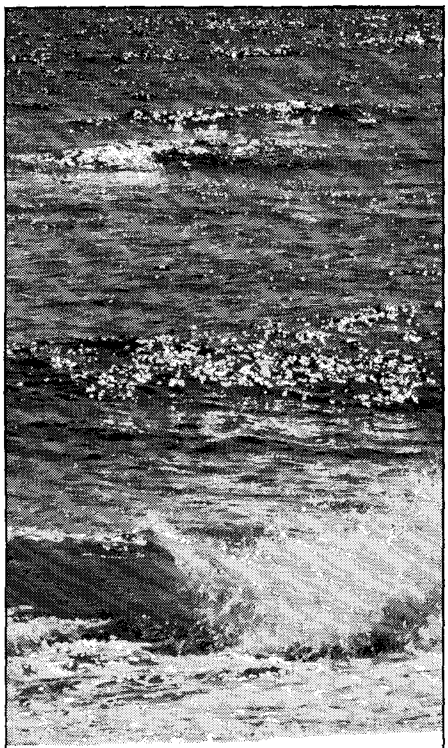
THE DAILY NEWS HAS 4,965,000 READERS. THE SUNDAY NEWS, 5,499,000. MANY PEOPLE, OF COURSE, READ BOTH. WITH NO ONE COUNTED TWICE, WE HAVE A TOTAL OF 6,884,000 READERS. SOURCE: PROFILE OF THE MILLIONS.

ROOTS

Original English Duffle Coat

. . . still the ultimate in quality and fashion. Sturdily constructed of a unique double weight woolen fabric, it boasts of genuine buffalo horn buttons, rawhide loops and generous framed patch pockets. Hooded. By Gloverall Ltd. Camel, forest green or navy. 60. Sizes: 38-44 Add 50c for mail orders.

401 SPRINGFIELD AVENUE
SUMMIT, N.J. 07901


Thirty-five rooms for seventy guests.
Your own private beach.
A very personal Jamaican experience.

The Jamaica Inn
Ocho Rios, Jamaica.
For free brochure
see your travel agent or Ray Morrow.
51 E. 42 St., N.Y. 10017, OX 7-2340.
Hope he can get you in.

this is the cup. You lower the cup over a candle and it snuffs out the flame that's burning."

Leslie kissed him on the cheek. "What a lovely design! Oh, Fletch, if we find a house with a fireplace, this will look so elegant hanging above the light of the fire. Almost like a silver bird." She was beaming. "I'm so glad MacIver sent you something!"

"Here's a note," Fletcher's mother said, but she was wrong. It was just a piece of scrap paper MacIver had used for packing. "There's nothing on it," she said.

Fletcher took it from her. "MacIver probably gave up ink," he said. "There's a message all the same."

His mother squinted through her glasses. She had tied a string onto the ends so that they could hang down around her neck during restful moments. "What does it say?" she asked.

Fletcher said nothing.

"A candle snuffer," his mother said. "What a queer thing to send you. And all the way from India."

Then Fletcher spoke, in the tone of one reading a note. "It says, 'Dear Fletch, Sorry, but I couldn't find a pamphlet on how to measure rainfall.' "

"Well, I hope it's genuine handicraft," his mother said.

Leslie, who had not spoken for some moments, took the piece of paper out of Fletcher's hands. There was nothing at all written on it, and for the first time since she had met him she felt a vague uneasiness about her husband, as though something about their love had become unfixed and unpredictable.

—DAN EVANS

•

The professor sought to announce his own resignation. This was regarded as presumptuous by the White Mouse, and to this presumption he added the effrontery of informing the world that he proposed to write a history of the Johnson administration. . . .

But if Dr. Goldman learned the hard way about presidential prerogatives, the White Mouse has also learned valuable lessons about including eggheads in the inner circle.—*Newark Evening News.*

Where only albinos belong.

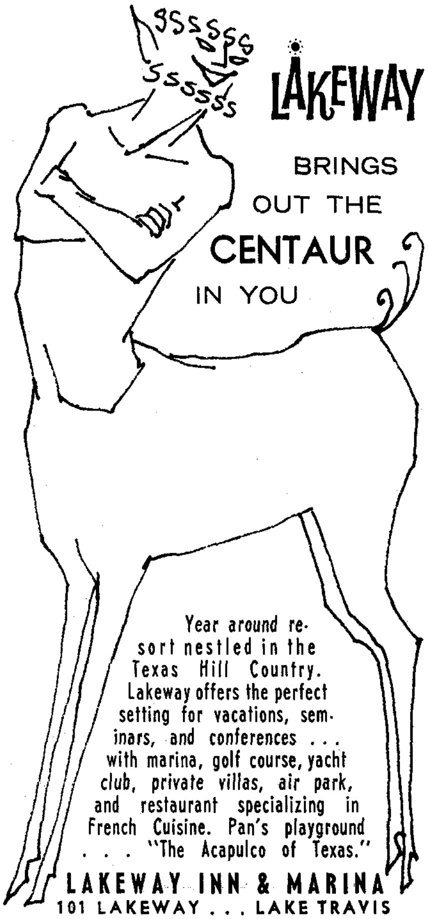
•

1:20 (2) LATE, LATE SHOW

"Three Stripes in the Sun," ('55) Aldo Ray, Dick York. Formerly prejudiced against the Japanese, a G.I. Sergeant falls in love with a Japanese transistor and is torn by his old beliefs.—*TV listing in the New Haven Register Weekly Magazine.*

But can't get that cute little thing out of his mind.

PAN'S PLAYGROUND



LAKEWAY
BRINGS
OUT THE
CENTAUR
IN YOU

Year around resort nestled in the Texas Hill Country. Lakeway offers the perfect setting for vacations, seminars, and conferences . . . with marina, golf course, yacht club, private villas, air park, and restaurant specializing in French Cuisine. Pan's playground . . . "The Acapulco of Texas."

LAKEWAY INN & MARINA
101 LAKEWAY . . . LAKE TRAVIS
AUSTIN, TEXAS • AC 512 AN 3-2123

Barrie Ltd.
OF NEW HAVEN

BRITISH SHOES

Wing-Tip

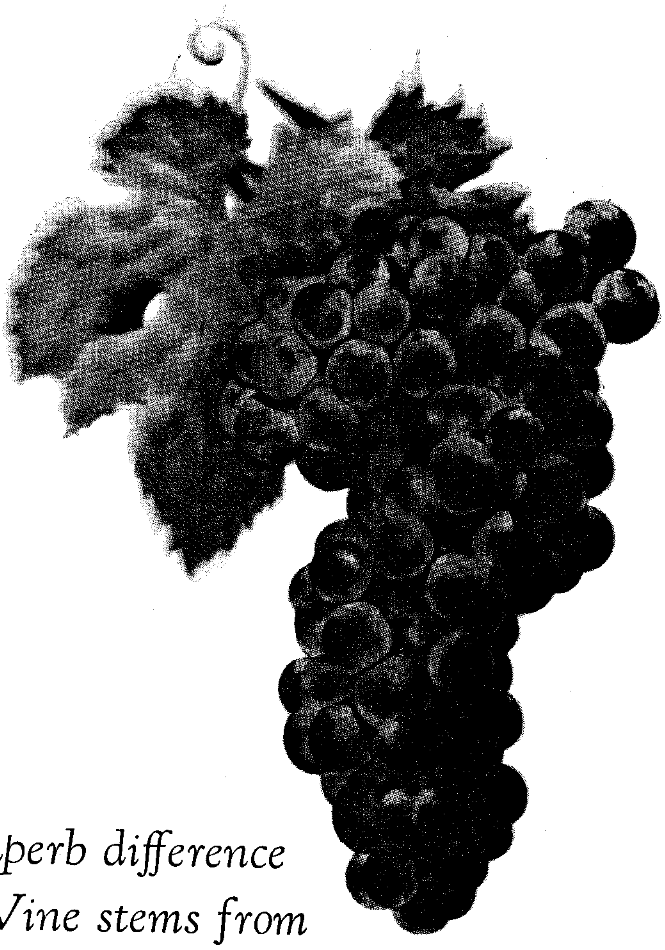
BROCHURE ON REQUEST

Bench-made in Northampton, England of selected calfskins with full leather linings. Hand-flexed leather soles and combination leather and rubber heels in antiqued tan calf☐ or polished black calf☐ $32.95 Ppd. Order by mail—state shoe size.

BARRIE LTD. 260 YORK ST., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

"Haute Cuisine" Holiday Mag.
DINNER BY CANDLELIGHT
Le Bijou
168 W. 4th St., Greenwich Village, CH 2-9338

THE CAPRICE
Kirby Atterbury's Restaurant
on San Francisco Bay
TIBURON • CALIFORNIA
Reservations 415-435-3400



The superb difference
in Almadén Wine stems from
a bunch of little things

Established 1852
ALMADÉN
PINOT NOIR

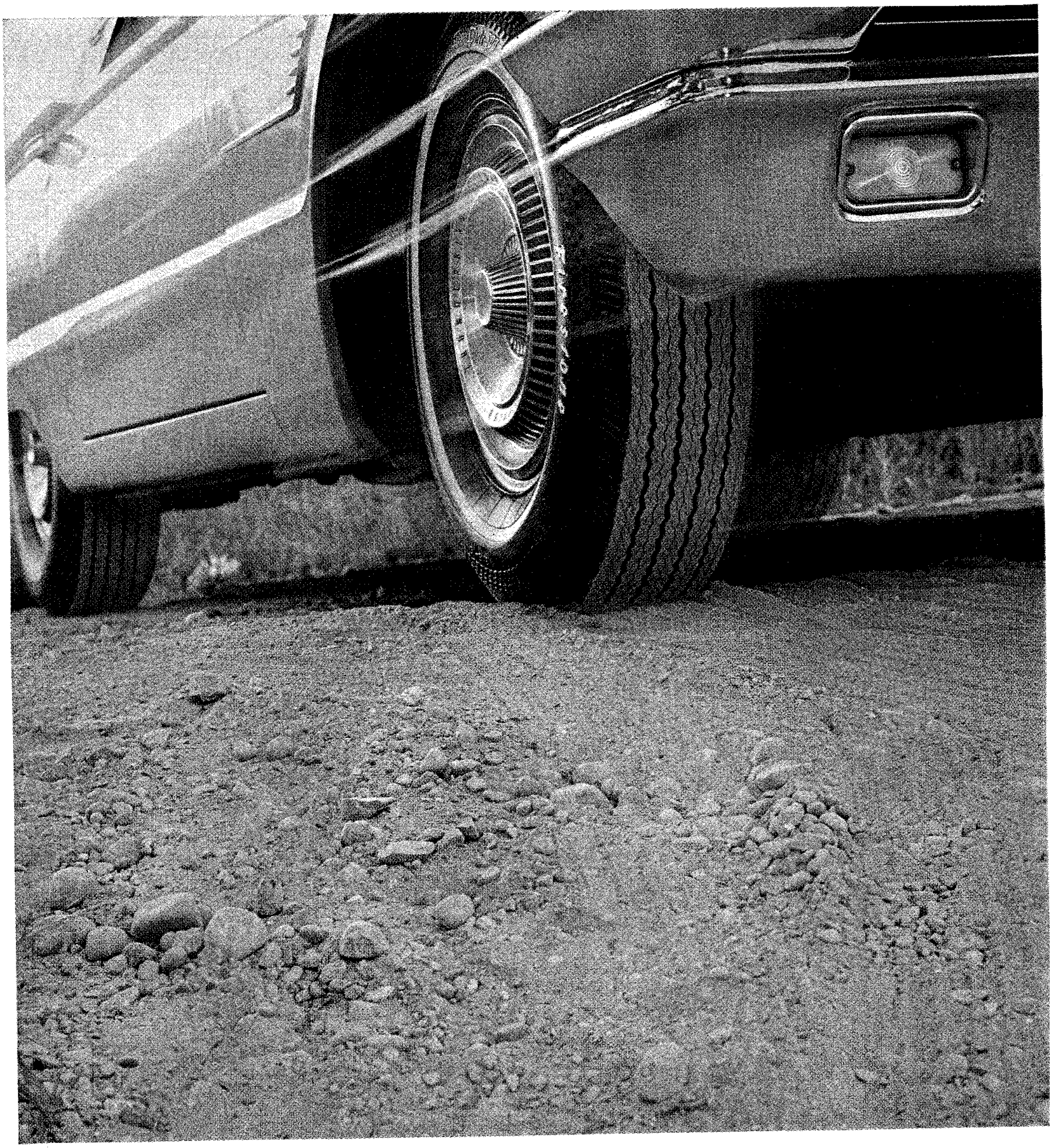
Fine European varietal grapes. Little things. But essential for truly superb wines. Ours have a unique premium character... because we grow them to our own exacting standards of quality. We need not rely on other wine growers for grapes of possibly lesser quality.

Our advantage is Almadén's Paicines Mountain Vineyards, the world's largest vineyards of fine wine grapes. Here, where California nature has been uniquely generous, all European varietals prosper—to a special degree of perfection that is imparted to *every* Almadén wine.

That's why you are assured of superb quality *every* time you serve any kind of Almadén. Prove it by candlelight. Learn how important little things can be.

ALMADÉN

For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P.O. Box 997-E, Los Gatos, California



THIS 125-M.P.H. TIRE GIVES ANY ROAD A BEAUTIFUL GOING OVER

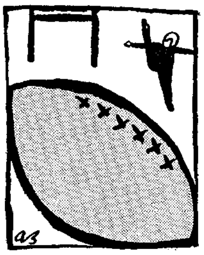
Bring on your hills and rough roads. We've got the tire to take them on—and do it beautifully. Our Super Sports "500". It's a tough tire, with special racing construction that inseparably welds the nylon cord body to the high-speed tread (like our winning tires at racetracks everywhere). It's a quick tire, with special bars in the tread to eliminate wavering at high speeds. It's a steady tire, with a wraparound tread for cat-like traction on curves And it's been proved on our Texas test track—at sustained speeds of 125 m.p.h., 24 hours a day We call it our 125-m.p.h. tire—though many 60-m.p.h. drivers will buy it. All in all, it make quite a tire. So if you've got a rough road t challenge, get the tires to match. Our Super Sport "500". At your Firestone Dealer or Store. "500"

THE SPORTS CAR TIRE SUPER 500 SPORTS FROM Firestone

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

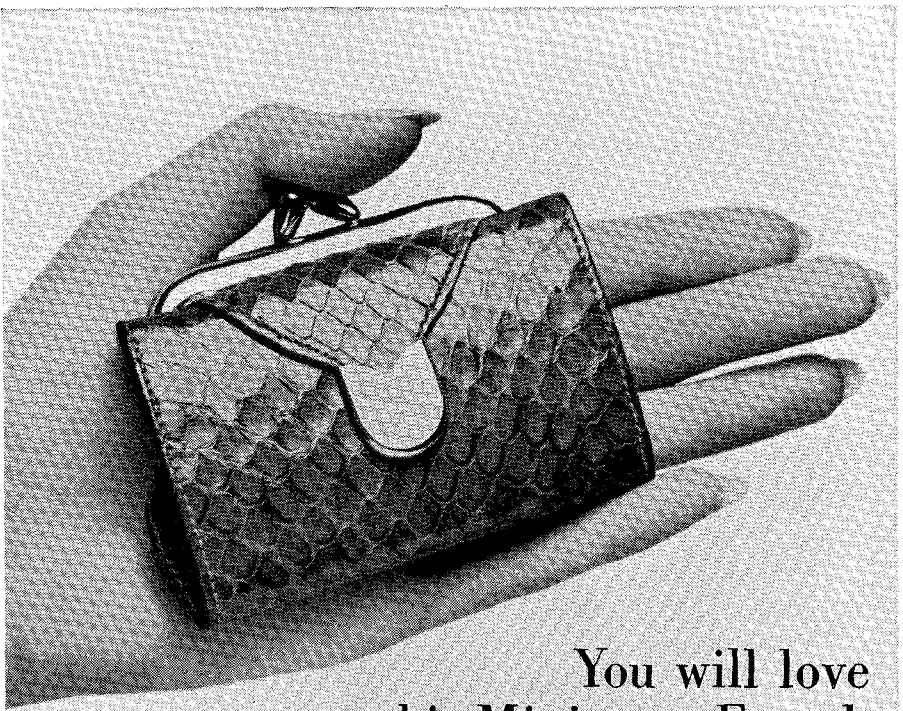
FOOTBALL

Pleasure Before Business



IT was lawn-party day last Saturday up at Columbia's stadium, where a cheerful open-air lunch was had by all on red-white-and-blue tablecloths alongside the football stands. Then: Everybody into the stands for the beginning of a hard day's work—Columbia vs. Harvard. Then: Out to Shea Stadium for Act II—the Jets vs. the San Diego Chargers, under klieg lights. Then: To the television sets for Army vs. Notre Dame. Playing time: 1:30 P.M. until 1:15 A.M. What went on up at Baker Field (Harvard 34, Columbia 7) was a constant reminder of the years when Tom Spangenberg (honored be his name) was performing that peculiar cross-lots lope of his as Dartmouth's ballcarrier through the unhappy lines of many an Ivy League team—the lope with which he went one way while his backfield mates feinted in another direction. On Saturday, the performers of this entertaining bit of engineering were Harvard's Leo and Gatto, and when the expert Harvard linemen were not quite quick enough at opening up the necessary passageway, Leo and Gatto simply outran their would-be tormentors. It was, nearly all the way, a guessing game in which Harvard had every answer. Columbia simply isn't fast enough on its feet, or on anyone else's. A year ago, Zimmerman, a Harvard sophomore without previous experience, was tossed into the job of quarterback against Dartmouth, and a welcome surprise he was for the enemy. Saturday, as he softly popped the ball to Gatto or Leo, or floated longer passes to other intimates, or worked the quarterback sneak at precisely the right time, it was plain that when he goes up against Dartmouth next Saturday he will arrive fully prepared to recite. Well, Columbia, which does the best it can with the manpower it has, needn't feel lonesome on the losers' bench. Alongside it in the Ivy League now sit Pennsylvania and Princeton, too, after Saturday's thunderous defeats; only Cornell and Harvard are unbloody, unbowed.

As for the Jets (Jets 17, Chargers 16), what is there to say except that whatever they do they are the greatest nighttime spectacle our city has ever afforded, and one much more likely to be remembered than their late next-door



You will love this Miniature French purse for its practicality and charm.

Closed it almost fits in the palm of your hand. Opened, it carries your dollars, change and other personal items. Exquisitely crafted by Bond Street Ltd. in genuine Cobra in red, black, jade, amber and purple; price $8.00. In Baghdad kid; $6.50. It also comes in beautiful exclusive imported fabrics. At fine stores everywhere or write Bond Street Ltd., 30 East 33rd Street, New York City 10016.

trademark

Bond Street Ltd.

JAMAICA

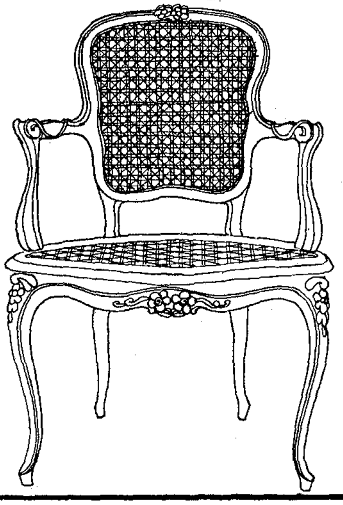
Imagine a private sugar-white beach.

Almost as long as Central Park is wide. Over two times as long as the longest crosstown block. Over five times as long as the Statue of Liberty stands high. Almost twice as long as the longest ocean liner in the world.

Then, imagine having your own private villa or room on this 1700-ft. private sugar white beach of a hotel called Bay Roc. On the Caribbean. At Montego Bay, Jamaica. See your travel agent or call Utell International, New York. Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Miami. In N.Y.: JU 2-3226

BAY ROC

LOUIS XV

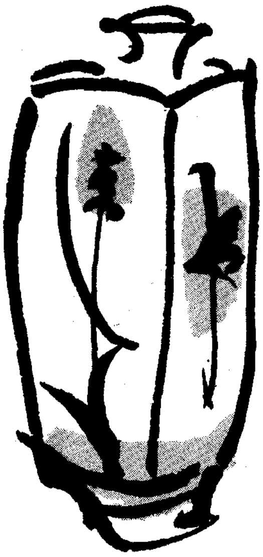


Magnificent imports, direct from Italy at great savings for you. Armchair: H38"xW24"xStHt17". Hand-caned seat & back. Hand-carved frame, ready-to-finish. $89. Side chair, $69. If we finish, add $25. No COD's. Shpd. Exp. Coll. Send 50¢ for catalog of our imports and Furniture-In-Parts.

DOOR STORE OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

Dept. N10, 3140 M St. N.W., Wash. 7, D.C.

HAMADA



EXHIBITION
OCTOBER 12-OCTOBER 22

BONNIERS
605 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 22, N.Y.

GIOVANNI FRANCESCO BARBIERI
(called IL GUERCINO) 1591-1666
7-¾ x 7-½ inches

EXHIBITION OF
OLD MASTER
DRAWINGS
FROM OCTOBER 15
Illustrated Catalogue $3

H. Shickman Gallery
929 PARK AVENUE

neighbor the World's Fair, at whose station (World's Fair, a name hardly awarded by coincidence) you still alight when you go to the Jets by train. Hell, nobody's perfect, including the Long Island Rail Road, but there is no better way to get to Shea (a free and rhymed slogan for the railway) short of a motorcycle escort.

As for Army, it may privately long for the days when it was a frequent guest in Ivy League stadiums—the days before it became a big-time globe-trotter. Lacking the skilled hands of its earlier globe-trotting days, it is still trying to make do against the Big Boys, with results such as Saturday's Notre Dame 35, Army 0. Notre Dame, using the professional-league setup on defense (four linemen, four linebackers), defeated nearly every Army maneuver, and it was not until four minutes before the end of the third quarter, when the Notre Dame lineup was a mass of fill-in performers, that it was finally forced to punt. (Army's second loss last week was Kurilko, its celebrated punter, now retired from the squad.) Hanratty's throwing induced mass dizzy spells among the Army defenders; even when Army dropped into a three-man line ahead of an eight-man pass defense, Hanratty slapped a twenty-six-yard toss into the hands of the right man. Sponsors, not statistics, are the meat of television broadcasts, but (at a guess) Notre Dame snaffled a half-dozen Army passes during the evening; the one way to be sure is to inspect the Notre Dame helmets this week, for (so a Midwestern gnome informs me) whoever intercepts a pass for Notre Dame gets to put a gold star on his helmet.

A NEW JERSEY gnome who takes Princeton quite seriously says that it played its best football of the season in losing, 31–13, to Dartmouth, but only for the first four minutes and the first Princeton touchdown. Too many new men who haven't got to know one another yet, and not enough of the older hands. A New Hampshire gnome who takes Dartmouth quite seriously says that it played its best football of the season in winning, etc. Until last Saturday, he feels, Dartmouth was lucky to have done as well as it did. Spangenberg has gone, but there are others, mighty others, as full of hocus-pocus as ever. Cornell 45, Pennsylvania 28, up at Ithaca, might have been a better deal on the tape than Army-Notre Dame. Two teams with a hell-fire offense are always better than just one.

—J. W. L.

COME
TO
THE
Colony
Jewel of Jamaica

Discover a unique country club atmosphere, a very special kind of guest pampering, luxurious air conditioned accommodations, all with patio or veranda. Golf on adjoining championship 18-hole golf course, swimming from our natural white sand beach or in our freshwater pool. Superlative cuisine and entertainment.

For reservations see your Travel Agent or our International Representatives:

Robert Reid Associates, Inc.
1270 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y. PL 7-2444
Also: Miami • Chicago • Toronto • London

THE Colony
MONTEGO BAY—JAMAICA, W.I.
Daniel T. T. MacKinnon, General Manager

GIRL
UNDER
UMBRELLA.
40 inches high, 11 inch base. Piped. (Spray head included). In lead
$375.00 F.O.B. N.Y.C.
(Express Collect)
From the World's most extensive and distinguished collections of fountains, statuary and garden ornaments in lead, bronze and stone displayed at Florentine Craftsmen Showrooms.
25¢ for catalogue 66, in coins or postage.
The FLORENTINE CRAFTSMEN Inc.
479-485 FIRST AVE. (28th St.) NEW YORK 16, N.Y.
Phone LExington 2-3926

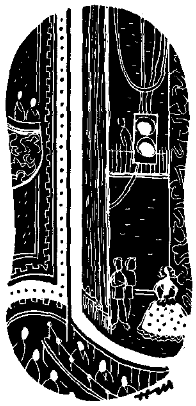
BROADWAY
JOE
"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"
open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
315 W. 46 ST. NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

clos normand
FORMERLY
LOUIS AND ARMAND
OPEN FOR
LUNCH AND DINNER
42 EAST 52, PL 3-3348

MUSICAL EVENTS

Much Ado About Something

NEARLY fifty years after its Vienna première, Richard Strauss's opera "Die Frau Ohne Schatten" finally got a fully staged New York production—at the Metropolitan Opera House on Sunday night of last week. Whether it is to be regarded as Strauss's masterpiece (a good many people regard it that way) is a knotty subject for debate and need not be answered here; it is by any standards a great opera. It has never been as popular as several of his others, even in Germany and Austria, mainly, I think, because of the complexity and artificiality of its plot. This, which is the work of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, is a manufactured myth, and a satisfactory myth is difficult to manufacture. What one sees on the stage is an extremely elaborate fantasy, loaded with symbolism, which is apt to bewilder anyone who has not made a careful study of the libretto. Without a *deus ex machina* named Keikobad, who does not appear in the opera but who is omnipotent and can cause the most unlikely things to happen, the story would not stand up at all. The story revolves around an emperor who marries a supernatural creature without a shadow. This creature desires a shadow (which is the symbol of the ability to conceive, and thus a symbol of the human condition); with the aid of a nurse (a sinister figure), she attempts to buy a shadow from the wife of a poor dyer named Barak; Barak's wife, who hasn't been getting along very well with her husband, is only too willing to sell her shadow, and Barak, a good fellow, is understandably upset by the proposed deal. Then, at the crucial point, the empress becomes conscience-stricken at the idea of taking another woman's fertility away, and she is particularly sympathetic to poor old Barak, who, according to the contract, is to have no children; meanwhile, the emperor, in consonance with what is said to be a law of mythology (he who marries a peri and does not get her with child within twelve months shall be turned to stone), is on his way to permanent petrifaction. At this point, Keikobad, realizing that the empress has shown true compassion for Barak and his wife, steps in, fixes things up so that there are enough shadows to go round, and depetrifies the emperor. Everything ends happily, with Mr. and Mrs. Barak appreciating each other the more, and the emperor and empress able to have children after all. The idea for the story was admittedly borrowed from Mozart's "The Magic Flute," and there are analogies, chiefly in the trials through which the main characters go. As somebody remarked, "The thing to remember is that the empress becomes a human being." That is helpful.



To this libretto, Strauss wrote some of his greatest music, and there are places in "Die Frau" that, for pure musical enchantment, are difficult to match anywhere in opera. The style is virile, representing Strauss at the peak of his creative powers, and all the characteristics of his musical personality—the uncanny skill in writing for voices, the mastery of orchestration (probably unequalled elsewhere in the annals of the art), the expert use of rich chromatic harmony as an expressive medium—are present in the score. In a way, "Die Frau" might be regarded as the culmination of the whole Austro-German musical tradition. Strauss was to go on writing operas, but never anything on so ambitious a scale as this one.

The production given the opera at the Met the other night was certainly magnificent, in the sense that it was obviously expensive and grandiose. A great part of the building's new stage machinery was set in motion. Scenes were lifted out of sight and lowered out of sight; illusions were produced, including a fountain of what was plainly polluted water, though intended to be golden; and the massive stairway to Keikobad's office moved majestically forward and back again all the way to Amsterdam Avenue. This was quite fitting, as the opera calls for more elaborate staging than any other that I can think of. But the character of what was set before the eye between the complicated transformations on the stage was, I thought, heavy and ostentatious. Robert O'Hearn, a stage designer whose work I have admired in previous productions, used an immense amount of metal-colored scenery—mostly silver. His first scene—the emperor's pavilion at one side, the messenger of Keikobad

READ ALL ABOUT IT!

Remember? That's what people used to say. Old Hollywood movies and some television commercials still talk that way. Times have changed. But the news hasn't. People still read all about it.

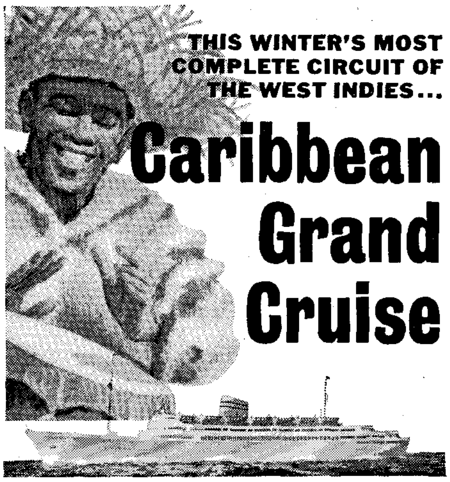
'The Ring of Truth' Copley Newspapers

Copley Newspapers publish 16 Hometown Daily Newspapers —

CALIFORNIA: The San Diego Union • Evening Tribune • The Sacramento Union • Alhambra Post-Advocate • Burbank Daily Review • Culver City Evening Star-News & Venice Evening Vanguard • Glendale News-Press • Monrovia News-Post • San Pedro News-Pilot • South Bay Daily Breeze •

ILLINOIS: Illinois State Journal • Illinois State Register • Aurora Beacon-News • Elgin Courier-News • Joliet Herald-News •

REPRESENTED NATIONALLY BY NELSON ROBERTS & ASSOCIATES, INC.



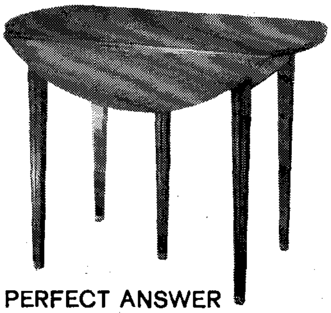
THIS WINTER'S MOST COMPLETE CIRCUIT OF THE WEST INDIES...
Caribbean Grand Cruise
JAN. 6, FROM N.Y. • 24 DAYS • $725 MIN.*
16 glamorous ports
ABOARD THE WORLD-FAMOUS
BERGENSFJORD
Here's this winter's most complete sweep of the romantic Caribbean! For 24 relaxing, entertainment-filled days and nights, let Norway's beautiful *Bergensfjord* cruise you away to balmy climes. You'll visit 16 charming sun-kissed ports: St. Thomas, St. Kitts, Nevis, Dominica, Antigua, Martinique, Barbados, St. Lucia, Grenada, Trinidad, La Guaira, Aruba, Cristobal, San Blas Islands, Kingston and Nassau. See your travel agent.
*Minimum, subject to availability.
Vessel under Norwegian registry.
Norwegian America Line
29 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10006
Tel: (212) 944-6900
CHICAGO•SAN FRANCISCO•LOS ANGELES•SEATTLE•PORTLAND•MONTREAL

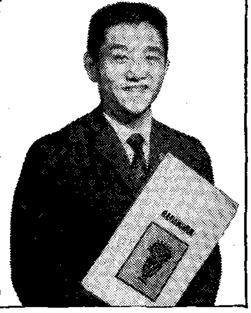
DON'T JUST SAY COGNAC, DARLING, SAY POLIGNAC* PLEASE.
Prince Hubert de POLIGNAC
COGNAC
V.S.O.P
* BECAUSE... PRINCE HUBERT DE POLIGNAC IS KING OF THE COGNACS!
Imported by Dennis & Huppert 80 & 84 proof

hanging in midair—was charming. But thereafter more and more metal was poured onto the stage—some of it in the form of stalactites and stalagmites, some of it as stage frames or as bangles. By the time the last act arrived, the stage was cluttered with hundreds of tons of it. Barak seemed to be living in the middle of a sort of silver rib roast, and the glitter of other scenes became distracting. There is a point, as I believe I have remarked before, at which elaborateness of scenery can overwhelm the main function of opera, which is singing, and this point was passed the other night. Moreover, there were flaws in the production even if one accepted it on its own terms. Why some lighting effect could not have been devised to make the fountain really look golden is a mystery; there was no waterfall at the end of the opera, as specified in the libretto; the unborn children of Mrs. Barak sang not from the frying pan, where they are symbolized as fish, but quite clearly from behind the backdrop. I have seen several productions of "Die Frau"—in Munich, Vienna, and San Francisco—and they were all simpler from a visual standpoint and, to my mind, all more effective.

The evening was a triumph for two singers—Walter Berry, the well-known Austrian baritone, who was making his Metropolitan début as Barak, and Christa Ludwig, his wife, who did the role of Mrs. Barak. Mr. Berry has one of the most expressive voices of its type to come to light in a long time, and Miss Ludwig has grown in recent years into a perfectly splendid mezzo-soprano. Both sang in a heart-warming manner and both were justly applauded. Irene Dalis, as the nurse, was scarcely less successful, and James King was handsome and vocally impressive as the emperor. As the empress, Leonie Rysanek was, I am sorry to say, the victim of her vocal production, which has never been totally dependable in the middle register, and which the other night several times brought her close to disaster. All that one can say of her is that she looked pretty and appropriate in the part. The lesser roles, including Keikobad's messenger, sung by William Dooley, were generally well done. Karl Böhm conducted, and his orchestra sounded to me thick and heavy, so much so that a good deal of Strauss's brilliant counterpoint was obscured.

ON Friday night, at the State Theatre, the New York City Opera presented a neat, attractive perform-


EXTENSION DIRECTOIRE TABLE SEATS TEN
THE PERFECT ANSWER FOR THE LIVING-DINING AREA
FROM LLOYDS COLLECTION OF INTERESTING ENGLISH, FRENCH and AMERICAN DINING TABLES: This most versatile translation of the French original *extends to a huge 87" oval with 4 extra leaves* inserted. With drop leaves down it measures only 19" x 38" to fit comfortably in a confined space. *33" x 38" with leaves up. Simple... elegant,* entirely finished by hand in an aged fruitwood color with the mellow patina of an inherited antique. $178
Also available in antiqued French acajou brown mahogany with brass edges at $243 (fabulous). *Both F.O.B., N.Y.C. Add $15 crating beyond delivery area.*
GET TO KNOW LLOYDS. Our immense stock includes an ever changing collection of Antique and Reproduction Furniture and Decorations for every room in your home. You will find the antique, or just old, or fabulous reproductions. Lloyds is really a paradise of treasures. The character, the quality and modest prices will delight you. Come in, browse leisurely and discover Lloyds for yourself. You'll be very glad you did.
NEW 64 PAGE CATALOGUE $1.00
LLOYDS
116 E. 60 ST., N.Y., N.Y. 10022 • PL 9-7313


ever heard of a fine restaurant without a kitchen?
more chefs than waitresses?
and a Japanese maitre d' named Rocky?
BENIHANA of TOKYO
EAST 120 E. 56th St.
WEST 61 W. 56th St.
in New York City
Reservations: LT 1-0930

delightful Frenchy's wonderful food
AAA
1827 e. north ave. • milwaukee • wis

DISCOVER GOLD
DISCOVER NEVIS
in the Leeward Islands
"Let our island become your island."
Write to MONTPELIER
the premier hotel, for full details & folder N; or phone N.Y. 212/PL 7-4666

ance of Mozart's slightly silly but enjoyable opera—or *Singspiel*, properly speaking—"The Abduction from the Seraglio." The scenery was modest, and the direction, by Jay Harnick, who was making his début here, was tasteful in that the humor of the piece was not permitted to get in the way of the singing. This is rather important in "The Abduction," because the humor is mere horseplay, while the music, though early, as Mozart's operatic music goes, is delightful. Beverly Sills, who seems to be becoming the prima donna of the troupe, sang the role of Constanza immaculately from beginning to end. John Alexander, a tenor whom it is always a pleasure to listen to, was the Belmonte, and Anne Elgar, as Blonde, performed well except that her enunciation was unintelligible. Herbert Beattie used his *buffo* bass voice and his impressive low tones with admirable discretion, providing a fine Osmin. David Smith was an agreeable Selim Pasha, and John Lankston, making a début as Pedrillo, displayed a light tenor voice of some promise. Julius Rudel conducted expertly.

THE Metropolitan's first "Rigoletto" of the season, last Wednesday night, was new only in that Nicolai Gedda was singing the role of the Duke for the first time here. He showed himself to be completely at home in the part, looked handsome, and sang acceptably if not brilliantly. His chief fault was a habit of swallowing his Italian syllables, and this manifested itself only now and then, in rapid passages. It is pleasing to be able to report that Roberta Peters, as Gilda, sang better than she did last season, hitting that high note at the end of "Caro Nome" with accuracy and a reasonable degree of power, and performing throughout with fine style and impeccable intonation. Cornell MacNeil has deepened the emotional values of his Rigoletto since the last time I heard him in the role, and "Piangi, piangi" came over with considerable dramatic force. He can go still deeper, though. John Macurdy was a fine Sparafucile, Raymond Michalski a no less fine Monterone. Nedda Casei, as Maddalena, was all that the eye could ask for, even though she did not offer much to the ear. Lamberto Gardelli conducted a crisp performance but one that was lacking in dramatic power.

ON Thursday night, the New York Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, set forth a rather incongru-

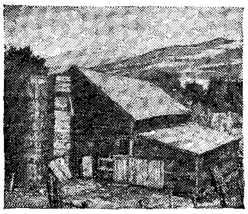
Worumbo® Coachman Cloth shows up in the nicest places.
Just ask Dan Millstein.
Coachman Cloth, the luxurious Worumbo woolen.
Tent coat by Dan Millstein at Lord & Taylor, New York; John Wanamaker, Philadelphia; Montaldo's, all stores.
Fabric by Stevens
J. P. Stevens & Co., Inc.
1460 Broadway
New York 10036

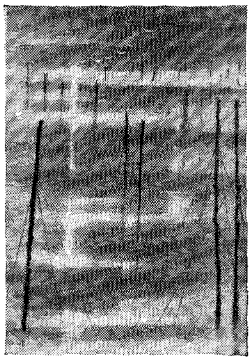
Collect *Signed Originals* by America's Foremost Artists

Since 1934, Associated American Artists' program has offered art lovers the finest and largest collection of limited edition, signed, original etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts, for as little as ten dollars.

Many of our offerings are now in major museums and public collections. Many are valued at more than 20 times their original price. Send for our current catalog which contains illustrations of original prints by Altman, Chafetz, Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Gross, Hirsch, Kleinholz, Landau, Doris Lee, Margulies, Marx, O'Connor, and Raphael Soyer.

"Young Dancers" by Raphael Soyer
$75 matted* 18" x 13"


"Vermont Survival" by Luigi Lucioni
$10 matted* 13" x 10"


"Weirs" by Richard Florsheim
$10 matted* 14" x 10"

*plus $1 shipping.

Associated American Artists
605 5th Ave., N.Y. 10017, Studio 910
For free catalog containing 47 different illustrations, send 25 cents for handling.
Name__________
Address__________
City______ State____ Zip____

You may never know enchantment, until you've known

The Carib Ocho Rios

By day the Carib Ocho Rios is merely fabulous. Its location is Jamaica's fabled North Coast. Enough said. Virtually all accommodation is spacious and in suite form. There are complete facilities for everything from water-skiing to duty-free shopping.

By night the Carib Ocho Rios is something else. When you're completely enmeshed in the spell of superb cuisine and wines and the moonlit Caribbean sky, resist the temptation to pinch yourself. It's not a dream. It's enchantment.

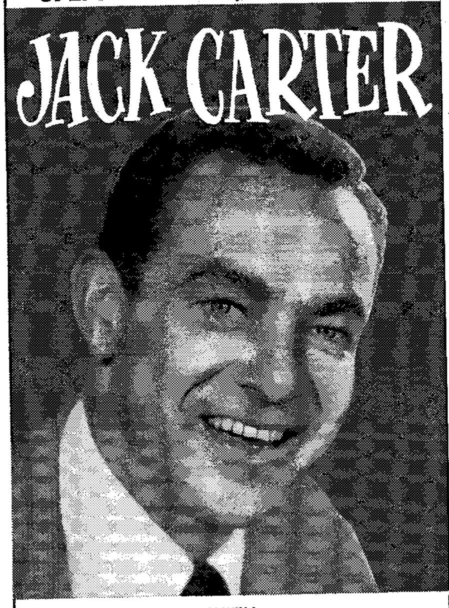
To ensure your reservation, see your travel agent soon or contact:

Robert Reid Associates, Inc.
New York · Miami · Chicago · Toronto
London

McNicholas Bludau Associates
Los Angeles · San Francisco

OPENING MONDAY, OCTOBER 17TH

JACK CARTER



WITH

HAL & BARBARA LOMAN

ROYAL BOX

nightly at 9:30 and 12:15
(except Sundays)

DINNER & SUPPER DANCING

LEE EVANS & HIS ORCHESTRA
Plus the music of Arturo Arturos
RESERVATIONS: PETER/LT 1-1000

americana
OF NEW YORK

ous program, two items of which were memorials to their composers, recently deceased. These were Edgard Varèse, whose "Intégrales" was performed, and Henry Cowell, whose Hymn and Fuguing Tune No. 16 preceded it. I shall not comment on these items other than to say that the Varèse work is a classic of the permanent avant-garde, and that the Cowell item is a fairly pleasant affair that sounds a little like the preluding of an accomplished organist. The program began with the Mozart Sinfonia Concertante for Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, and Bassoon with Orchestra (K. 297B), a work whose authenticity has been questioned but that served to demonstrate the virtuosity of Harold Gomberg, Stanley Drucker, Joseph Singer, and Manuel Zegler—all but one of them first-chair men on their instruments. The final work was the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto, played by David Nadien, the orchestra's new concertmaster. Mr. Nadien is a technically accomplished performer with an assured left hand, a perfect feeling for the appropriate Russian style, and a tone that is small, refined, and elegant.

LAST Tuesday night, I dropped in at Town Hall to hear the first of a series devoted to all the Mozart piano concertos, which is being given by the pianist Lili Kraus with an orchestra conducted by Stephen Simon. An audience that obviously regarded Miss Kraus with idolatry attended. Looking at things more objectively, I found Miss Kraus a brilliant though at times slightly mannered Mozart player. However, I do not mean this as quite the criticism it sounds. Let us say that her playing was highly individual (the truth is that I wish there were more individualistic virtuosos around), technically polished, and cultivated where emphasis and phrasing are concerned. The orchestra, unfortunately, played badly during her first item—the early Concerto No. 4 in G Major (K. 41)—and even Miss Kraus was not at her best. Later, with the more familiar K. 271 and 466, everybody improved—or, rather, seemed transformed—and the performances were of the highest quality. This should prove to be a series well worth attending.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

•

Wallace said his wife, the Democratic nominee for governor, "doesn't need anybody to speak for her—she can speak for herself or I'll speak for her."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

That's telling 'em!

MUIRHEAD'S SCOTCH

Mr. Muirhead brings it over in barrels* to save you up to $2 a fifth.

IMPORTED
MUIRHEAD'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

*you save on taxes and shipping costs

MUIRHEAD'S
LIGHT-LIGHT SCOTCH

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86 PROOF,
IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., N.Y.

Classic French Cuisine for luncheon and dinner

Chateaubriand

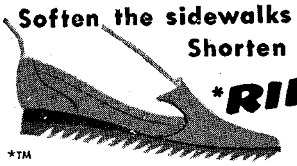
131 East 54th St.
Call...755-5260

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."

BILL CHAN'S
GOLD COIN

994 2nd Ave. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

Soften the sidewalks! Shorten the miles!



***RIPPLE® Sole**

*TM

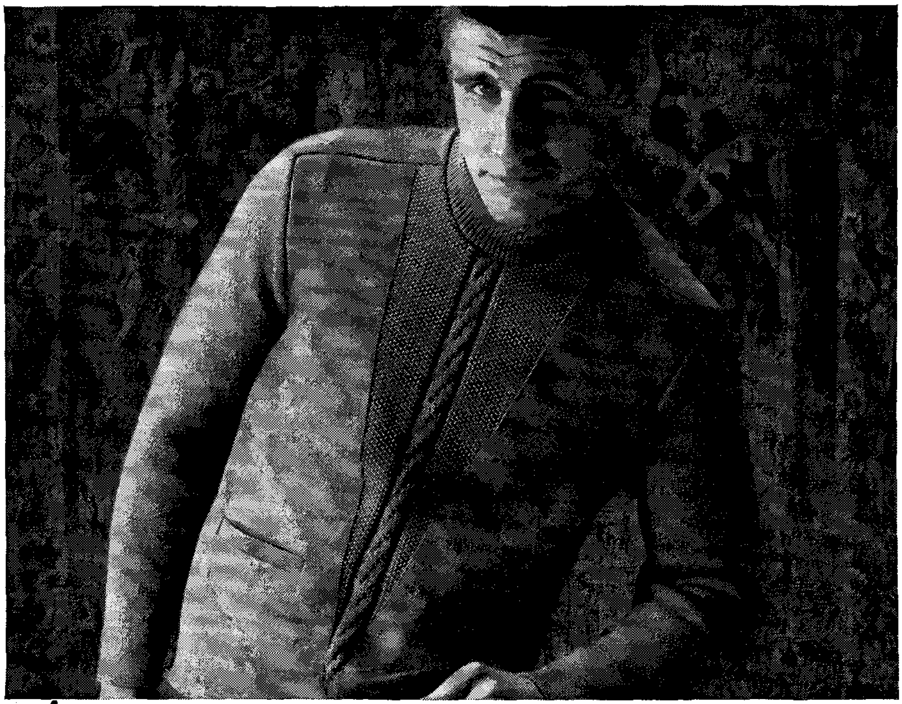
For Folder write RIPPLE SOLE CORPORATION
559-J Mutual Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226

THE RACE TRACK

Whiz Kid

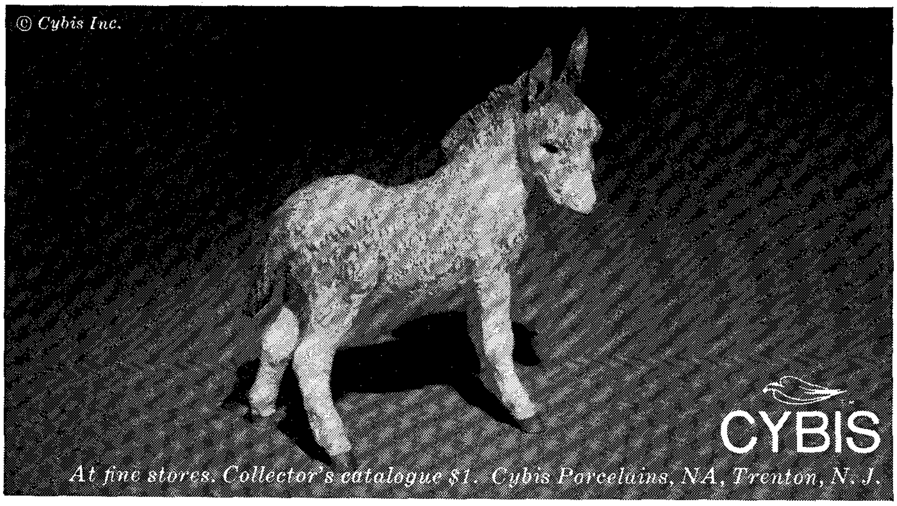
IT may be too early to say that Dr. Fager is the wonder two-year-old of 1966, but he certainly gave a remarkable performance in the Cowdin Stakes at Aqueduct on Wednesday of last week. In the course of seven furlongs, he had four setbacks, any one of which would have cooked the goose of an ordinary colt and two of which it took a real good one to overcome. He was away badly at the start—off on the wrong foot or something; then, although he was last and lengths behind, Shoemaker, who rode him, rushed him up on the heels of the leaders and into a pocket. Farther along, on the turn for home, he was blocked again, and Shoemaker checked him sharply. Then he had to switch to the outside, losing much ground, and it did not seem possible that he'd be in the first three. Once in the clear, however, Dr. Fager gave a burst of speed, zipping past In Reality, the pacesetter, as though he were standing still, and passing the post nearly a length to the good. Successor was third, a length and a half back of In Reality. Wilbur Clark, a colt from California, was fourth, followed by Diplomat Way, who won the Arlington-Washington Futurity in Chicago last month. Forgotten Dreams, winner of the Hollywood Juvenile Championship, was last. Taking one thing with another, the ten starters were the best collection of young runners to have been brought together this season. The only notable absentee was Bold Hour. The reason he didn't run was that he would have had to carry 124 pounds, or the same weight as Diplomat Way and Forgotten Dreams; two colts carried 114 pounds, and the others all carried 117.

Dr. Fager is a big, plain-looking, rangy bay who seems lacking in quality but is powerfully built, in which respects he follows the characteristics of his sire, Rough 'n Tumble, who was no beauty, either. Dr. Fager is owned by William L. McKnight, who races the Tartan Stable, and he is named for Dr. Arthur Fager, a neurosurgeon who performed an operation on Johnny Nerud, the colt's trainer, last winter. As a rule, horses named after people don't amount to much. This one, it would appear, is an exception. He won at the first asking, in July, by seven



4 p.m. himalaya time

Call her back. See if she'll pick up the steaks. Hide the other photographs. Put on your sweater. The Himalaya suede-front wool knit. 15 fall fashion colors. About $35. Himalaya, 350 Fifth Ave., New York City. New York, *Broadstreets*; Baltimore, *Hamburger's*; Easton, *Judson-Bricker*; Flint, *Roberts David Alan*; Washington, D.C., *Raleigh Haberdashers*



© Cybis Inc.

CYBIS

At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NA, Trenton, N. J.

VIRTUTE NON VERBIS

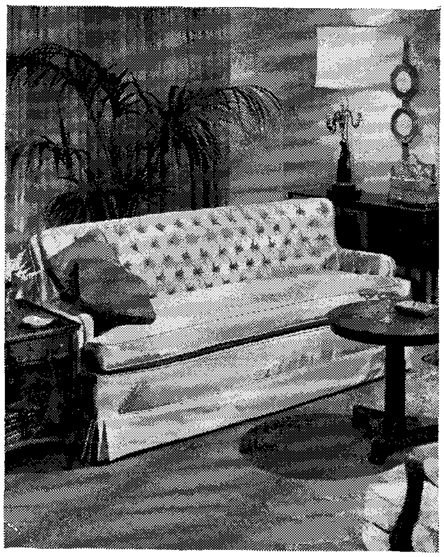
Internationally Famous
Restaurant
with a tradition of Elegance

HOTEL Shelburne
BOARDWALK, ATLANTIC CITY
NEW YORK PHONE (Local Call) RE 2-5450
or ATlantic City 344-8131

◆◆

CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC

NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE...SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER...ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.



Just one nice thing after another!

America's largest and most diversified collection of distinguished decorative furniture. Ask your decorator or furniture dealer to arrange an introduction.

KNAPP & TUBBS

NEW "K & T TRIAD"—set of three illustrated booklets. For your copies, please send $1.00 to Dept. K, at the showroom nearest you.

New York, Decoration & Design Bldg., 979 Third Ave.
Chicago, 6th Floor, Merchandise Mart
Los Angeles, 8778 Beverly Boulevard
San Francisco, 737 Sansome Street

The only redhead you can trust with your husband:

DANISH MARY*

You'll both find her subtle caraway tang irresistible!

*A Bloody Mary made with Aalborg Akvavit instead of vodka.

P.S. Aalborg Akvavit tastes *great straight and icy cold;* especially with Smorgasbord.

AALBORG AKVAVIT

86 PROOF, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N.Y.

AALBORG
TAFFEL AKVAVIT
AALBORG

lengths, next time out by eight, and in the World's Playground Stakes at Atlantic City by twelve. The Cowdin was his fourth try. His next will be the Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct on Saturday. No doubt he will be the favorite.

AFTER Dr. Fager's victory, there was talk going around that Nerud would complete a double for the Tartan Stable by taking the Frizette Stakes on Saturday with a two-year-old filly named Arrangement, who had romped home in her last two starts. Well, like Dr. Fager, Arrangement was away last, but, unlike him, she was never in the picture. The winner turned up in Patrice Jacobs' Regal Gleam, who beat the Wheatley Stable's Irish County by a head. The race was entirely between those two. Irish County led for the first quarter of the mile, and then Regal Gleam took command. A hundred yards from the wire, Irish County got her head in front again, but in the very last strides Regal Gleam nodded into first money—a matter of $94,675. The Meadow Stable's Pepperwood was third. My fancy was C. V. Whitney's Swiss Cheese, a fine big filly, because her coat is exactly the same shade as that of Equipoise, who is an all-time favorite of mine.

IF you ask me, "The Treasury of Horses," by Walter D. Osborne and Patricia H. Johnson, published by Golden Press, is all of that. In this handsome volume, magnificently illustrated, is told the story of horses from their beginnings. Comprehensive, with a good deal of fascinating stuff about the many breeds, and with numerous lively photographs, many in color, it's twenty lengths ahead of the average. The photographs by Mr. Osborne, who did the Saratoga series for the Museum of Racing, are, if I may say so, the best work of his career. Altogether, it's a splendid gift book.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

FIRE CALLS

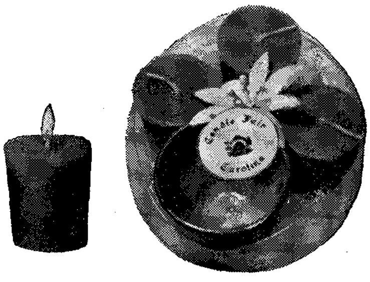
CARTHAGE FIRE DEPT	180
DEFERIET FIRE DEPT	281
If no answer	1175-J2
GREAT BEND FIRE DEPT	1104-J3
If no answer	1112-J2 or 1104-J2
WEST CARTHAGE FIRE DEPT.	220
After 4:00 PM	680 or 938

If above numbers are busy or do not answer

CALL OPERATOR

—*Carthage (N.Y.) telephone directory.*

Keep a bucket of sand handy, too.



A Carolina Original

Christmas Candle Fair

A fragrant gift for festive holiday giving.

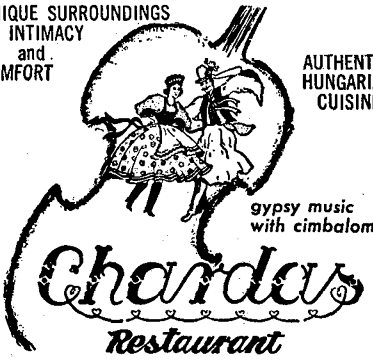
Order: CYF-X 1 ea: Bayberry-green,
Holly Berry-red, Pine-white
candles - one pottery cup.
$1.25 per box. 5 boxes $6.00

Carolina

At Gift Stores Everywhere

Jack and Jane Hicks

The Carolina Soap & Candle Makers
Southern Pines, North Carolina



UNIQUE SURROUNDINGS OF INTIMACY and COMFORT

AUTHENTIC HUNGARIAN CUISINE

gypsy music with cimbalom

Chardas Restaurant

307 East 79th Street • RH 4-9382

Diners' Club • Amer. Express • Closed Mon.

Opticians

LUGENE

38 East 57th Street, New York / PL 3-6000
1058 Madison Ave., New York / BU 8-5486

Chateau Madrid

Presents

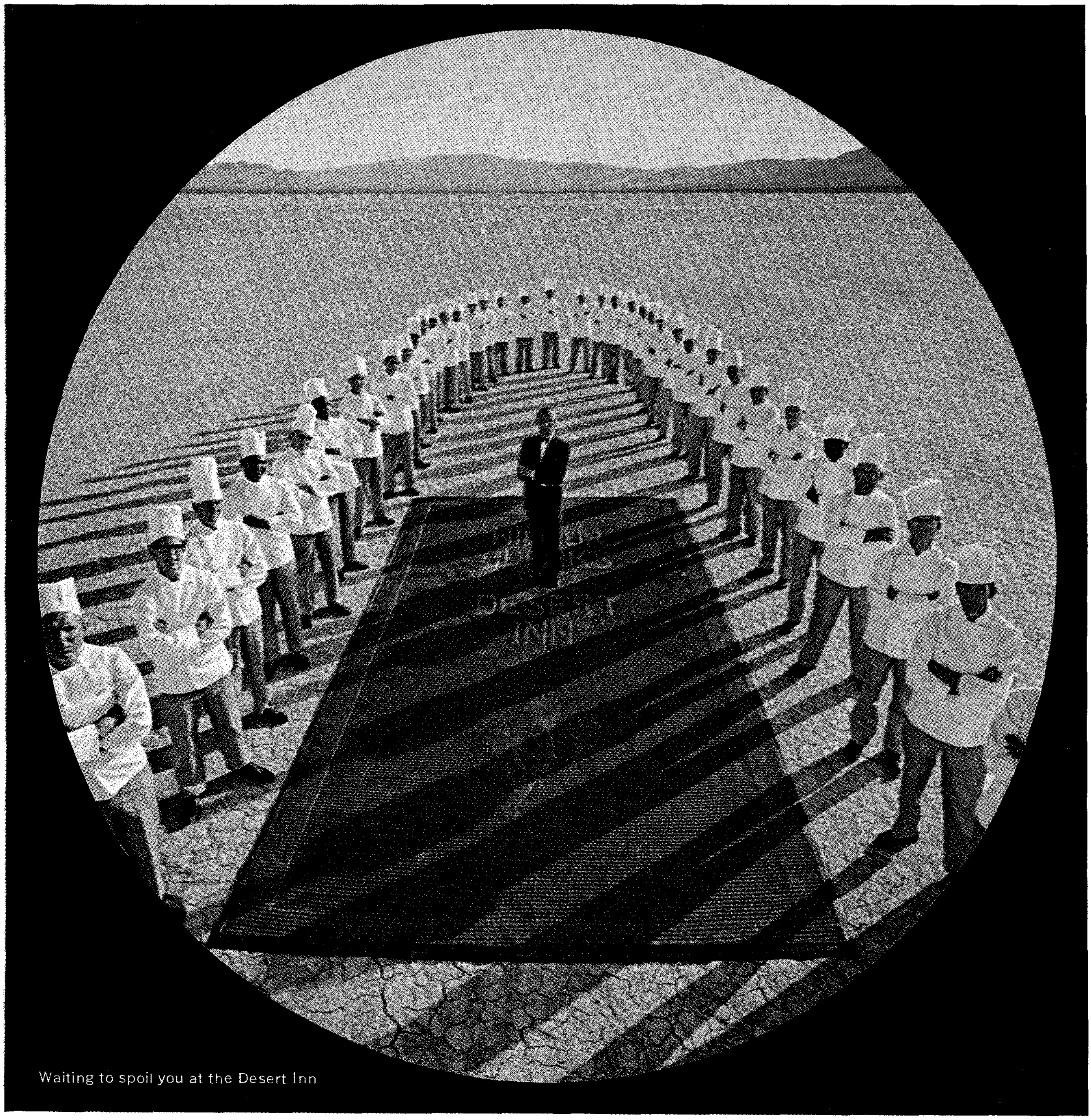
LOS CHAVALES de ESPANA

Shows 9 & 12
3 Shows Sat. 9-12-2 A.M.

42 W. 58 • PL 3-3773

You've dined in Provence?

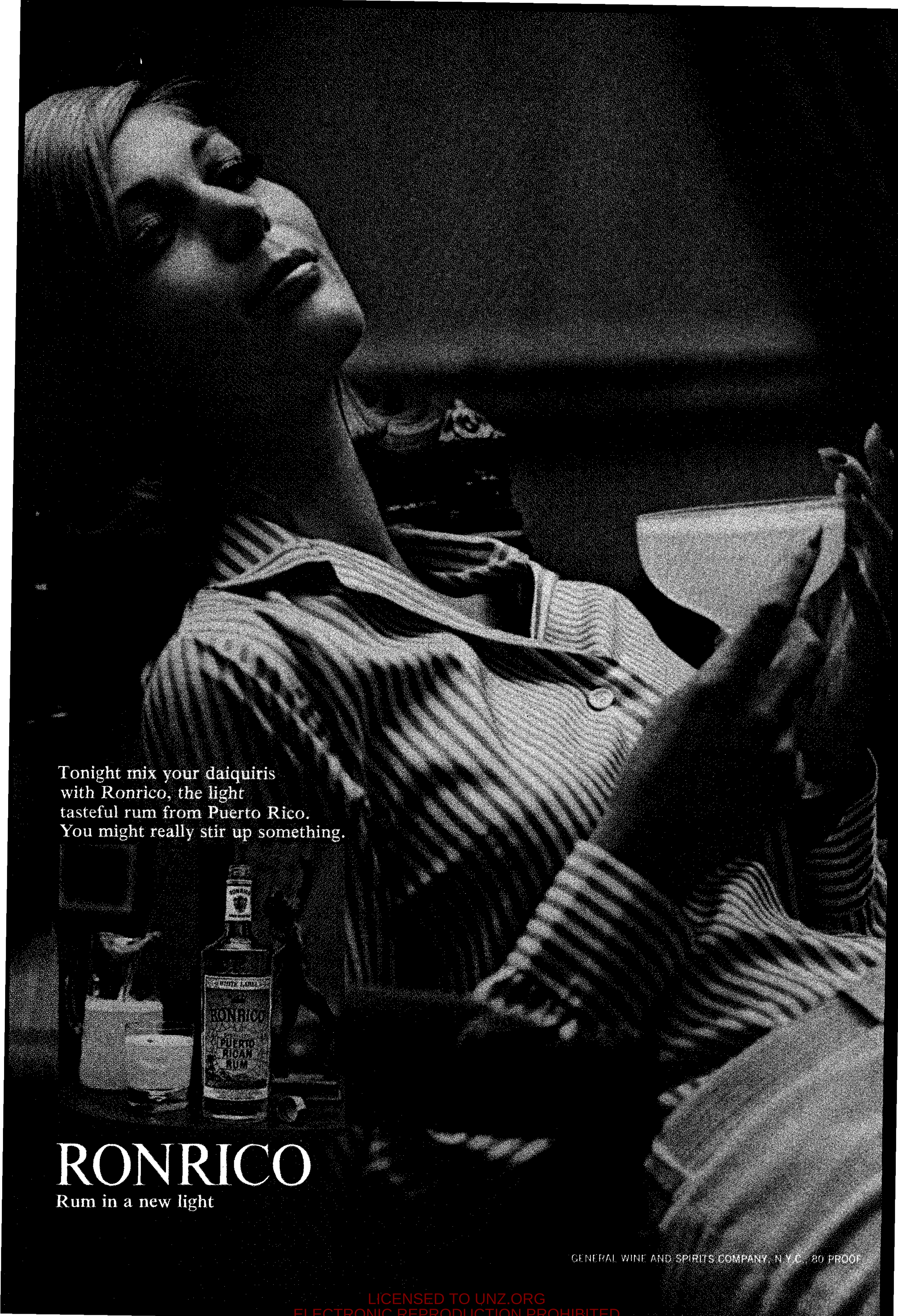
Meet what you've missed!



Waiting to spoil you at the Desert Inn

You've relished our famous poached trout à la reine? Now what's your pleasure? You'll find it here—in one of the world's truly abundant resort hotels. Join the beautiful people.

Wilbur Clark's **DESERT INN** and Country Club, Las Vegas



Tonight mix your daiquiris
with Ronrico, the light
tasteful rum from Puerto Rico.
You might really stir up something.

RONRICO
Rum in a new light

GENERAL WINE AND SPIRITS COMPANY, N.Y.C., 80 PROOF

WHITE LABEL
RONRICO
PUERTO RICAN RUM

BOOKS

The Unconquering Hero Comes

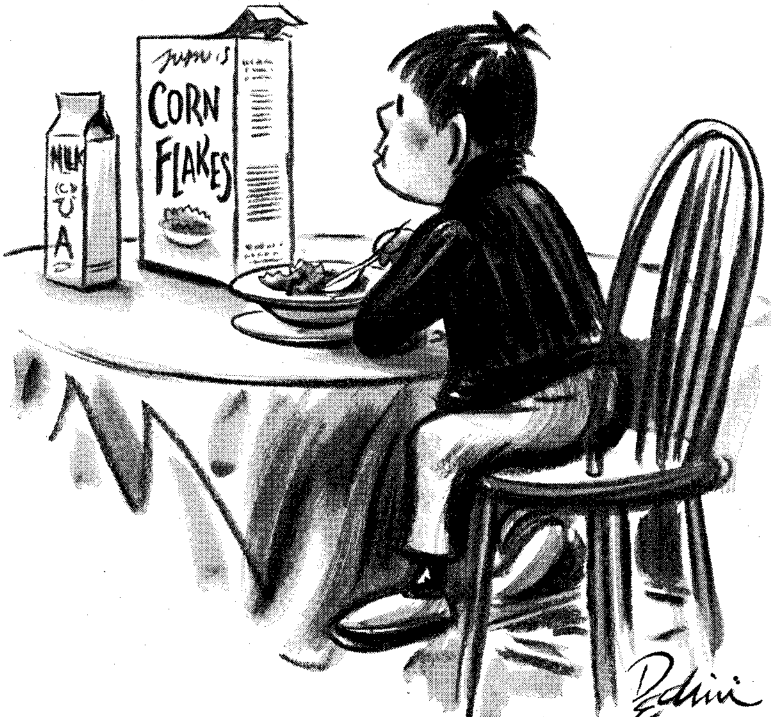
IT must be said first of all about J. P. Donleavy's "The Saddest Summer of Samuel S" (Delacorte) that it should be read at a sitting, which is not difficult—it runs to just a hundred and eleven pages, and the only problem about Mr. Donleavy's novels, from "The Ginger Man" on, is that it is impossible to stop reading them—and that it would be as well to forget such modish, college-seminar terms as "black comedy" and "absurd." Mr. Donleavy's comedy, though it does have a strain of melancholy in it, is the kind that makes for laughter. And, bucking the current trend, his book has a hero. Samuel S is a middle-aged American—paunchy, gallant, unquenchably frisky, and somewhat gone to seed. He is living in Vienna, where he is seeing a psychoanalyst twice a week in the hope that he can still get into shape, psychologically, to find a wife and have children. Since most of his small income over the past five years has gone for doctor bills, he is living in the most squalid poverty. Watch Mr. Donleavy construct a set, at the beginning, with just a flick of his typewriter:

> He lived in a grey shadowy street in Vienna two flights up behind four dirt stained never opened windows. He rose slowly mornings paddling off balance on bare feet to the dark stale air of his bathroom across the hall. Sometimes pausing to watch the little line of red ants disappearing down into the wall.

The weather is warm. The circumstances couldn't be more discouraging. Samuel is all but broke, and the city has become for him what he calls Celibacyville. He has been seeing, but with no luck, a peculiar, wealthy countess, who does offer to support him, though on terms that are humiliating. And there is his landlady, a friend of the countess and, if anything, even more peculiar, in a nasty, krauty way. One day, he runs into and rather falls for a young American named Abigail who is travelling around Europe with her fat friend Catherine. Abigail is an appalling girl, as stupid as they come. She makes clear that she is interested in him primarily as a tourist attraction. When he makes a maladroit pass at her, she tells him off with the shattering bluntness that the thick-skinned so often mistake for honesty. Then she invades his bedroom with steely determination, intending to report the details of seduction to her chum. His repelling, at great cost to himself, of her advances (or whatever) when she tells him that she wouldn't think of marrying him constitutes a heroism that is quite rare in modern fiction.

In his few pages, Mr. Donleavy manages to be funny about so much that one would have thought nobody could be funny about again—solo drunkenness ("A night of tightrope walking above the abyss, and settings forth for Odessa across the frozen wastes with a collection of assorted combs to sell"), hangovers, American expatriates and tourists, and cross-talk from the psychiatric couch. But the heart of the comedy is all in the character of Samuel, the buffoon whose self-mockery and its counterpart, self-pity, run hand in hand—the Ginger Man, taming himself and going for broke for some sort of order and decency. It is hard to share his discouragement at the end, and the reader will more likely side with the put-upon analyst (and stooge) who pronounces him cured.

THE family of Edwin O'Connor's entertaining "All in the Family" (Atlantic-Little, Brown) is named Kinsella. The Kinsellas are of Irish descent, they are extremely rich, they live in a city that is presumably Boston (the setting is the setting of Mr. O'Connor's "The Last Hurrah"), and they have made a powerful entrance into politics. Inescapably, the Kennedys come to mind, but I see no reason to believe that the book is a *roman à clef*, and if it is I don't have the *clef*. The head of the clan is Jimmy Kinsella, a shrewd, hardboiled, and rough-talking man whose belief in family solidarity amounts to a religion. Stick-together-and-we-can-lick-the-world, or maybe run-the-world, is his credo, yet of the three sons whom he raises and bosses and chivies and, in his fashion, loves, only one—Charles, the youngest—really turns out to want to lick the world and to be willing to pay the price of cheap and dishonest means to that end. The story is built around two get-togethers. The first is the more or less public celebration of Charles's election as governor. It starts as more, and becomes less as we move upstairs to the library of his house, where just the family has gathered, escaping for a while the crush of freeloaders, campaign workers, and political hacks. I would, by the way, have been happy to spend much more time with the crowd. Upstairs, everyone is in high spirits—genial and proud. There are tributes and fam-

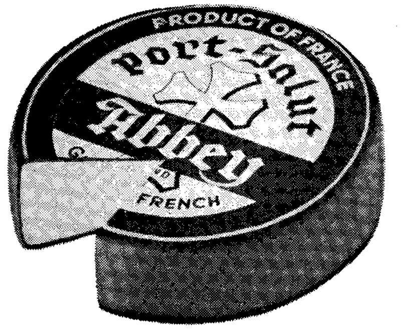


Don't talk back to your parents.
Sit up straight.
Take your hands out of your pockets.
Do your homework.
Don't mumble.
Eat your cornflakes.

White
CHRISTMAS CARDS

Personal Card Albums at Better Stores Everywhere

WHITE CARD CO./BOSTON 10, MASS.



Imitated?
OUI

Duplicated?
NON...
ABBEY PORT SALUT
The only genuine French Port Salut made in the tradition of the Trappist monk.
At fine cheese counters.

ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
SINCE 1880
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

ily jokes and speeches. Prodded by his sons, Jimmy delivers a back-of-his-hand rundown on the Presidents he has known and probably served. The second occasion, the climax of the novel, is grim and melodramatic (melodrama, though it may strain credulity, and does in this case, can be quite entertaining, too), marking the breakup of the clan and the abandonment of the code.

This plot, alternately sentimental and cynical, doesn't amount to much, but it is easily ignored. Mr. O'Connor's considerable steam has gone into characters and brief scenes and, above all, conversations. His spoken lines have the ring of dead-shot accuracy, and when he is at his best there is almost no need to tag them with the names of the speakers. We know who is doing the talking. There is the dry, wisecracking, sardonic family style, and, within it, the separate styles of the brothers and their wives and the other relatives are always clear. There is the vaudeville style of a couple of low-comedy Irish wardheelers. There is the style, rather curdled by the author's venom and contempt, of a silly publisher on the make. Using a narrator as guide, Mr. O'Connor takes his readers right into a world of politics and politicians that is ordinarily closed to ordinary people. This narrator, a writer of thrillers by trade, is a cousin of the star-billing Kinsellas. His story makes a subplot that is too sticky for my own taste. Even so, and in contrast to the usual narrator-guide, he is not just a literary device but somebody the other characters might really want to have around. —EDITH OLIVER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A MAN OF HIS TIME, by Phyllis Bentley (Macmillan). Miss Bentley, a true novelist, an alert storyteller, and a born writer, brings us through a series of family and business crises in the later life of a self-made rich mill-owner, Henry Morcar, of the West Riding of Yorkshire. Morcar, in his seventies, is divorced and has a crowd of grandchildren—some his own, some adopted, and all a bit overbearing and too conscious of their own importance to give him more than surface respect, while he is as concerned about their separate futures as though he had another seventy years to go himself. Sudden death, the clash between the generations, and a threat to his beloved mill all combine to keep Morcar on the run for the length of this book, which

thank heaven!

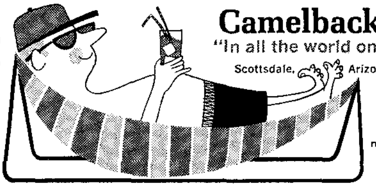
Two of the most famous names in entertainment *are back* in lights...
THE EMPIRE ROOM
of THE WALDORF-ASTORIA
Presents
MAURICE CHEVALIER
One performance nightly at 10, Sundays at 9
October 2 through 29.
FOR RESERVATIONS
ELDORADO 5-3000

You can learn to write in the Italic hand if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

OSMIROID
Italic
MEDIUM
STRAIGHT
ENGLAND

Only $2.50 at art material, stationery and pen shops as well as college book stores. Your check or money order can also be mailed to H. M. Storms Co., 561 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11238. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterize the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid. H. M. Storms Co., 561 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, New York 11238.

Over 25,000,000 People
have danced at ROSELAND. We, too, must be doing something right!
Nightly exc. Mon. • Mats. Thur. & Sat. • Sun. from 3:30
ROSELAND DANCE CITY
WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS BALLROOM • BAR • RESTAURANT
52nd STREET WEST of BROADWAY



LIFE IS MADE FOR LIVING AT . . .
Camelback Inn
"In all the world only one"
Scottsdale, Arizona 85252
Under the friendly management of Jack Stewart, Jr.

covers a period of seven years and ends in 1965, at the time of the death of Sir Winston Churchill.

GRANDMOTHER'S HOUSE, by Soya, translated from the Danish by Agnes Camilla Hansen (Taplinger). The scene is Copenhagen a year or two before the turn of this century. Soren, an only child, five years old, wakes up one night to hear that his mother is dead and that he is being transferred to the stuffy, suspicious, old-lady household of his grandmother, a rich and miserly widow who dotes on the little boy, the child of her only son. The next three years for Soren are crowded with sensations, agreeable and disagreeable, deriving from food, clothes, weather, human touch, animal touch, and so on, and with strong impressions of the people he lives with and the people who visit the house. All these people, even his father, seem to Soren to be anxiously pressing themselves into *his* life, for he is a very egotistical, spoiled, selfish little creature who loves no one, although he has a possessive allegiance to his devoted nurse, Johanne. Soya's writing is unimaginative but vivid, and the translation is very good.

DARK PLACES OF THE HEART, by Christina Stead (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The leading figure is a middle-aged, talky, bohemian, left-wing Englishwoman who grew up in a depressed industrial area in the North and lives in a slummy London house. She is a journalist married to an opportunist, and she is supposed to be an ugly siren whose song is sincere friendship and whose nature is to destroy anyone who trusts her. But the lady is so transparent that the reader does not trust her for a paragraph, and cannot see why her victims should do so in chapter after chapter. Miss Stead is such a good writer that one is ashamed of feeling bored.

GENERAL

A GIRL LIKE I, by Anita Loos (Viking). The memories of one of literature's *Wunderkinder*, the subdeb scenarist who persuaded D. W. Griffith to use subtitles (and to let her write them), and whose first extended prose fiction was the classic "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Miss Loos starts her story before she was born, cheerfully selecting for display all the entertaining bad apples on her family tree, and stops at 1926, the year "Gentlemen" was published. Miss Loos's anecdotes are funny, and

Give him his daily bread!

OMAR EMILIO NINO, COLOMBIAN, AGE 5. One of six children. Father ill. Works as shoemaker occasionally. Earns about $30 a month. Mother lame. Surgery four times. Leg in cast now. Live in one room. Barely furnished. Brick floor. Cardboard ceiling. No facilities. Wash clothes in public washing place. Diet limited. No meat or milk. Children undernourished. Parents sick with worry over children they cannot adequately shelter, feed and clothe. Help to Omar means help to entire family.

Thousands of children as needy as Omar anxiously await "adoption" by you or your group. You can choose a boy or girl from any of the countries where Foster Parents' Plan has offices—Greece, South Korea, Viet Nam, Hong Kong, the Philippines, Colombia, Ecuador or Peru. Your child receives $8 a month of your money in cash as well as blankets, household equipment, clothing, medical care—and education. EVERY PLAN CHILD OF SCHOOL AGE MUST ATTEND SCHOOL. Through your help the child will become a productive citizen of his country, a loyal friend of ours. You receive a case history and photograph. Every month you write and receive a letter (original and translation). PLAN's local social workers and our resident American Directors are always on-the-spot, ready to provide medical aid, counselling and guidance to your child and his family. Soon, through the regular letters and progress reports, you and your child develop a warm, loving relationship. **"Adopt" a child the responsible way—through Foster Parents' Plan.**

CHECK YOUR CHARITY! PLAN never employs professional fund-raisers. We eagerly offer our financial statement upon request because we are so proud of the handling of our funds.

PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent relief organization, approved by the United States Government, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development and filed with the National Information Bureau and the National Better Business Bureau in New York City.

© Foster Parents' Plan, Inc. 1966

Foster Parents' Plan, Inc.

352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010 - Founded 1937

PARTIAL LIST OF SPONSORS AND FOSTER PARENTS

Steve Allen
Sen. Paul H. Douglas
Helen Hayes
Conrad N. Hilton
Sen. Jacob K. Javits
Sen. Robert F. Kennedy
Art Linkletter
Amb. & Mrs. Henry Cabot Lodge
Garry Moore
Sen. William Proxmire
Dr. Howard A. Rusk
Mr. & Mrs. Robert W. Sarnoff
Gov. & Mrs. William W. Scranton
Sen. John G. Tower

FOSTER PARENTS' PLAN, INC. NY-10-66
352 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10010
In Canada: P. O. Box 65, Sta. B, Montreal, Que.

A. I wish to become a Foster Parent of a needy child for one year or more. If possible, sex......, age......, nationality.........................

I will pay $15 a month for one year or more ($180 per year).

Payment will be monthly ( ), quarterly ( ), semi-annually ( ), annually ( ).

I enclose herewith my first payment $............

B. I cannot "adopt" a child but I would like to help a child by contributing $............

Name...

Address...

City........................State................Zip...........

Date........................Contributions are income tax deductible.

If you're taking only one book to that South Sea Island...

... make it Bob Kane's latest A to Z stereotype-smasher. Kane guides you through the big and little islands of Captain Cook's domain with his usual candor and expertise about politics and people, places and prices. The itinerary includes: Australia, New Zealand, Fiji, New Caledonia, the Samoas, Tahiti, Tonga — and Hawaii. **SOUTH PACIFIC A TO Z** — with maps, photographs, and index, $4.95. And when you get off your island for a side trip to Tokyo, Tehran, Delhi or other points far-eastern, take along Kane's **ASIA A TO Z**, $5.75.

SOUTH PACIFIC A TO Z

Robert S. Kane

at all booksellers

DOUBLEDAY

Grenhut
781 madison avenue
new york
Natural Fisher fur origin Canada

CHANTAL
...an artist with the camera
photographs your children
in your home and at play
plaza 5-1691

when she drops a name it bounces airily, like a ping-pong ball. She treats herself lightly, too, not even pretending to wisdom or practical sense, although her book shows both. Though Miss Loos makes no promises, it would seem as if another installment is yet to come, and the sooner the better.

A GALAXY OF FATHERS, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday). An acute psychological study that does not read like one, a delightful causerie about writing that is quite profound, and a work that is at once funny and informative. Mr. Swinnerton considers four Englishwomen of some eminence as writers—Anna Seward, Fanny Burney, Maria Edgeworth, and Mary Russell Mitford—who all their lives adored their fathers and wrote about them with uncritical admiration. While every father in Mr. Swinnerton's galaxy had something noteworthy about him, none deserved either his daughter's encomiums or her devotion, although each man, with truly stunning complacency, took both as his due. The author believes that the period (eighteenth to early-nineteenth century) and the sex of the children account for this phenomenal filial dedication—few literary sons at any time have been so worshipful.

ARMS AND THE WOMAN, by Boris Uxkull, edited and with an introduction and notes by Detlev von Uexküll, and translated from the Russian, German, and French by Joel Carmichael (Macmillan). The recently discovered journal of a young Estonian baron who served as a cavalry ensign under Czar Alexander I at Borodino, during Napoleon's retreat from Moscow, at Leipzig and Dresden, and in the Allied occupation of Paris. It is an enchanting discovery. Uxkull much resembles the young James Boswell. He pursues girls with the same devoted abandon ("She was beautiful, fresh, and lush—and as agile as an eel"), and he suffers the same occasional pangs of conscience ("What a worthless fellow I am; when shall I ever be any better?"). He is haughty ("We paraded today before Emperor Franz, who looks like a cobbler"), opinionated ("Frenchwomen are more pretty than beautiful, more seductive than tender, more superficial than solid"), and he can be graphically descriptive ("I saw a French prisoner sold to the peasants for twenty rubles; they baptized him with boiling tar and impaled him

For the past thirty years, with enthusiasm and delight, The Viking Press has been publishing the works of

REBECCA WEST

Photo by Penny Converse Pier

Her new novel—and her first in ten years—is an extraordinary tale of political and personal intrigue set at the turn of the century. Dame Rebecca's superb plotting and ironic humor have never been more brilliantly displayed. *At all bookstores,* $5.95

THE BIRDS FALL DOWN

JULES PODELL PRESENTS

PETULA CLARK

HOWARD STORM

COPACABANA

FULL COURSE DINNERS from $5.25 | SERVED 6:30 P.M.-9:30 P.M.
2 SHOWS NIGHTLY 8 & 12
3 SHOWS SATS. 8, 11:30 & 2
10 E. 60 • PL 8-0900

THE ISLAND'S NEWEST HABIT for GOURMETS—LUNCHEON·COCKTAILS·DINNER·LATE SUPPER·CATERING
the WESTBURY CHEF
JERICHO TPKE. off BRUSH HOLLOW ROAD · WESTBURY, L.I. (516) ED 4-5535

DELIGHTFUL DINING JAPANESE COUNTRY-STYLE
MINGEI-YA
2033 UNION SAN FRANCISCO
& FOLK ART SHOP

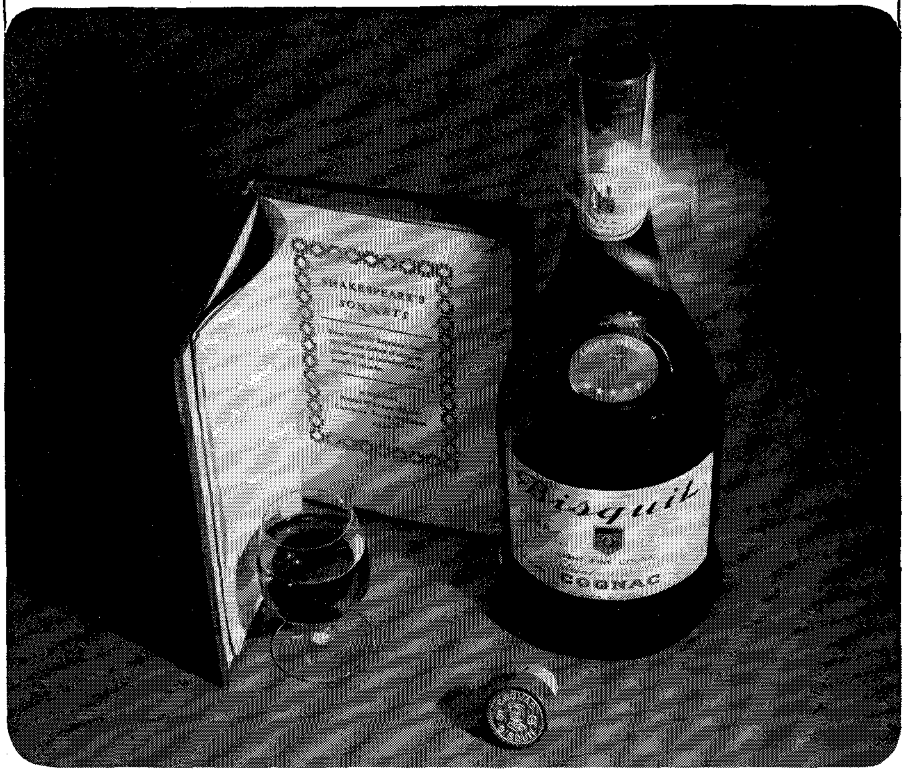
alive on a piece of pointed iron"). He also shares with Boswell a not always gratified interest in celebrities: "Today [at Weimar] I wrote to Goethe and asked him for an audience. He told the servant who had taken my note that he didn't know me and was no freak animal to be gaped at. . . . To console myself . . . I went to visit the vault where Schiller's . . . ashes are resting." Illustrated and with an endpaper map.

A Wife for the Pretender, by Peggy Miller (Harcourt, Brace & World). The author has taken a page out of eighteenth-century European history and, keeping severely within the frame of the facts, fashioned a wholly engaging divertissement on the themes of romantic love, deeds of chivalry and derring-do, devotion to a lost cause, and other of the more amiable human absurdities. Her narrative deals with the mission of an Irish chevalier named Charles Wogan, in the service of the Stuart Pretender who styled himself James III of England. In 1718, Wogan was charged with finding a suitable princess to marry his royal master. After dropping in at several Central European courts, the chevalier found just the thing in Maria Clementina Sobieska, the sixteen-year-old granddaughter of King John Sobieski, rescuer of Christendom from the Turks. Acting as go-between, Wogan contrived to make the royal pair fall in love *du lointain* (after the dowries were established to everyone's satisfaction); he was then faced with the difficulty of spiriting the princess out of the demesne of the Holy Roman Emperor, who had forbidden the match for fear of offending the actual king of England. The book has everything—a servant disguised as the princess, the abduction at night from the guarded *Schloss*, cloaked figures skulking past wine-fuzzled sentries, a galloping pursuit along icy roads, sighs, tears, and the glad cries of relief at journey's end. It is a wonder no operetta librettist ever stumbled upon the story.

Where the Sea Breaks Its Back, by Corey Ford (Little, Brown). The short, unhappy life of Georg Wilhelm Steller, the brilliant German naturalist who accompanied Vitus Bering on the Russian trans-Pacific expedition of 1741-42 that discovered Alaska and the Aleutians. Steller was cursed with a promiscu-

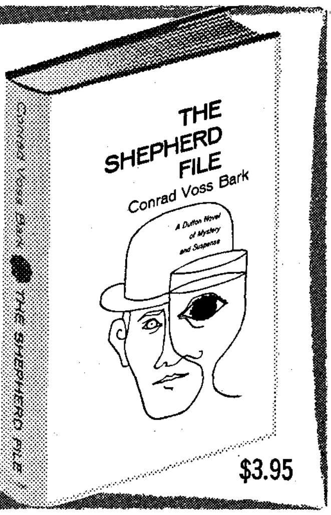
Connoisseurs call Cognac Bisquit
BIS KEY

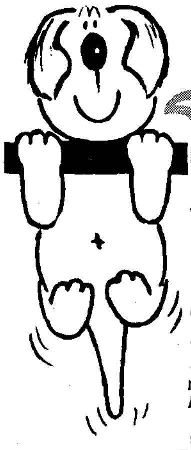
There's a reason. Cognac is Cognac. But Bisquit is Cognac from the Grande Champagne area of Cognac, a unique section of France where the art of making Cognac is a way of life. It takes time for the new spirits to marry, mellow and mature. Even fifty years is not too long to wait. We do, but you don't have to. Try Bisquit tonight.



80 PROOF, HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN., SOLE IMPORTER, U.S.A.

Get "turned on" tonight. Read
THE SHEPHERD FILE
a twister about a dead intelligence agent and what he learned—or didn't learn—about LSD as a weapon of war.
By CONRAD VOSS BARK
A DUTTON Novel of Mystery and Suspense




"I couldn't even chin myself once till I got

VIONATE® for PETS!
—contains 21 vitamins and minerals to help promote good health and stamina, strong muscles and bones, fine coat.
—2 forms for your convenience: TABLETS for feeding by hand (dogs love flavor), POWDER for mixing with food. The Guaranteed Analysis is your proof of potency. Buy from your pharmacist or pet supply dealer—today!
SQUIBB *'The Priceless Ingredient' of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker.*

John Updike's
new collection of short stories concerns a world lovingly seen and reverently felt; a world whose harmonies demand new subtleties of fictional form
THE Music School
All of these stories appeared in *The New Yorker*
$4.95 • now at better bookstores
ALFRED · A · KNOPF

When this young lady points at you—BEWARE!

Roald Dahl's
THE MAGIC FINGER
pictures by
WILLIAM PÈNE DU BOIS

"An unusual book that one cannot easily forget . . . while eerie and strange, it is not macabre. The pictures put it in the class of true fantasy." —*Saturday Review*
$2.50. Ages 6-10.
At all good bookstores
Harper & Row

MID-MANHATTAN at its *Luxurious Best*

Regally spacious guest rooms . . . suites with butler's pantry and refrigerator. HOTEL DORSET is noted for its quiet elegance; adjacent to Rockefeller Center, theatres, shops, art and business centers. Two excellent restaurants. Banquet and meeting rooms accommodate 10 to 175.

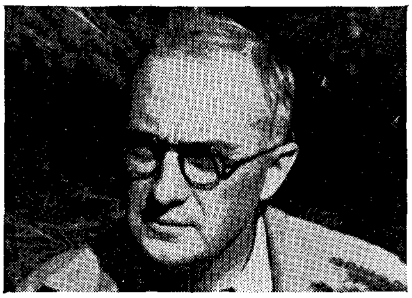
HOTEL Dorset
30 West 54th St.
Just off New York's Fifth Ave.
212 CI 7-7300
A Bing & Bing Hotel

The Baroque
LUNCHEON • DINNER
French Cuisine Closed Sunday
14 East 53rd St. • ELdorado 5-4195

ous wife, an abnormally thin skin, a vile temper, a total lack of tact, a repellent awareness of his intellectual eminence, and enough enemies in high places to result in the withholding until long after his death (by freezing, in Siberia in 1746) of any recognition of his scientific accomplishments. His accomplishments, all achieved in the course of the Alaskan voyage, included the discovery of Steller's jay, Steller's eider, Steller's white-headed eagle, Steller's white raven, Steller's sea cow, and Steller's greenling trout. Mr. Ford's portrait of him concentrates on his activities and behavior during that voyage, and it is both a likeness of a pathetic man and an absorbing adventure involving typhoons, dead calms, scurvy, shipwreck, and earthquake. Frank Dufresne, former director of the Alaska Game Commission, contributes a friendly introduction, and there are attractive drawings by Lois Darling and an endpaper map.

DIPLOMATIC BAGS, by Pietro Quaroni (David White). This out-of-the-way and appealing memoir is by an Italian who entered his country's foreign service at the end of the First World War, served Mussolini as a career man in various posts in Europe and Asia, and fetched up rather haplessly in Moscow in 1944 as the vaguely accredited ambassador from the vaguely legitimate Badoglio government. (The first question he asked Commissar Vishinsky at his official reception was "Forgive me if I ask first where the Italian government is?") In his various posts, he encountered King Zog of Albania, Ernest Bevin, Evita Perón, Stalin, Chaim Weizmann, and others, and his impressions and judgments of these people are fresh and tart because they come from a novel point of view.

THE TRUMAN ADMINISTRATION, edited by Barton J. Bernstein and Allen J. Matusow (Harper & Row). This is a documentary history of Harry Truman's Presidency—that is, a collection of state papers, speeches, important letters, and so on, having a bearing on the main developments of those eight years—but it could also be called a study of the origins of the Cold War. There is still a tragic immediacy about these papers, which, in series, take us from the decision to drop the atomic bomb on Japan through the struggle to save Europe from totalitarian night, the loss of China, the McCarthy mis-



The place of William Carlos Williams among the great poets of our century is now firmly established. This anthology of selections from all his books—poetry, novels and stories, autobiography, plays and essays—shows that he was also a prose writer of remarkable originality and power. A number of important pieces from early, out-of-print volumes are included.
$7.50

The William Carlos Williams Reader
Edited with an introduction by M. L. Rosenthal
A NEW DIRECTIONS BOOK
333 6th Avenue, New York 10014

Continental Cuisine
the Windsor
SEVENTH at CATALINA
LOS ANGELES

NOON TO 2:30 · 6:30 TO 11:00

The Leopard RESTAURANT
RESERVATIONS ONLY
253 EAST 50TH ST., PL 9-3735

CUT COSTLY DRY-CLEANING BILLS!
With new 4-PAK of SUEDECRAFTER, WOOLCRAFTER, SILKCRAFTER, LEATHERCRAFTER . . . miracle cleaners! 4-PAK of jumbo spray cans dry-cleans and "spruces-up" practically any article at home. Complete 4-PAK only $6.99 ppd. Any individual can also avail. $2.00 ppd. ea.
LEATHERCRAFT PRODUCTS CORP.
54 W. 56th St., N.Y., N.Y., Dept. NU • JU 6-3737

eries, and the coming of the Korean War. The book is very well edited; the papers are abridged wherever feasible, and continuity is kept throughout. Photographs. Ten dollars.

POP GOES AMERICA, by William K. Zinsser (Harper & Row). Seventeen topical essays. Only a handful of the pieces assembled here ("The Pop Art Collectors," "It's a Gift," "Thy Kingdom Go") directly reflect Mr. Zinsser's title, but they all are directly descriptive of certain phenomena of the nineteen-sixties (Barbie dolls, James Bond movies, the still prospering Guy Lombardo, Woody Allen, coast-to-coast baseball), and since Mr. Zinsser is a brightly intelligent writer, they make a book, and a good one.

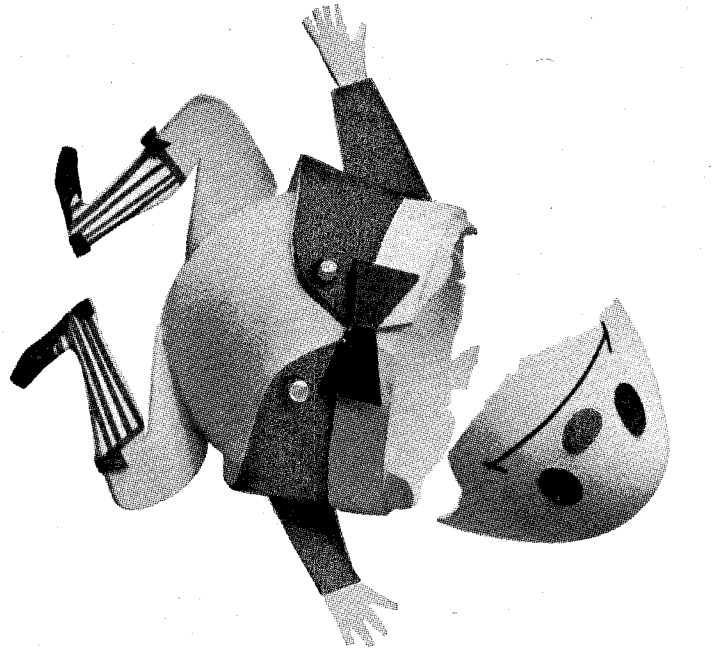
RENAISSANCE AND BAROQUE, by Heinrich Wölfflin, translated from the German by Kathrin Simon, with an introduction by Peter Murray (Cornell). Surprisingly, this is the first English translation of one of the most often cited source books on art, originally published in Germany in 1888. It is a penetrating, if a trifle pedantic, inquiry into one of the great aesthetic problems: Why does a period in which proficiency in all branches of art and philosophy seems almost a way of life—in this instance, the Renaissance—eventually peter out and die away? Wölfflin also touches on a related problem: Why is it that art cannot build on itself, consolidating its advances as the sciences can, but has to be constantly in a process of revolution and change? Though he arrives at no answers to either of these questions, he does offer some illuminating side references. The book centers on Rome, and the focus is mainly on architecture, decorative and otherwise, which Wölfflin accepts, like the Renaissance men themselves, as the culmination of all the arts. There are thirty-three halftone illustrations and a like number of line drawings of the various churches, palaces, fountains, and gardens considered in the text.

THE RANDOM HOUSE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, Jess Stein, editor-in-chief; Laurence Urdang, managing editor. Sixteen hundred and sixty-four pages, in a somewhat larger typeface than those of the 2,662 pages of the unabridged Webster's Third New International Dictionary, and the 2,987 pages of the unabridged Webster's second edition, and the 16,309 pages of the

Our structural engineers design corrugated containers for thousands of products. From porcelain figurines to power mowers. Their objective: to provide maximum protection at the lowest cost. Now there's a happy ending. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD
containers

If Humpty had been in a Mead container, the story would have ended happily.



Mead Containers, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

JAMAICA

and the

Royal Caribbean
HOTEL

Days filled with sunshine...nights sublime...a bit of Jamaica that swings!

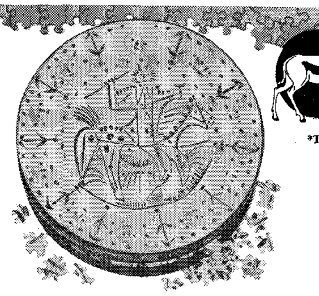
MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA
Mr. & Mrs. Lawrence M. Paul, Owners
See your Travel Agent, write direct or call
LEONARD HICKS, INC. • NEW YORK 688-0123

A San Francisco Tradition!
BERNSTEIN'S
FISH GROTTO
"The Ship That Never Goes To Sea!"
"Fish Caught at 5 A.M. Served Here the Same Day!"
"Downtown-On-the-CABLE-CAR-Line!"
ONE·TWO·THREE POWELL STREET · SAN FRANCISCO

HARPSICHORD

Same as owned by Philadelphia Orchestra and RCA Victor. In kit form for home workshop assembly $150. Clavichord kit $100. Free brochure. Write:

ZUCKERMANN HARPSICHORDS
Dept. N, 115 Christopher St.
New York 14, N. Y.



*TM

The Cavalier

A Springbok Circular Jigsaw Puzzle* for Modern Americans

This Picasso plate, reproduced in all its original luster, makes a provocatively frustrating puzzle. Blue figures against a white background. Horse and rider in low relief vigorously strengthened with spontaneous strokes of blue. **$3.50**

FREE CATALOG OF
OVER 50 SUBJECTS AVAILABLE

• DELLA ROBBIA
15th century glazed terra cotta tondo of the ADORATION. Fruit, grain and pine cone border.

• Floating Spectrum
Op Art squares by Masaaki float to and fro. Delights and confuses the eye.

• Court Reception
17th century Chinese porcelain in seven colors. Charming details.

• Bacchus Mosaic
A third century Roman mosaic of the wine god with his attributes. Incredible detail!

• Kabuki
18th century Japanese embroidery of Kabuki dancer, in gold and silver on red.

$3.50 At Better Department, Gift, Stationery and Book Stores

or send $3.50 plus 50c ea. postage and handling to:

SPRINGBOK*EDITIONS
Dept. Y7, 500 Fifth Avenue, N.Y.C. 10036

If you read about sophisticated living, you should own...

WEBSTER'S THIRD NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY
A Merriam-Webster

...the new MERRIAM-WEBSTER UNABRIDGED

In recent years the English language has changed tremendously. Your everyday language. And the language of science, the arts, business, and the professions.

To be well informed today you need to keep up with these changes. And the way to do it is to get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged: Webster's Third New International Dictionary.

100,000 new words, new meanings
450,000 entries

As the established unabridged word authority of our time, this new Merriam-Webster is the one dictionary that puts you in full command of the new words and new meanings in space, science, politics, and today's English language in general.

It covers every area of human thought, answers more questions about today's English language than any other dictionary.

Get the new Merriam-Webster Unabridged at your book, department, or stationery store today.

BE CAUTIOUS when you select an "unabridged" dictionary. Only Webster's Third New International has 450,000 entries with 100,000 new words and new meanings. This *is the word authority of your library,* schools, court of law, and the U.S. Government Printing Office.

***FREE BOOKLET** — just mail coupon*

G. & C. Merriam Co., Dept. 902, Springfield, Mass. 01101

I'm interested in keeping up with the new words and new meanings in today's English language. Please send me a free copy of your 12-page booklet "Hold the English language in your two hands."

Name..

Address..

City & State..

Oxford English Dictionary. Comparisons are odious, and bicycles are good. "Unabridged" doesn't mean all the words in the English language but merely a dictionary that hasn't been reduced in size by omission of terms or definitions—the most comprehensive edition of a given dictionary. In this dictionary, the derivation of any given word is printed at the end of the definition instead of at the beginning, which isn't a bad idea. The standard authors are not looked to for examples, and the 395-page "Supplement" contains lists of the colleges and universities of the entire world; a concise French, a concise Spanish, a concise Italian, and a concise German dictionary; a basic manual of style; a bibliography of major reference works; the major dates in history; the Vice-Presidents, as well as the Presidents, of the United States; a gazetteer; a not very good atlas, but still an atlas where you wouldn't expect to find one; the Charter of the United Nations; and the depths of the dark and now mostly fathomed caves of ocean. Twenty-five dollars.

NOTE: A collection of drawings by James Thurber, many of which first appeared in this magazine, has been published by Harper & Row under the title "Thurber & Company."

•

DEAR SIR,

In answer to your clean-cut lines concerning the seats in our airliner, while agreeing with you that the IL-14 is indeed not too spacious, we would like to point out that anyhow we operate this type on our domestic lines and shorter routes only, while our longer international services are operated with the much more comfortable turboprop IL-18-s.

Since we are aware that you are reading things carefully over, we enclose herewith a pamphlet giving a detailed description of the IL-18 airliner, and we hope that we perhaps succeed in inducing you to make your next trip with us aboard that type of plane—where there will be plenty of space, even for legs belonging to people with over 6 feet.—*Letter from Hungarian Airlines in answer to a complaint.*

We won't fly with *them.*

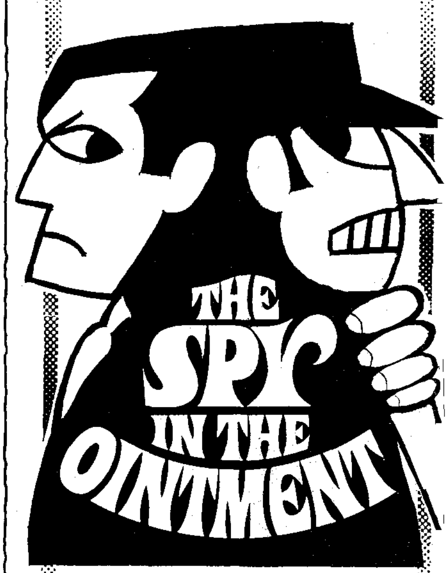
•

The Comptroller of the Currency announced the following actions on applications for branch banks in this area:

American National Bank of Maryland, at Ellicott City, disapproved; First National Bank of Maryland, at corner of Georgia-av and Shorefield Road, Wheaton, approved; University National Bank, at Wisconsin-av and Leland-st, Bethesda, disappeared.—*Washington Daily News.*

Ooh. We wouldn't like that.

Can a peace-loving pacifist from Greenwich Village find happiness in the middle of a mob of dedicated assassins?


THE SPY IN THE OINTMENT

by DONALD E. WESTLAKE

author of *The Busy Body*

$3.95, now at your bookstore

RANDOM HOUSE

The Hoffritz

IMPORTED

LEATHER-COVERED

"Roaring 20's" pocket flasks

Elegant continental flasks—contoured to fit your pocket. Spirited company at football games, other outdoor events. 9 oz. capacity; unbreakable, leakproof, plastic container; handsome chrome trim; 1-jigger cap. Saddle-stitched, fine leather cover. No. 526/1—6″ x 4¼″—**$8.95.** 12 oz.—No. 526/2—7¾″ x 4¼″—**$10.50.** Each plus 35¢ postage. All credit cards. Within N.Y.C., add 5% tax; N.Y. State (other than N.Y.C.) add 2% tax. **Hoffritz,** 551 5th Ave., Dept. G-17, N.Y.C. 10016, or any Hoffritz.

Visit A Fascinating Book Shop!

For that unusual lasting gift or your own collection. Sets of famous authors in beautiful leather bindings. Color Plate books, Fore-Edge Paintings, Cloth Bound Scholarly Sets, etc. One of America's largest collections of fine books.

Write for Free Catalog available shortly.

J. N. BARTFIELD

47 W. 57th St., New York 19, N.Y. 2nd Floor PL 3-1830

F A N N Y ' S

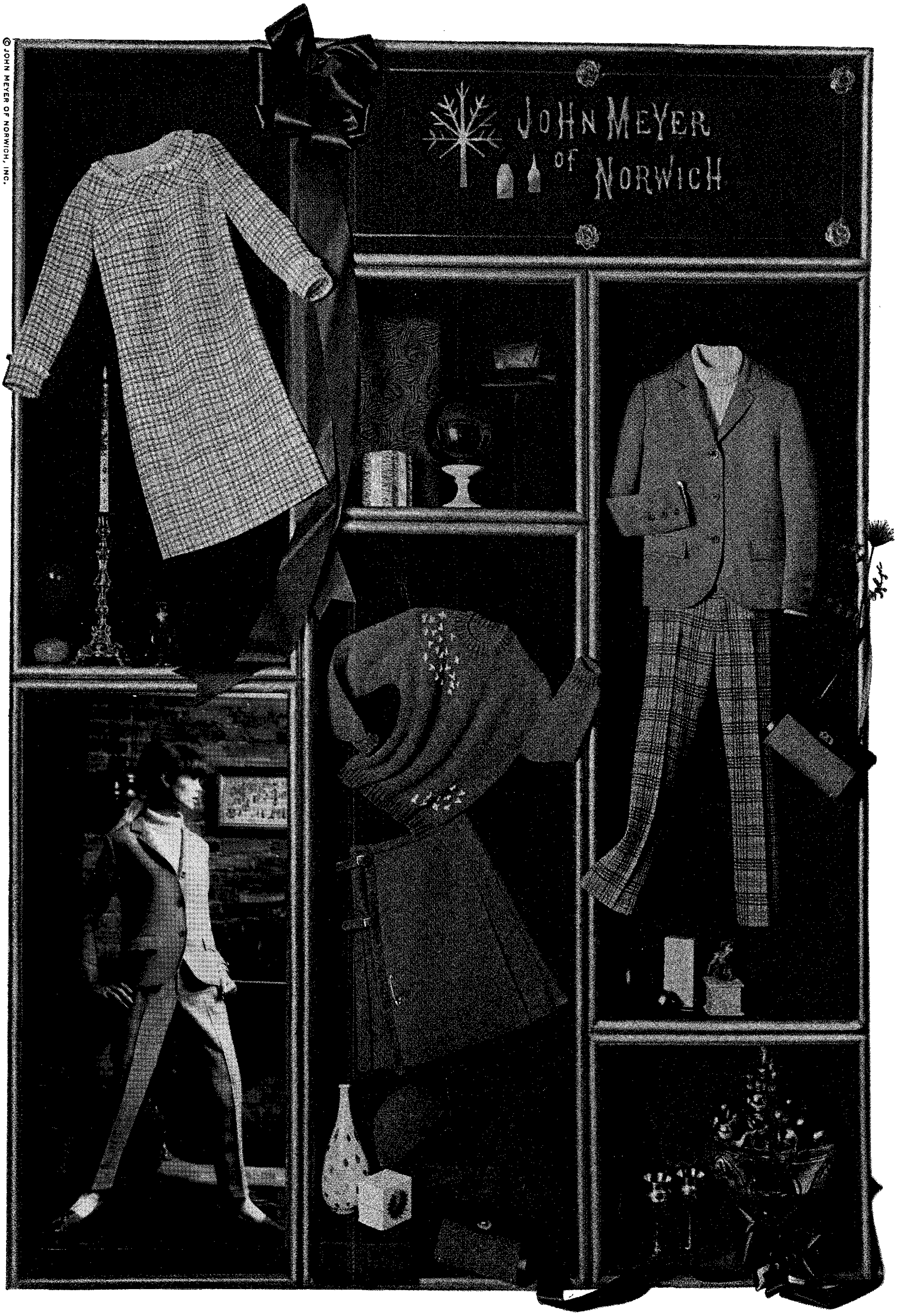
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT

Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prin
Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.

Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.

Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

© JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH, INC.



Wrap up a John Meyer holiday nicety for yourself and the nicest people you know.
Masterfully tailored . . . in mountain-flower colorings that pay pretty compliments to each other.
Demure Mary Jane ruffled dress in double tattersall hopsack $30. Shetland kilt $20.
Shetland sweater hand-embroidered with field flowers $18. Scottish highland jacket $35.
Man-tailored Galashiels plaid trousers $18. Dome hat $9; shetland-leather shoulder bag $15.
In John Meyer's own colors: roseberry, bluebird, seafoam, wild honey, dandelion.
For store nearest you, write John Meyer of Norwich, Norwich, Connecticut. *All prices are "about."*

The vodka cups, made of gilded silver and Russian enamel, are 19th Century Russian. Courtesy A La Vieille Russie, N.Y.C.

VODKA
EXTRA DRY
W.&A. Gilbey Ltd
GILBEY'S
VODKA
PRODUCT OF U.S.A.
DISTILLED FROM GRAIN
PRODUCED BY
W.&A. Gilbey LTD.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
80 PROOF · 4/5 QUART
DISTRIBUTED BY
NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CO.
Ленинградская
ЮБИЛЕЙНАЯ
водка
PROD IN TORG
МОСКОВСКАЯ

Three of the world's great vodkas.

Gilbey's is the one you can buy without a passport.

VODKA, 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.